Art & Eros Magazine



Theme: Friendship

Volume Three: Fall 2020

Art & Eros Magazine: Volume Three

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Cover picture: *Thanksgiving* by Teresa Tullett

If you have a submission for the **Art & Eros Magazine** feel free to contact the magazine. The editor can be contacted at

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Table of Content

Love is like a tender flower

that sits quietly as it

awaits the morning sun.

And when the flowers are warm to touch

… true love has arrived.

Prologue

Obelisk Press of Vancouver is proud to publish the Fall 2020 edition of ***Art & Eros Magazine*** which serves to feature the work of aspiring artists. The theme of this edition is Friendship. The ***Art & Eros Magazine*** welcomes submissions on a twice yearly basis.

In this third edition we have several new contributors such as Anyuta Gusakova, Ella Collett, Emily Matthews, Caitlyn Gosh and Annie Gavani, as well as Polish poet Marta Gramatyka. We also have submissions from previous contributors Teresa Tullett, Sarah Haxby, Gary MacCrae, Rose Lang, William Webster, Aki Kurosawa, Wing Wing Fung and Salome.

Wing Wing is at Oxford starting her Master's. She is the recipient of the first annual *Book Royalty Fund Scholarship*. Congratulations Wing Wing!

Please feel free to submit your short stories, prose, poetry and artwork to

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the author.

The Theme for the next volume is *Walking Towards the Light* …

New Works

She's Lost Her Head by Sarah Haxby

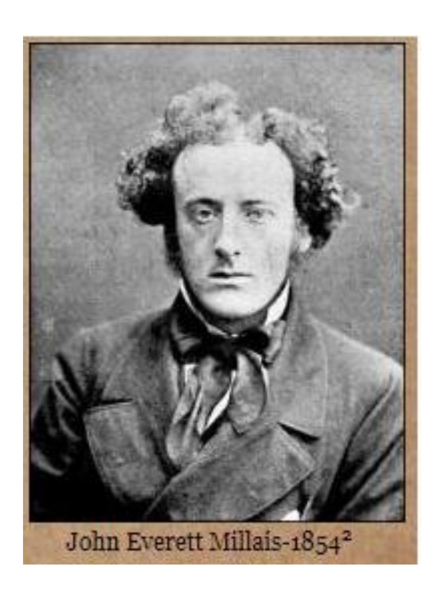


[**Vancouver**] It's only bad guys that would decapitate a helpless damsel – right? No one would ever suspect that John Everret Millais (1829-1896), an artist well known for his association with the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and for his hundreds of paintings portraying romantic and allegorical imagery would so such a thing?

And yet Millais literally cut out and removed the original head from the damsel in distress in the oil painting *The Knight Errant* (1870). The damsel in *The Knight Errant* is the only surviving, completed nude by Millais that we know of; it is not known how many other nudes he may have painted over.

The fact that the image does not contain the damsel's original face is not widely known. There was an issue with the original face, but

Millais didn't just paint over it, as was the common practice of the time; instead he carefully cut the original head from the painting, sewed in fresh canvas and then meticulously sewed the first face into a different canvas.


John Everett Millais-1854[2]

The Knight Errant, an image that is still reproduced prolifically today, is an archetypal portrayal of the ideal of chivalry in which a knight rescues a damsel in distress.

The image portrays a knight errant cutting the ropes binding a naked damsel to a large tree. It is twilight, and probably fall or winter as a crescent moon can be seen hanging low in the sky through the leafless branches of the trees. An article of the damsel's clothing lies on the ground. The damsel looks away from the audience and from her rescuer. The knight looks upwards, and appears sympathetically resolute as he performs his noble deed.



The Knight Errant J.E. Milllais, 72 ½"x 53 ¼", oil on canvas, 1870

A knight errant was a roving knight from medieval chivalric romance literature who typically wandered the land in search of adventures to prove himself and to earn glory for its own sake, rather than for monetary reward. The reason behind the creation of the chivalric knight errant has socio-political history that has washed away over time even as the stereotypical character has endured.

One task popular with these knights was rescuing damsels in distress. The traditional damsel in distress is a classic theme in world literature, art, and film of a maiden – usually a beautiful young woman – placed in a dire predicament by a villain or villains who have either abducted her and taken her to a tower or a cave, or the villains have left her somewhere in a perilous, vulnerable state, usually naked and about to confront a monster as a sacrificial offering, or just abandoned and naked chained or tethered to a rock or tree. The helplessness of the damsel in distress has made the stereotype the target of mockery and feminist criticism. The damsel in distress archetype was created partly to give the knight errant an honourable task to perform, and became popular partially as another way for artists to portray the naked female form without (too much) criticism.

So, what was wrong with the first depiction of Millais' damsel? Why did he have to remove her head and repaint the damsel's face in *The Knight Errant*? According to Millais' son, J.G. Millais, it was "because the work did not sell, the artist later thought the woman would appeal more if turning away from the knight."

It appears John Everett Millais was correct, for after he repainted the damsel the painting sold, and continues to sell and sell and sell.

But who was the original damsel? Was Millais in love with her, or just drawn to her beauty? In the original painting the damsel's face was tilted towards her rescuer, her eyes visible, not looking directly at the audience, but perhaps gazing towards her rescuer. We can understand that Millais

changed the composition in order to accomplish the sale of the work, but why did he love the face of the damsel so much that he cut it out and re-used it in another image, in which he attempted a second nude painting? Millais did not paint nudes, and the woman in *The Knight Errant* is the only known Millais female nude.

The reason for his re-use of the damsel's face is a matter of speculation. Even though Millais kept meticulous notes about his paintings he did not record the name of woman who posed for him. It is known she was real. Millais' records state that live models were used to create the painting. The damsel and the knight in the image were both painted from live models. The background was painted at Wortley Chase:

> "Millais originally painted the distressed lady, who had been robbed, stripped, and bound by thieves, as looking at the spectator, and I remember well this position of the head in the picture as it hung in the drawing-room walls at Cromwell Place; but after a while he came to the conclusion that the beautiful creature would look more modest if her head were turned away, so he took the canvas down and repainted it as we see it now." (J.G. Millais)

The original *The Knight Errant* was described as shocking to the 'Pharisaic spirit of the Age' and so no one dared to purchase the image until after its alteration. Millais' son states that a dealer purchased *The Knight Errant* after its alteration and then after that, in 1874, Mr. Tate purchased the painting to

give it to the Nation. Thereafter the painting, which was formerly considered un-saleable, “at once gained the favour of the public.”

Even if Millais liked the original face he painted enough to place it in a new canvas, he must have felt that the image of the nude damsel with the strong gaze to the right could not sell in that second painting either. Millais changed her. He repainted her eyes so that they were lowered, and then he added clothes (although there are hints of her naked bosom beneath the sheer fabric in spots, as though he didn’t want to completely cover her nudity), and the biggest change was to turn her from being a damsel into that of a martyr.



The Martyr of Solway Firth, J.E. Milllais, 27 ¾"x22 ¼", oil, 1870-1872

Millais created a new composition for the young woman with her hands pulled behind her back: the composition now depicted her chained to a rock. She was turned into *The Martyr of the Solway Firth* (c.1870-1872).

There must be some irony to be found in the fact that this poor damsel in distress was taken from her original situation of being rescued from being tied by a rope to a tree to that of being chained to a rock with no hope of rescue; for the story of *The Martyr of Solway Firth* is a story that does not have a happy ending.

Solway Firth is a large and relatively unspoilt estuary situated on the border between England and Scotland on the West coast of Great Britain. As a young Scottish Covenanter, age approximately eighteen years old, Margaret Wilson was executed by drowning for refusing to swear an oath declaring the King of England as head of the church. She was bound to the rocks of the Solway estuary and drowned when the tide rose.

> "It is said that as the tide rose she defiantly quoted and sang from Scripture, and witnesses described how her hair floated around her head like a halo in the clear water." (anonymous)

Margaret Wilson died on May 11, in either 1684 or 1685. She died alongside her friend, Margaret McLaughlan. McLaughlan, the spelling of whose surname is the subject of debate, did not make it into the stories nor the painting, presumably because she was not young, pretty or virginal enough to be considered a damsel in distress by Victorian standards. Margaret

McLaughlan was described as "older," and was not declared a martyr. The two Margarets are thought to be buried in the same churchyard in Wigton. Margaret Wilson became known as *The Martyr of Solway Firth*.

The Martyr of Solway Firth, was the subject of an illustration by Millais for the magazine *Once A Week* in 1862. The subject was one he revisited when he painted *The Martyr of Solway Firth* in 1871, both images created almost two centuries after the historic events occurred.


The Martyr of Solway Firth, X-rayed by Liverpool museum

The painting of *The Martyr of Solway Firth* shows a young woman wearing a lightly patterned, unbuttoned, feminine blouse that is rather translucent in certain areas. We know the painting began as a nude because recently conservators at the Liverpool Museum, which now owns the painting, x-

rayed the piece and found that the damsel in distress had originally been the nude originally found in *The Knight Errant*.

I speculate that once again Millais had been stumped by his damsel in distress. He wanted to portray this particular young woman nude, yet found, once again, he could not; and so he once again altered the damsel in distress to make a sale by adding the clothing and the title to provide an acceptable context to the image as afterthoughts rather than painting the picture as a direct inspiration from the story.

Was the decapitation from the original painting necessary? In order to visualize what the original Knight Errant's damsel in distress might have looked like, I've replaced the original head back into the image.

Where are the villains in *The Martyr of Solway Firth*? It is hard to see the villains that surround the damsel in distress as they're usually left out of the picture frame, literally and metaphorically. The villains in the stories associated with damsels in distress are often not portrayed as the focus is usually on depicting the nude female in her state of vulnerable, sexually available distress. In the strange case of *The Knight Errant*, we are not even sure who the story villains were.

The Knight Errant is unusual from Millais' oeuvre as it is an image that does not direct the viewer to a specific narrative, myth or story that the picture is illustrating. Millais' son describes her as a damsel who had been robbed,

stripped, and bound by thieves, but what specific story or poem or song this image derives from has been lost.


The Knight Errant with a reconstruction of the original face

It is sometimes hypothesized that the work draws upon the mythology of Andromeda, but as the image lacks any apparent visual tie-in to the story of Andromeda (who was tied to a sea-side rock and rescued by Perseus), I feel that it is erroneous to ascribe the Andromeda story to *The Knight Errant*. As all of Millais' other mythological images draw upon clear sources, I think there likely is a specific story behind The Knight Errant that is being depicted, but the narrative connection has been lost to us.

As with many of the depictions of the damsel in distress, the true villain is not in the picture. The finger of blame as to who the greatest villains are can be pointed in many directions including at the mythic monsters, the absent villains who stripped the young women and then tied or chained up the damsels, the religious zealots and those who chained up the sacrifices, the kidnappers and dragons who carried the damsels away, the artists who painted the images, the patrons who purchase the images and perpetuated the market for more damsel imagery to be produced, and of course, the audiences who have eagerly flocked, for centuries and who, even in modern times, continue to look time and time again upon the damsels in distress.

The fascination of the damsel in distress continues to fascinate and enslave our attention. Of course, as in the case of Millais' decapitated damsel, we prefer that she looks the other way, the better for us to view her without her looking back at us. In the viewing of such works I am unapologetic of the guilty pleasure that occurs, even in academic consideration of these works, even if it might make villains out of us all.

A Few Words from Oxford University by Wing Wing

[**Oxford**] I have met a lot of brilliant and quirky people.

Oxford is a strange dimension.
It is a good size,
mostly walkable
and the weather has yet to get too grim.
The streets glisten with the lively energy from students.
Everyone is friendly …
I am trying to meet other people as well.

School is coming along,
I think I am surviving at the moment,
but I have a feeling
it will pick up really soon and hit me hard.

I am living with the philosophy though
that everything will be alright
as long as I try my best.

The Essence of this Place by William Webster

[**New York**] Once this great city gets into your blood it is hard to escape the place. It is like a virus that invades every part of you. It doesn't kill or maim mind you, this affliction, but it does change who you are forever. I imagine the same thing can be said of someone who calls London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, Shanghai, Tokyo or Vancouver their home. My abode is the Great Apple – New York.

For better or for worst, *'til death does us part*, I guess you can call me a New Yorker. Some are blessed with having been born one. Others are cursed by visiting and being unable to escape its fancies. I have been drawn inexorably into its intrigues.

I moved here when I was just starting out in my professional career and despite many disappointments, some personal and some professional, here I still am, now counting my twenty fifth year ... here.

Perhaps they (they being those who are born here and have become fixtures of the place) should give us expatriates of the outside world a special pin or something for having survived a quarter century of intrigue and coming to a point in our lives of being barely able to recognize what little of us remains of the lives of someone who has 'come from somewhere else, (if I had a nickel for every time I have had to say this!) and not having been 'born a 'ew 'orker! They cut the salami very thinly here.

Or perhaps it is us *ex pats* who should remind the *blue born* just how much they owe to us for the many little changes we have brought to the Big Apple.

Up until a few weeks ago I had someone I could always turn to when I was overcome by the angst of this place. He would patiently sit me down over a good cup of coffee in his little downtown apartment and tell me, pretty much in his own words, about both the official and the unsanctioned history of New York and so help me put its many silly intrigues into perspective. My friend was a fixture of the place, having grown up and lived in the same little apartment, having gone to school here and worked here and well did everything in his life, without ever leaving his little neighborhood.

He was a blue blood, a *'ew 'orker*, in its truest sense. He had known Andy Warhol. He had known John Lennon, he knows the *Big Donald*, and were I to list all his *Big Apple Friends* that list would read like an encyclopedia of Who's Who.

I have no doubt of this for on his living room wall there was a cornucopia of signed photographs of his *Big Apple Friends*, right down to the man who opened and ran the famous Russian Tea House … a landmark he lamented had gone the way of so much of New York, '*forgotten 'cept by old men and historians*' (one of his favorite expressions).

When he sat me down and told me the tales of this place it wasn't as if he was trying to get me to stay here, God forbid, his unsanctioned tales scared the bejeezes out of me! (that too was one of his favorite expressions). But

they were always meant to bring the best out of the place, even at the worst of its times. It wasn't as if, in his measures of things, the Big Apple was anywhere near like *Los Diabolis,* the name he had given for that metropolis on the West Coast that still goes by its golden name from the 1940's.

When my friend passed away it wasn't because of his lifestyle as a *'ew 'orker* … he was built like a Minotaur. What slew him was something brought into his life during this time of the plague. The best I can figure it was his grocery delivery boy, a harlem kid, that pushed him into his grave. Despite being ill he stayed home and died in the same bed where his Polish Catholic mother had brought him into the world some 95 years back!

It was a week after his funeral that I found out. He made sure I wasn't told because he didn't want 'to scare the bejeezes out of me.' This was part of his indescribable kindness and politeness. Yes even the blue blood can be kind and polite.

From beyond his death he asked me whether I could help put his legacy into order. I owed this to him as a friend … and so I did.

His pictures he had already arranged to donate to his favorite museum in the Big Apple. It took me many hours to box them up and send them on their way. The museum has told me they would digitize them and add them to their permanent collection.

There was a note waiting for me on his old oak desk. He wrote that he wasn't ready to die, but when he knew his end had come he wrote me a kind and polite little note apologizing for not being able to continue to '*scare the bejeezes out of me*,' and left me his huge library of books and a request that I stand in his place to keep the oral history of the Big Apple alive. He had wanted to leave me his apartment but to pay for his long life he had taken a large mortgage on the place and so the place was pretty much owned by the banks and what was left over he had decided to leave for the greater good. He would leave a financial legacy to his favorite Catholic Charities.

He wrote 'I hope you don't mind …' I smiled thinking 'why should I?"

On the oral history side, I really don't know if I can do this … but there is no harm in trying. I will miss my friend, but I will always have his stories to remember him by. He suggested I begin with the story of one of his inspirations the stellar J. J. Astor, the millionaire who went down with the RMS Titanic in April 1912. His parents were friends to John Jacob Astor.

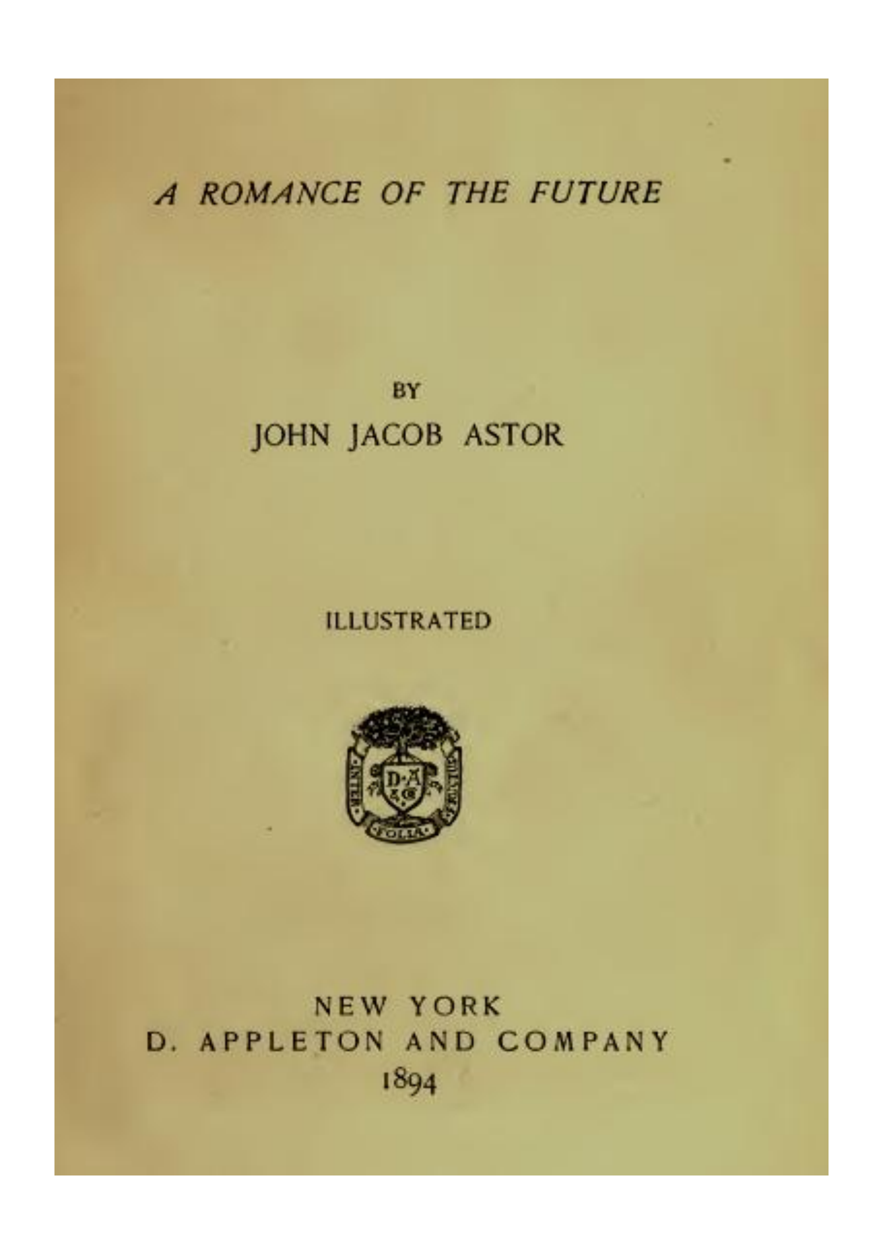
In describing the *Big Donald* and the reasons why the rest of the world can't even begin to understand that 'ew 'orker, my friend suggested I share with the world Chapter Four of one of his favorite books *A Romance of the Future* by John Jacob Astor. He once showed me an autographed copy of this 1894 book. He also suggested an excerpt from *The Little Prince*.

Supposedly it was an oft chance conversation the two had had on the streets of the *Big Apple* in the 1970's about JJ and Astor's aspirations to one day

become President that got the *Big Donald* first also thinking of the job … supposedly in my friend's own words …

> *"had J.J. not gone down on the Titanic the history of these here United States of America would have been very different …"*

Well here goes!


A ROMANCE OF THE FUTURE

BY

JOHN JACOB ASTOR

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

1894

CHAPTER IV.

PROF. CORTLANDT'S HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE WORLD IN A.D. 2000.

PROF. CORTLANDT, preparing a history of the times at the beginning of the great terrestrial and astronomical change, wrote as follows:

"This period A.D. 2000 is by far the most wonderful the world has as yet seen. The advance in scientific knowledge and attainment within the memory of the present generation has been so stupendous that it completely overshadows all that has preceded. All times in history and all periods of the world have been remarkable for some distinctive or characteristic trait. The feature of the period of Louis XIV was the splendor of the court and the centralization of power in Paris. The year 1789 marked the decline of the power of courts and the evolution of government by the people. So, by the spread of republican ideas and the great advance in science, education has become universal, for women as well as for men, and this is more than ever a mechanical age.

"With increased knowledge we are constantly coming to realize how little we really know, and are also continually finding manifestations of forces that at first seem like exceptions to established laws. This is, of course, brought about by the modifying influence of some other natural law, though many of these we have not yet discovered.

"Electricity in its varied forms does all work, having superseded animal and manual labour in everything, and man has only to direct. The greatest ingenuity next to finding new uses for this almost omnipotent fluid has been displayed in inducing the forces of Nature, and even the sun, to produce it. Before describing the features of this perfection of civilization, let us review the steps by which society and the political world reached their present state.

"At the close of the Franco-Prussian War, in 1871, Continental Europe entered upon the condition of an armed camp, which lasted for nearly half a century. The primary cause of this was the mutual dislike and jealousy of France and Germany, each of which strove to have a larger and better equipped national defence than the other. There were also many other causes, as the ambition of the Russian Czar, supported by his country's vast though imperfectly developed resources and practically unlimited supply of men, one phase of which was the constant ferment in the Balkan Peninsula, arid another Russia's schemes for extension in Asia ; another was the general desire for colonies in Africa, in which one Continental power pretty effectually blocked another, and the latent distrust inside the Triple Alliance. England, meanwhile, preserved a wise and profitable neutrality.

"These tremendous sacrifices for armaments, both on land and water, had far-reaching results, and, as we see it now, were clouds with silver linings. The demand for hardened steel projectiles, nickel-steel plates. and light and almost unbreakable machinery, was a great incentive to improvement in metallurgy; while the necessity for compact and safely carried ammunition greatly stimulated chemical research, and led to the discovery of explosives

whose powers no obstacle can resist, and incidentally to other more useful things.

"Further mechanical and scientific progress, however, such as flying machines provided with these high explosives, and asphyxiating bombs containing compressed gas that could be fired from guns or dropped from the air, intervened. The former would have laid every city in the dust, and the latter might have almost exterminated the race. These discoveries providentially prevented hostilities, so that the ' Great War,' so long expected, never came, and the rival nations had their pains for nothing, or, rather, for others than themselves.

"Let us now examine the political and ethnological results. Hundreds of thousands of the flower of Continental Europe were killed by overwork and short rations, and millions of desirable and often unfortunately for us undesirable people were driven to emigration, nearly all of whom came to English-speaking territory, greatly increasing our productiveness and power. As we have seen, the jealousy of the Continental powers for one another effectually prevented their extending their influence or protectorates to other continents, which jealousy was considerably aided by the small but destructive wars that did take place. High taxes also made it more difficult for the moneyed men to invest in colonizing or development companies, which are so often the forerunners of absorption; while the United States, with her coal of which the Mediterranean states have scarcely any other resources, and low taxes, which, though necessary, can be nothing but an evil, has been able to expand naturally as no other nation ever has before.

"This has given the English-speakers, especially the United States, a free hand, rendering enforcement of the Monroe doctrine easy, and started English a long way towards becoming the universal language, while all formerly unoccupied land is now owned by those speaking it.

"At the close of our civil war, in 1865, we had but 3,000,000 square miles, and a population of 34,000,000. The country staggered beneath a colossal debt of over $4,000,000,000, had an expensive but essentially perishable navy, and there was an ominous feeling between the sections. The purchase of Alaska in 1867, by which we added over half a million square miles to our territory, marked the resumption of the forward march of the United States. Twenty-five years later, at the presidential campaign of 1892, the debt had been reduced to $900,000,000, deducting the sinking fund, and the charge for pensions had about reached its maximum and soon began to decrease, though no one objected to any amount of reward for ~bonafide soldiers who had helped to save the country. The country's wealth had also enormously increased, while the population had grown to 65,000,000. Our ancestors had, completed or in building, a navy of which no nation need be ashamed ; and, though occasionally marred by hard times, there was general prosperity.

"Gradually the different States of Canada or provinces, as they were then called came to realize that their future would be far grander and more glorious in union with the United States than separated from it; and also that their sympathy was far stronger for their nearest neighbours than for any one

else. One by one these Northern States made known their desire for consolidation with the Union, retaining complete control of their local affairs, as have the older States. They were gladly welcomed by our Government and people, and possible rivals became the best of friends. Preceding and also following this, the States of Mexico, Central America, and parts of South America, tiring of the incessant revolutions and difficulties among themselves, which had pretty constantly looked upon us as a big brother on account of our maintenance of the Monroe doctrine, began to agitate for annexation, knowing they would retain control of their local affairs.

In this they were vigorously supported by the American residents and property-holders, who knew that their possessions would double in value the day the United States Constitution was signed. "Thus, in the first place, by the encouragement of our people, and latterly, apparently, by its own volition, the Union has increased enormously in power, till it now embraces 10,000,000 square miles, and has a free and enlightened population of 300,000,000. Though the Union established by Washington and his contemporaries has attained such tremendous proportions, its growth is by no means flushed; and as a result of modern improvements, it is less of a journey now to go from Alaska to the Orinoco than it was for the Father of his Country to travel from New York or Philadelphia to the site of the city named in his honour.

"Adequate and really rapid transportation facile ties have done much to bind the different parts of the country together, and to rub off the edges of local

prejudice. Though we always favour peace, no nation would think of opposing the expressed wishes of the United States, and our moral power for good is tremendous. The name Japhet means enlargement, and the prophecy seems about to be literally fulfilled by these his descendants. The bankrupt suffering of so many European Continental powers had also other results. It enabled the socialists who have never been able to see beyond themselves to force their governments into selling their colonies in the Eastern hemisphere to England, and their islands in the Western to us, in order to realize upon them. With the addition of Canada to the United States and its loss to the British Empire, the land possessions of the two powers became about equal, our Union being a trifle the larger. All danger of war being removed by the Canadian change, a healthful and friendly competition took its place, the nations competing in their growth on different hemispheres. England easily added large areas in Asia and Africa, while the United States grew as we have seen. The race is still, in a sense, neck-and-neck, and the English-speakers together possess nearly half the globe. The world's recent rate of progress would have been impossible without this approximation to a universal language. The causes that checkmated the Continental powers have ceased to exist. Many millions of men whose principal thought had been to destroy other members of the race became producers, but it was then too late, for the heavy armaments had done their work.

"Let us now glance at the times as they are, and see how the business of life is transacted. Manhattan Island has something over 2,500,000 inhabitants, and is surrounded by a belt of population, several miles wide, of 12,000,000 more, of which it is the focus, so that the entire city contains more than

14,500,000 souls. The several hundred square miles of land and water forming greater New York are perfectly united by numerous bridges, tunnels, and electric ferries, while the city's great natural advantages have been enhanced and beautified by every ingenious device. No main avenue in the newer sections is less than two hundred feet wide, containing shade and fruit trees, a bridle-path, broad sidewalks, and open spaces for carriages and bicycles. Several fine diagonal streets and breathing-squares have also been provided in the older sections, and the existing parks have been supplemented by intermediate ones, all being connected by parkways to form continuous chains.

"The hollow masts of our ships to glance at another phase *en passant* carry windmills instead of sails, through which the wind performs the work of storing a great part of the energy required to run them at sea, while they are discharging or loading cargo in port; and it can, of course, work to better advantage while they are stationary than when they are running before it. These turbines are made entirely of light metal, and fold when not in use, so that only the frames are visible. Sometimes these also fold and are housed, or wholly disappear within the mast. Steam-boilers are also placed at the foci of huge concave mirrors, often a hundred feet in diameter, the required heat being supplied by the sun, without smoke, instead of by bulky and dirty coal. This discovery gave commercial value to Sahara and other tropical deserts, which are now desirable for mill-sites and for generating power, on account of the directness with which they receive the sun's rays and their freedom from clouds. Mile after mile Africa has been won for the uses of civilization, till great stretches that were considered impassible are as productive as

gardens. Our condensers, which compress, cool, and rarefy air, enabling travelers to obtain water and even ice from the atmosphere, are great aids in desert exploration, removing absolutely the principal distress of the ancient caravan. The erstwhile 'Dark Continent' has a larger white population now than North America had a hundred years ago, and has this advantage for the future, that it contains 11,600,000 square miles, while North America has less than 9,000,000. Every part of the globe will soon sustain about as large and prosperous a population as the amount of energy it receives from the sun and other sources will warrant ; public debts and the efficiency of the governments being the variable elements.

"The rabbits in Australia, and the far more objectionable poisonous snakes in South America and India, have been exterminated by the capture of a few dozen of the creatures in the infested districts, their inoculation with the virus similar to the *murus tiphi*, tuberculosis, or any other contagious-germ complaint to which the species treated was particularly susceptible, and the release of these individuals when the disease was seen to be taking hold. The rabbits and serpents released at once returned to their old haunts, carrying the plague far and wide. The unfortunate rabbits were greatly commiserated even by the medicos that wielded the death-dealing syringe ; but, fortunately for themselves, they died easily. The reptiles, perhaps on account of the wider distribution of the nerve centres, had more lingering but not painful deaths, often, while in *articulo mortis*, leaving the holes with which they seemed to connect their discomfort, and making a final struggle along the ground, only to die more quickly as a result of their exertions. We have applied this also to the potato-bug, locust, and other insect pests, no victim

being too small for the ubiquitous, subtle germ, which, properly cultivated and utilized, has become one of man's best friends.

"We have microbe tests that show us as unmistakably whether the germs of any particular disease like malaria, typhoid, or scarlet fever are present in the air, as litmus-paper shows alkalinity of a solution. We also inoculate as a preventive against these and almost all other germ diseases, with the game success that we vaccinate for smallpox.

"The medicinal properties of all articles of food are so well understood also, that most cures are brought about simply by dieting. This reminds me of the mistakes perpetrated on a friend of mine who called in Dr. Grave-Powders, one of the old-school physicians, to be treated for insomnia and dyspepsia. This old numskull restricted his diet, gave him huge doses of medicine, and decided most learnedly that he was daily growing worse. Concluding that he had but a short time to live, my friend threw away the nauseating medicines, ate whatever he had a natural desire for, and was soon as well as ever the obvious moral of which is, that we can get whatever treatment we need most beneficially from our food. Our physicians are most serious and thoughtful men. They never claim to be infallible, but. study scientifically to increase their knowledge and improve the methods of treatment. As a result of this, fresh air, regular exercise for both sexes, with better conditions, and the preservation of the lives of children that formerly died by thousands from preventable causes, the physique, especially of women, is wonderfully improved, and the average longevity is already over sixty.

"Our social structure, to be brief, is based on science, or the conservation of energy, as the Greek philosophers predicted. It was known to them that a certain amount of power would produce only a certain amount of work that is, the weight of a clock in descending or a spring in uncoiling returns theoretically the amount of work expended in raising or coiling it, and in no possible way can it do more. In practice, on account of friction, etc., we know it does less. This law, being invariable, of course limits us, as it did Archimedes and Pythagoras; we have simply utilized sources of power that their clumsy workmen allowed to escape. Of the four principal sources food, fuel, wind, and tide including harnessed waterfalls, the last two do by far the most work. Much of the electrical energy in every thunderstorm is also captured and condensed in our capacious storage batteries, as natural hygeia in the form of rain was and is still caught in our country cisterns. Every exposed place is crowned by a cluster of huge windmills that lift water to some pond or reservoir placed as high as possible. Every stiff breeze, therefore, raises millions of tons of water, which operate hydraulic turbines as required. Incidentally these storage reservoirs, by increasing the surface exposed to evaporation and the consequent rainfall, have a very beneficial effect on the dry regions in the interior of the continent, and in some cases have almost superseded irrigation. The windmill and dynamo thus utilize bleak mountain-tops that, till their discovery, seemed to be but indifferent successes in Dame Nature's domain. The electricity generated by these, in connection with that obtained by waterfalls, tidal dynamos, thunderstorms, chemical action, and slow-moving quadruple-expansion steam engines, provides the power required to run our electric ships and water-spiders, railways, and stationary and portable motors, for heating the cables laid

along the bottom of our canals to prevent their freezing in winter, and for almost every conceivable purpose. Sometimes a man has a windmill on his roof for light and heat; then, the harder the wintry blasts may blow the brighter and warmer becomes the house, the current passing through a storage battery to make it more steady. The operation of our ordinary electric railways is very simple : the current is taken from an overhead, side, or underneath wire, directly through the air, without the intervention of a trolley, and the fast cars, for they are no longer run in trains, make five miles a minute. The entire weight of each car being used for its own traction, it can ascend very steep grades, and can attain high speed or stop very quickly.

"Another form is the magnetic railway, on which the cars are wedge-shaped at both ends, and moved by huge magnets weighing four thousand tons each, placed fifty miles apart. On passing a magnet, the nature of the electricity charging a car is automatically changed from positive to negative, or vice versa, to that of the magnet just passed, so that it repels while the next attracts. The successive magnets are charged oppositely, the sections being divided halfway between by insulators, the nature of the electricity in each section being governed by the charge in the magnet. To prevent one kind of electricity from uniting with and neutralizing that in the next section by passing through the car at the moment of transit, there is a " dead stretch" of fifty yards with rails not charged at all between the sections. This change in the nature of the electricity is repeated automatically every fifty miles, and obviates the necessity of revolving machinery, the rails aiding communication.

"Magnetism being practically as instantaneous as gravitation, the only limitations to speed are the electrical pressure at the magnets, the resistance of the air, and the danger of the wheels bursting from centrifugal force. The first can seemingly be increased without limit; the atmospheric resistance is about to be reduced by running the cars hermetically sealed through a partial vacuum in a steel and 'toughened glass tube ; while the third has been removed indefinitely by the use of galvanized aluminum, which bears about the same relation to ordinary aluminum that steel does to iron, and which has twice the tensile strength and but one third the weight of steel. In some cases the rails are made turned in, so that it would be impossible for a car to leave the track without the road-bed's being totally demolished; but in most cases this is found to be unnecessary, for no through line has a curve on its vast stretches with a radius of less than half a mile. Rails, one hundred and sixty pounds to the yard, are set in grooved steel ties, which in turn are held by a concrete road-bed consisting of broken stone and cement, making spreading rails and loose ballast impossible. A large increase in capital was necessary for these improvements, the elimination of curves being the most laborious part, requiring bridges, cuttings, and embankments that dwarf the Pyramids and would have made the ancient Pharaohs open their eyes ; but with the low rate of interest on bonds, the slight cost of power, and great increase in business, the venture was a success, and we are now in sight of further advances that will enable a traveler in a high latitude moving west to keep pace with the sun, and, should he wish it, to have unending day."

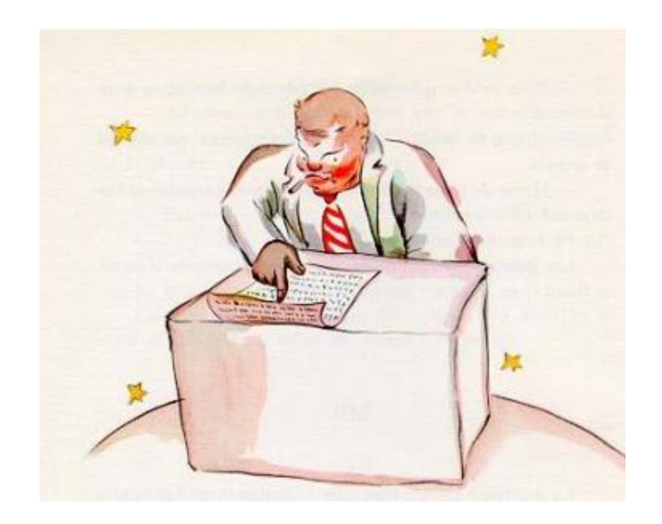
Here is the second story my friend suggested I share with the world to try to explain the Big Donald:

The Little Prince: Fourth Planet by Antoine de Saint Exupery

The fourth planet belonged to a businessman. This man was so much occupied that he did not even raise his head at the little prince's arrival. "Good morning," the little prince said to him. "Your cigarette has gone out."

"Three and two make five. Five and seven make twelve. Twelve and three make fifteen. Good morning. Fifteen and seven make twenty−two. Twenty−two and six make twenty−eight. I haven't time to light it again. Twenty−six and five make thirty−one. Phew! Then that makes five−hundred−and−one−million, six−hundred−twenty−two−thousand, seven−hundred−thirty−one."

"Five hundred million what?" asked the little prince. "Eh? Are you still there? Five−hundred−and−one million−− I can't stop... I have so much to do! I am concerned with matters of consequence. I don't amuse myself with balderdash. Two and five make seven..."



"Five–hundred–and–one million what?" repeated the little prince, who never in his life had let go of a question once he had asked it.

The businessman raised his head.

"During the fifty–four years that I have inhabited this planet, I have been disturbed only three times. The first time was twenty–two years ago, when some giddy goose fell from goodness knows where. He made the most frightful noise that resounded all over the place, and I made four mistakes in my addition. The second time, eleven years ago, I was disturbed by an attack of rheumatism. I don't get enough exercise. I have no time for loafing. The third time–– well, this is it! I was saying, then, five –hundred–and–one millions––"

"Millions of what?"

The businessman suddenly realized that there was no hope of being left in peace until he answered this question.

"Millions of those little objects," he said, "which one sometimes sees in the sky."

"Flies?"

"Oh, no. Little glittering objects."

"Bees?"

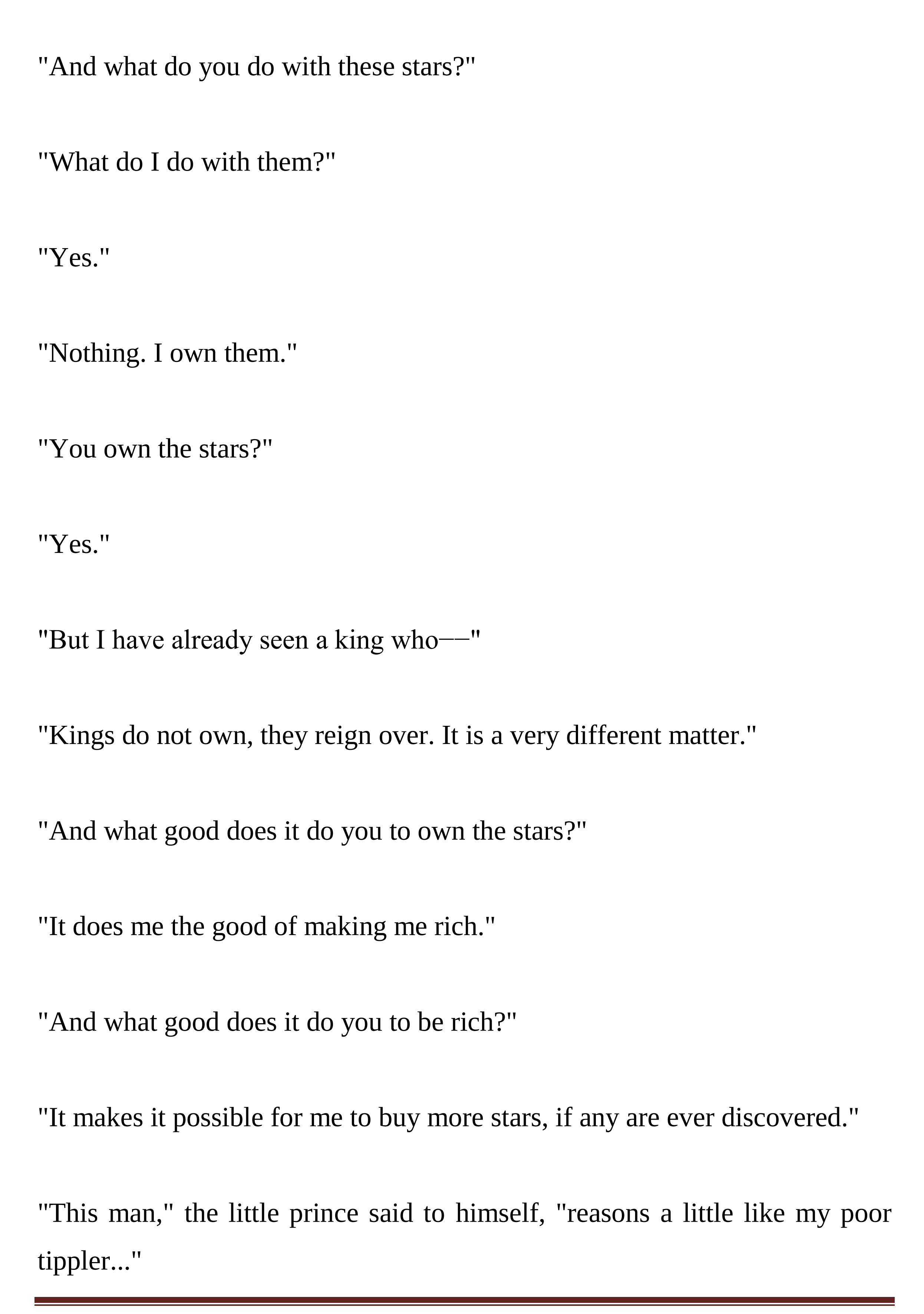
"Oh, no. Little golden objects that set lazy men to idle dreaming. As for me, I am concerned with matters of consequence. There is no time for idle dreaming in my life."

"Ah! You mean the stars?"

"Yes, that's it. The stars."

"And what do you do with five−hundred millions of stars?"

"Five−hundred−and−one million, six−hundred−twenty−two thousand, seven−hundred−thirty−one. I am concerned with matters of consequence: I am accurate."



"And what do you do with these stars?"

"What do I do with them?"

"Yes."

"Nothing. I own them."

"You own the stars?"

"Yes."

"But I have already seen a king who––"

"Kings do not own, they reign over. It is a very different matter."

"And what good does it do you to own the stars?"

"It does me the good of making me rich."

"And what good does it do you to be rich?"

"It makes it possible for me to buy more stars, if any are ever discovered."

"This man," the little prince said to himself, "reasons a little like my poor tippler..."

Nevertheless, he still had some more questions.

"How is it possible for one to own the stars?"

"To whom do they belong?" the businessman retorted, peevishly.

"I don't know. To nobody."

"Then they belong to me, because I was the first person to think of it."

"Is that all that is necessary?"

"Certainly. When you find a diamond that belongs to nobody, it is yours. When you discover an island that belongs to nobody, it is yours. When you get an idea before any one else, you take out a patent on it: it is yours. So with me: I own the stars, because nobody else before me ever thought of owning them."

"Yes, that is true," said the little prince. "And what do you do with them?"

"I administer them," replied the businessman. "I count them and recount them. It is difficult. But I am a man who is naturally interested in matters of consequence."

The little prince was still not satisfied.

"If I owned a silk scarf," he said, "I could put it around my neck and take it away with me. If I owned a flower, I could pluck that flower and take it away with me. But you cannot pluck the stars from heaven..."

"No. But I can put them in the bank."

"Whatever does that mean?"

"That means that I write the number of my stars on a little paper. And then I put this paper in a drawer and lock it with a key."

"And that is all?"

"That is enough," said the businessman. "

It is entertaining," thought the little prince. "It is rather poetic. But it is of no great consequence."

On matters of consequence, the little prince had ideas which were very different from those of the grown−ups.

"I myself own a flower," he continued his conversation with the businessman, "which I water every day. I own three volcanoes, which I clean out every week (for I also clean out the one that is extinct; one never

knows). It is of some use to my volcanoes, and it is of some use to my flower, that I own them. But you are of no use to the stars..."

The businessman opened his mouth, but he found nothing to say in answer.

And the little prince went away. "The grown–ups are certainly altogether extraordinary," he said simply, talking to himself as he continued on his journey.

Falling in Love with a Beast by Emily Mathews

[**Vancouver**] Why does Beauty fall in love with the Beast? Why does the well bred, well mannered lady fall in love with the mysterious and social outcast? He is the object of fear within the community and yet Beauty still falls in love with his beastly form. This inexplicable idea has taken allegorical form, evolved into myth, and has become a common motif that we see in modern fairy tales and storytelling today.

The evolution of the Beauty and the Beast motif results in a development of the original archetypical characters. In C. S. Lewis's novel *Till We Have Faces* he develops the concept that in myth human sympathy is at a minimum. All the characters are like shapes moving in another world. Meyer,in his discussion of *Till We Have Faces*, argues that even though Lewis titles the novel as a retelling of the myth, it is in fact not. Lewis' own characterization of myth works against it "since the psychology of the characters is a major interest." (Meyer 184). Likewise, in modern retellings of Beauty and the Beast, the mythic tale has changed to adopt to the fairy tale genre. It is no longer myth but a fairy tale. Despite the fundamental differences however, the fairy tale could not exist without the original mythic elements.

The Development of the Myth: The Tale of Cupid and Psyche

The predominant, earliest written example of the Beauty and the Beast tale is Apuleius' allegorical Metamorphoses (Accardo 53). The tale is of a

beautiful mortal girl, whose beauty is so exulted that the goddess Venus becomes jealous. As punishment Psyche is sent to marry a monstrous beast "[not] sprung from a bloodline is humans – Only a fell, snake-like beast, wild, sadistic, and cruel." (trans. Relihan 10). Psyche bravely faces her fate but upon seeing her beauty Cupid (who was to escort her to her doom) defies her mother's wishes and decides to take and marry her herself.



Cupid and Psyche by Hugh Douglas Hamilton (1792)

By day Psyche is served by invisible servants and by night her husband, who remains faceless and nameless, enters her bed chambers. One day, after begging to see her sisters, they jealously convince Psyche to look upon the face of her husband, despite his admonitions not to. Psyche does so and as

she is looking upon the face his inhumanly handsome face, oil from her lamp splashes onto his shoulder and wakes him. Cupid leaves Psyche and in despair she attempts to drown herself in a river, but the river will not allow her. Venus finds out about Psyche and attempts to kill her by setting three impossible tasks. If she succeeds then she will be with Cupid again. With help she is successful in all except the final task. Upon returning from the underworld with Persephone's beauty in a box, Psyche's curiosity gets the better of her and she opens it despite specific instructions not to. She falls unconscious and it is only through Cupid's pleas to Juno (Zeus) that Psyche is brought back to life and is made immortal (sum. Relihan).

It has been suggested by Captain Sir Richard Francis Burton that Apuleius got his ideas from early Hindu stories, however there is little to no evidence of that (Accardo 53). However, if this was true it would support the idea that certain basic archetypes appear repeatedly within certain motifs. These characters encompass basic archetypes that are the basis for later fairy tale characters. In the following passage Pasquale Accardo suggests that:

> "What is just as often ignored is the extent to which the themes that recur throughout Apuleius' novel prefigure almost all the major fairy-tale themes: the simpleton who succeeds, the youngest child who surpasses the older siblings, the evil witch/stepmother (Venus), the king elves, helpful animals, insects and birds, cannibalistic ogre (Cupid, the dragon/serpent), terrifying beasts, the clumsy, stupid giant (Lucius as an ass), tales that provide unending feasts, invisibility, captivating music, magical transformations, shrews that need to be

tamed, seven-league boots (rapid travel), and enchanted swords and clubs to vanquish any opposing powers. The literary Apuleius might be considered the father of the entire fairy-tale genre." (Accardo 48).

Thus, Accardo *argues* that the basic characteristics of Cupid and Psyche transcends generations, appearing in ever popular tales such as Beauty and the Beast, East of the Sun and West of the Moon and King Kong. Psyche's royal family can be applied perfectly within the modern world, and isn't that the defining element of the archetype? You'll never see the embodiment of an archetype, but you will see the recurring symbol of one. Jung used the terms "motifs" and "primordial images" to stand for "archetypes," saying that "the archetype is a tendency to form such a representations of a motif – representations that can vary a great deal in detail without losing their basic pattern. There are, for instance, many representations of the motif of the hostile brethren, but the motif remains the same." (qtd. Snider 4,5).

The role of the wicked stepmother that has become the staple in fairy tales makes her first appearance in *Metamorphoses* in the form of Venus. She enlists her son Cupid to destroy Psyche, her rival in beauty. Venus' antagonism towards Psyche incites Cupid's clandestine marriage to Psyche, resulting in Venus' jealously of Psyche. His mother then turns him into an unseen presence that impels Psyche to believe that her husband is a monstrous beast. The idea is encouraged by her jealous sisters who envy Psyche's God-husband and beautiful palace. These archetypal characters are manifested repeatedly until the wicked step-mother and sisters become the typical fairy tale antagonists.

Looking at Stith Thompson's book on studying folktales, he examines Wilhelm Grimm's explorations into how these resemblances and identical plots can be explained within myth and fairy tales.

> "[Myth's] significance has long been lost, but it is still felt and imparts values to the story, while satisfying the natural pleasure in the wonderful … as gentler and more human manners develop themselves and the sensuous richness of fiction increases, the mythical element retires into the background and begins to shroud itself in the mists of distance, which weaken the distinctness of the outlines but enhance the charms of the fiction." (qtd. Thompson 370)

This suggests that all folktales are broken down myths. Thompson later goes on to create a classification index that lists all the various 'types' of folktales and myths, thus allowing for "recognition of these resemblances … [that] brings scholar[s] closer to an understanding of human culture." (Thompson 6). The tale of Beauty and the Beast is a 'type' of myth that recurs. It suggests that there is a common theme of taming 'bestial' love of 'savage' love throughout many cultures.

Beyond the Archetypes: Till We Have Faces

C. S. Lewis' novel *Till We Have Faces* does not aim to create a fairy tale. Rather in his novel we see Lewis fleshing out and developing the original myth from the point of view of Psyche's sister. Lewis states that "nothing

was further from my aim than to recapture the peculiar quality of the *Metamorphoses* – that strange compound of picaresque novel, horror, comic, mystagogue's [sic] tract, pornography, and stylistic experiment." (Lewis 313) Lewis' narrative differs from myth in that the psychology of the characters plays a major role. For example, the royal family in Lewis' version would fit perfectly in the modern day: "Redival, the rebellious, slightly slutty daughter; Psyche, the saintly one; Orual, the misfit; and Trom, the abusive father." (Meyers 184). In addition, myths always deal with the fantastical. Lewis changes these unexplainable occurrences so that they inhabit dreams and visions.



Cupid Finding Psyche by Sir Edward- Burne Jones (1866)

C. S. Lewis' novel *Till We Have Faces* is the same myth but retold from the point of view of one of the sisters. What makes it different from Apuleius' version is instead of a fairy tale-like setting, *Till We Have Faces* is specifically set in a country called Glome that are ruled by kings who have names and faces. This brings a sense of realism; the reader is under the illusion that the narrator is in real place and time bringing us into a literary world.

The most important deviation from Apuleius's version is that Lewis makes Psyche's palace invisible to her sister's eyes. Orual cannot see it because at first it "seems that Orual is too hard-headed, too much of a realist, too scientifically objective, to enter into Psyche's fantasy." Orual chooses what "data [she] will pay attention to, and which she will ignore." (Myers 64) In the myth there is the assumption that fantastical things are everyday commonplace occurrences. Lewis' character Orual denies these magical reasoning and explanations. Her vehement refusal of Psyche's offer to get her husband to enable Orual to see the invisible castle: "I don't want it. I hate it. Hate it, hate it" is evidence of her closed mind (Lewis 124). This is quite unlike myths where magical explanations are accepted and are seen as rational.

Apuleius reveals a myth that enlightens us with stories that bear no realism and are told from an omniscient point of view. This distances the audience from the characters. In contrast, Lewis tells us his tale from a first person narrative. From Apuleius' omniscient point of view the reader is able to observe everything within the worlds of the Gods and the mortals. The

reader is present in every scene and we are able to follow Psyche through her trials and tribulations. We are privy to thoughts and deeds, and the political, self-centered squabbling that the Gods take part in. In *Till We Have Faces* the reader is exposed to only a biased perspective, limited to only what Orual knows. The private lives of the Gods remain just that, private. We don't get an insider look into the marriage of Psyche and Cupid, only glimpses. This allows us for a more realistic viewpoint and "certainly more modern, for twentieth-century authors play on our awareness that knowledge is partial and witnesses often unreliable." (Myers 150) We are immersed in a world of empirical fact; everything that a myth encompasses (magic, gods, miracles) may exist but is not touched upon in Lewis' novel. Instead, Lewis attempts to reconcile myth with "real things" which explains the tension between reason and imagination throughout the book. (Schakel 111)

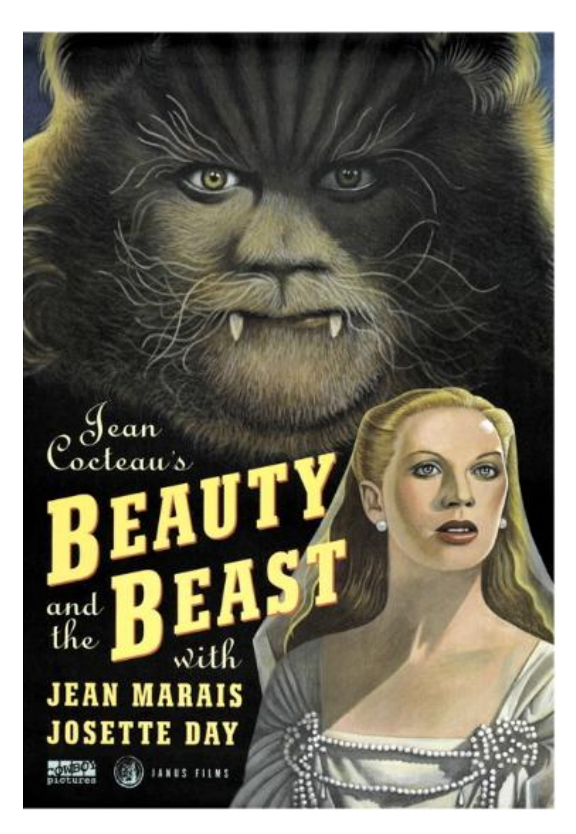
The Development of the Romantic Fairy Tale: Beauty and the Beast

The type of comic romance to which 'Psyche and Cupid' belongs is a compilation of translated stories that are now know only through later retelling. "The connection of old women's speech and the consolatory, erotic, often fanciful fable appears deeply intertwined in language itself, and with women's speaking roles, as the etymology of 'fairy' illuminates." (Warner 14). Thus, the concept of the 'fairy tale' emerges through recycled and evolving retellings.

Beauty and the Beast has manifested from Apuleius' version to encompass the woman's voyage of inner discovery. "The demotion of the god who takes on human form and is imagined to be a beast, to a real beast who is an enchanted human being, has retained intact the successful form of the original story that has significantly diluted its deeper meaning" which is "[the] loving encounter between persons whose natures, whose level of being, are fundamentally different (Accardo 86). Simple put – Beauty is a human girl and the Beast is an animal, yet they learn to love one another. This manifestation of man to Beast can be seen in the emergence of Madame Leprince de Beaumont's famous rendition of *Beauty and the Beast* written during the mid-eighteenth century." (Warner 297)

The fairy tale *Beauty and the Beast* deviates from both Apuleius' myth and Lewis' novel in that Psyche's lover is *not* a beast. He is only concealed from her. She is actually wrong to fear him. In many ways "the inner structure of the Beauty and the Beast tale reverses the roles defined by the title – she has to learn the higher (human) wisdom of seeing past outward appearances, to grasp that monstrousness lies in the eye of the beholder, while the beast turns out to be irresistibly beautiful and the highest good." (Warner 275) The myth of Cupid and Psyche has a deeper meaning lying under the simple story: "The name [Psyche] invites such a response, of course. Psyche is the Greek word for "soul"; the story from the first has been allegorized as the human soul's quest for love." (Schakel 5) The fairy tale *Beauty and the Beast* on the other hand is *not* allegorical and instead focuses on the female audience of the time.

“Romance – love in marriage – was an elusive ideal, which the writer of the *contes* sometimes set up in defiance of destiny … The fairy tale of *Beauty and the Beast* assumed a female audience on the whole who fully expected to be given away by their fathers to men who might well strike them as monsters. The social revolution which has established both romantic and companionate marriage as the norm irreversibly altered the reception of such romances, and ironically transformed certain women’s examination of their matrimonial lot into materialistic propaganda for making a good marriage. (Warner 278)



<u>Jean Cocteau’s Beauty and the Beast (1946)</u>

Further, Cocteau’s film *La Belle et la Bête* (1946) concentrates on awakening Beauty to the goodness of the Beast; “she has to see his

unsightliness to the gentle and loving human being trapped inside." (La Belle et la Bête, Warner 295). The beast's anthropomorphic shape in the film, half man and half human, intensify the Beast's pitiful dilemma: his male desires deserve the reciprocating love a woman who would see past their eyes and listen to their heart.

The film concentrates on "men's anguish in the face of female indifference, on the tenderness of masculine desire and the cruelty of the female response, rather than women's vulnerability to male violence." (ibid, 296). The mysterious femininity of the enchanted castle serves as the counterpart to the Beast's savage masculinity. Without its feminine counterpart, the Beast cannot survive,



La Belle et la Bête (1946)

Interestedly, at the end of the movie, when the Beast is turned back into a man his human face is the same as the former rejected, aspiring lover

Avenant. "So *La Belle et la Bête* traces a promise to male lovers that they will not always be rejected, that human lovers, however profligate, can be saved," (ibid. 297). Mmme. Beaumont's telling of Beauty and the Beast (of which *La Belle et la Bête* is based) has inspired the idea of female love and sympathy saving the man from the beast inside of him. To this day it continues to inspire; however, I suggest that because historical context changes with time, so much must the tale change.

Alternatively, Betsy Hearne states, "the conditions determining the fate of Psyche and Beauty are totally different: Beauty's is a test of the perception of the heart and mind, while Psyche, repeatedly characterized as simple of mind, is tested to blind obedience …" (Hearne 11). In Jessica Tiffin's book Marvelous Geometry, she goes into length of the interchangeability and a lack thereof of myth and fairy tale. She touches on Max Lüthi's work and his formalist theory of '*isolation*' in which fairy tale figures are separated from any background or context. "Their psychological processes are not illuminated: only their line of progress is in focus, only that which is relevant to the action," says Lüthi (qtd. Tiffin 15). Ursula Le Guin furthers this idea in her discussion of Jungian archetype in fantasy. She argues that, "in fairy tale … there is no 'right' and 'wrong,' there is a different standard, which is perhaps best called 'appropriateness' … Under the conditions of fairy tale, in the language of archetypes, we can say with perfect conviction that it may be *appropriate* to [push an old lady into an oven]." She is suggesting why fairy tales (or we should say certain mythic motifs) survive over time and throughout a wide range of cultures.

That said, at the same time fairy tales are difficult to read symbolically because it is not an allegory. It *derives* from the allegory. The motifs, rather than meaning something specific, have resonance with the reader. Ursula Le Guin puts this another way: "a symbol is not a sign of something known, but an indicator of something not known and not expressible other than symbolically. [Students] mistake symbol (living meaning) with allegory (dead meanin)" (qtd. From Tiffin). There may be allegory inside the fairy tale, but as Gay Clifford puts it, "the allegorist wants to communicate certain generalized formulations about the nature of the human experience … and shapes his narrative so as to reveal these." (qtd. From Tiffin 16)

In review, the tale of the Beauty and the Beast has had specific significance throughout the ages. In mythological form it is a tale of the soul's quest for love. As we progress in time there is a search for deeper, psychological meaning within the myth. C. S. Lewis attempts this in his novel *Till We Have Faces*. In large part he succeeds as we get an insider's look into the why and how of the original myth. However, we miss out the omniscient point of view that the original myth provides. Lastly, there are the fairy tales that derive from the myths and allegories. Fairy tales constantly adapt to the historical context around them. They take the bits and pieces from the original myth in order to make a familiar tale that will resonant with current audiences.

An interesting study and/or observation would be to look at a pocketbook and modern romance (e.g. Harlequin Romances, Silhouette Romances, popular suspense novels, etc.).



<u>Harlequin *SuperRomance* from 1990's</u>

The bad boy who's in touch with his 'inner beast' is a constant attraction to females who believe they can 'tame' him. Could this be a modern rendition of Beauty and the Beast"

It could be …

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Sunflowers by Rose Lang

[**Paris**] I have an entendre with Aki from Tokyo. And Aki has an entendre with me. But I don't think she will keep her bet with me. And she is not expecting me to keep my bet with her.

We both met each other when we were in Vancouver at the same time. We met at a conversation group meeting at a café near Gas town on a Saturday afternoon. That is also where we both met Patrick, and that is how we both have ended up writing something for his magazines.

When we heard from Patrick that he had started magazines for his friends to write for, Aki challenged me to write something and I challenged her. Aki has trouble translating from Japanese to English. That must be difficult for her. It is a challenge for me to write in English. My natural tongue is French. But I try.

We have both written something before. This is the second time we are writing something for one of Patrick's magazines. This time Aki and I agree we should write something just for him.

When we were visiting Vancouver Patrick was very kind to us, taking us around the city, showing us the sights. He did this for each of us separately. I was visiting alone. Aki was with her friends. When we got to know each other better Aki and I also did things together in Vancouver too.

I like photography and Aki likes art. We are both artistic women who live unexciting lives. I have a boring life and so does Aki. We both want to travel to escape our boring lives. It is true I live in Paris, but I need to live somewhere else for a few years … Paris et ces Parisiennes me rendre fou! They are driving me absolutely crazy. My parents don't understand me.

Because of the corona virus I cannot travel. If I could I would pack my bags and return to Vancouver and live there for a few years. I like the beauty of the city and the clean air and water, and the mountains. I might miss French cuisine and the culture of Paris and France, but perhaps I could make due.

There is another reason I want to return. I met someone in Vancouver who is very nice and who I like very much. I want to see him again. I want to tell him how my heart flutters like a butterfly when he is near me and he talks to me in his soft spoken French. He is very cultured and likes art. .

Aki likes him too, I know that for certain. French women easily fall in love. Perhaps Japanese women do too. The man we both love is a very shy and sensitive man. He was once married and has been divorced. He has told me that his heart cannot take much more sadness and hardship in life. Yet he has also told us both how he hopes to marry, 'settle down' and one day be a father and hold his own baby daughter or son in his arms.

My grandfather once told me that life is like a field of sunflowers, and that we should be like van Gogh and make sure we admire the beauty of the world. He teased me about how the colour of my hair and my smile

reminded him of sun flowers. His nick name for me was '*mon petit tournesol*.'

I know our soft spoken friend is very lonely. Maybe this will cheer him up.



…. avec un grand coeur , Rose

My Two Sisters by Aki Kurosawa

[**Tokyo**] When my sister and I go out together, I being shorter than she is people think she is older than I am. But in fact I am five years older than she is. She is slim and full of energy, while I am petite and far less energetic than she is (I describe myself as ‘short’ but Rose tells me I am ‘petite’).

My friend Rose from Paris has made a bet with me. I don’t think she will keep her side of the bet. I don’t know whether I can keep my side. But I will try and my younger sister has said she will help me to. It is almost as if I have two sisters, one I grew up with and the other I met a few years ago. They are both encouraging me to change and try new experiences. They both say I need to change! Perhaps they are right …

My younger sister and I are so different in personality. She is gregarious and can make friends easily, while I am far more reserved, what my maternal grandmother describes as ‘serious.’

I remember when my mother was pregnant with my sister. I was in pre-school the day she was born. I was hoping for a younger brother. When we left for pre-school that morning my mother walked slowly holding her belly. We had to stop several times while her contractions happened. I was worried for my mother but she said everything would be fine. When she left me at the pre-school she took a taxi to the hospital. The driver was very kind and helped my mother in his taxi and then she sped off. I waved at the

taxi and started to cry. For some reason I thought I would never see my mother ever again. I felt very alone that morning and worried.

When I got home after school there was a note on our door saying I should knock on our neighbor's door. That evening our neighbor looked after me because my mother had not yet returned home from the hospital. My father was away on a business trip, as he often was because he worked as a salesman for a large Japanese electrical equipment company and so there was no one to look after me at home. My mother's parents live in Sapporo and my father's parents somewhere else. For some reason my parents had not told my grandparents that my mother was having a second baby. They would find out after she was born. I don't know why she was kept a secret.

I remember that evening very well. Our neighbor was a musician in his thirties. I had heard him play Jazz on his piano many times. What my parents and I did not know was that he played piano in the evenings at night clubs. We thought he taught piano, for he did have some students who came to study with him. Most were young ladies. He was a handsome young man and loved flirting with girls.

I could not stay at home all by myself so he took me with him to work that evening and I sat at the side of the stage as he played the piano and women danced under spot lights. I had never imagined that girls did this. The audience was all middle aged men. I even spotted some friends of my father sitting watching.

Nine o’clock was my usual bed time, but that evening I was not tired at all. I watched in amazement as they took off nearly all their clothes. We returned home by taxi at one in the morning and my mother had yet to come home and so it looked like I would have to stay with my neighbor. But one of the dancers from the night club had come home with us. She must not have been older than twenty.

I knew they wanted to be by themselves. I was not supposed to be left alone. He was a kind soul and let me sleep in my own bed. She had come home to keep me company and look after me. While I slept in my bed she slept in our living room. He knew how worried I was about my mother and so he played for me on the piano until I fell asleep listening to the music through the wall. Instead of playing Jazz, he played classical music, and soon I was fast asleep dreaming about dancing on stage under the spot lights.

When I woke up the following morning my mother was back home. She looked very tired. I was happy to see her. “Shush, she said “you will wake your little sister!” I pouted because I had hoped for a brother. She did not ask me about the strange woman she had found sleeping in our apartment.

The Jazz musician and his friend joined us for breakfast and my mother thanked them for ‘taking such good care of me.’ To this day she does not know I spent the previous evening at a night club watching strip tease.

My little sister started to cry and so my mother brought her into the kitchen to feed her. Our neighbor disappeared for a few minutes while she breast fed my sister. It was then and there that I learned what breasts were for.

It was only recently that I shared this story with someone. It was with Rose in Paris. She is someone I can talk with. Rose has become a sort of second sister to me, helping me to better understand both myself and my own sister.

Rose challenged me to share the night club story with my sister. When I told my sister the story she said I should tell my mother the story! I said I couldn't and so my sister said she would! I begged her not to and she said she would keep it a secret only if I 'did something fun' with her. My sister thinks I am too serious.

She has pestered me to this so I decided to send it to be published in Patrick's magazine. This way I could tell her the story is no longer just our secret. Both my parents and grandparents can't read English so I doubt they will ever know that the day my sister was born that I spend a night watching strip tease at a night club. My grandparents would be horrified. They are very traditional Japanese grandparents.

But my sister is my sister. Her silence comes with a price.

Now that I am past my thirtieth birthday I want to find a husband and settled down. I have not been all that successful with my boyfriends. I have had two or three since high school and they have all been long term

relationships. But when I fall out of love I go years before I start dating again.

My sister, on the other hand has had dozens of boyfriends, so many that I have lost count and so has she. Her relationships are always short and intense. She says she will help me find a husband. Now we are closer than ever before. I have Rose and her advice to thank for this.

It has only been recently that my sister told me why she has had so many boyfriends. She refuses to go to bed with them! I had thought she had bedded her boyfriends but it seems I have been a 'bad' girl while she has been a 'good' one. She wants to wait until she is married. And so she has been out enjoying her life, without ever sharing a bed with her boyfriends.

When I asked her about this she told me a story about my parents that I did not know about.

I knew my parents first met during the Sapporo Winter Olympics in 1972 when she was sixteen and he was eighteen. My mother's family is from Sapporo. My father was a high school volunteer from Tokyo and was staying with my mother and her parents for two weeks. He seduced my mother, first getting her to share a bath with him (supposedly she washed his back the same way she had washed her father's back) and then shared his bed, not once, not twice but three times in the two weeks during the 1972 Winter Games. He was cold, he told her, and she would keep him warm.

My father was the first southerner that my mother had ever met and the first boy she had ever been intimate with. My father, on the other hand, had several girl friends and was a *bon vivant* (a term that Rose taught me recently – she says that French boys are very much like that too).

When the Olympics were over my father left my mother without even saying a good bye.

All of this would have stayed a secret were it not for the fact that years later when my mother was going out with a Sapporo boy the two of them had a fight and she told him that '*he was not her first*.' Northern boys are not like southern Japanese boys. He got angry at her and before long my mother's reputation was in pieces.

What could my mother do? My Sapporo grandparents sought out my Tokyo grandparents and they came to an understanding that my father, having slept with my mother three times, he would have to marry her. In traditional Japanese culture when a man and woman shared a bed three times they are married to each other. This practice still survives in rural parts of Japan.

My mother and father were not too happy about this but it meant that my mother could now leave rural Sapporo and go live in Tokyo. My father did not want to end his playboy life, but they still got married. My grandparents forced them to.

He was unfaithful to my mother many times in all the years of their marriage and she knew that. But my mother had no choice but to be patient and hope he would change. My mother tells me he never did.

It was many years before my sister and I came along. I was my mother's blessing and my father's curse. My mother was happy to have a baby daughter. My father less so! His mistresses started to tell him to grow up, go home and look after his family. He was cold to me when I was young.

A few years later my sister came along. The one and only trip we took together as a family outside of Japan was to Vancouver, when my father came to be interviewed for a job he did not get.

And then when I was in high school my parents separated, my sister going to live with my mother and me with my father. But that didn't work out well and so one day I just packed my things and took the train to Sapporo and then stayed at my maternal grandparents for the summer. It had taken me months to save enough money for the train ticket from Tokyo to Sapporo.

It wasn't that my father was bad to me. It was just that he was always traveling on business and had many mistresses who were not much older than I was. They were usually secretaries and office workers he had met on his business trips that wanted to spend a few days in Tokyo. My father would let them stay with us. Oh, the stories I can tell of their visits!

I was lonely for my sister and mother. For the first time in several years I spent a summer with my mother and sister. My sister was a tomboy. And the boys were taking an interest in me. My sister was better with the boys than I was and would hang out with boys my age.

At the time I thought if my mother only knew what mischief she got into. My sister went on hikes with them, and when she was too hot she would take off her shirt. She went fishing and was very good at it. When they went swimming, she would never bring her bathing suit. She even went into the onsen with them. By the time she was fifteen she knew more about boys than I did. I suspect that the boys only took an interest in me only because of my sister. But I never went swimming nor to the onsen with the boys!

At the end of that summer it was decided that I should stay with my mother, so my sister changed places with me and went to Tokyo for three years with my father. While in Tokyo she was a bit wild. While I went to high school in Sapporo I had a boy friend. He was an Otaku, what you would call a nerd. I was a bookish girl. We went out on a few dates, but we were never intimate. We would talk about books and about modern art. We would go to the films together. His favorite film was *Magic Serpent*. I hate it!

After graduating high school with honors we broke up and I went back to Tokyo and my sister went back to Sapporo for her high school. I was surprised because my father was happy to have me back. He told me that my sister gave him gray hair. But things had not changed much for him.

I went to university for four years, and I had a boyfriend. But we did not stay together long. All he wanted to do was bed me but I did not like him that much. He told me that I was the most frustrating woman they had ever known. When I asked him how many 'women he had known' … he told me, and I dumped him then and there. He started to follow after me and call me *Fukansho*.

He would not take no for an answer and got very angry at me. With men I have not been lucky. First an otaku then a dinku!

It was after I graduated from university that I took my second trip Vancouver with some friends. I went to get away from *him* … and to improve my English. That is when I met two very nice people, Patrick and Rose. Patrick was very kind and nice to me and my traveling companions. There were seven of us in our group. When I left Vancouver I was very sad. I only met Patrick a few days before it was time for me to return home. He does not know it but I miss him very much …

When I got back from Vancouver my sister was in Tokyo for her school holidays. She went out every night for two weeks. I told her the strip tease story. With some reluctance I joined her on a few of her evenings out. They turned out to be much more different than I imagined. She went to films with her friends, and some nice restaurants, but she never let a boy even put a hand on her. Every time a boy acted some way she didn't like she dumped him on the spot. Then she would find a new boyfriend. I now understand

her better than ever before. I was a fool to think that she was being promiscuous. In fact it was the complete opposite.

Both my mother and father knew me to be responsible and so they did not worry much about me. On the other hand they worried about my sister. So they told my sister that if she bedded a boy she could not live under their roof. It was ironic they would be the ones to tell her that. It was my maternal grandmother who told her about what had happened to our parents. Then my sister told me too. I was surprised she knew before I did.

One night when we had both gone out and our dates had disappointed us both we sat at a coffee shop talking about our growing up. It was then that we both realized neither of us had bedded …so we both made a pact. We would find ourselves husbands who were kind and nice and perhaps like us (have waited until they were married). But in the meantime we would have as much fun as we could.

I told Rose about this and she did not believe me at first. She had bedded when she was in her teens and has had many lovers … this is when she suggested her bet (Rose calls it an *entendre*). She bet me I could not do something to flirt or tease our mutual friend in Vancouver.

I told my sister about Rose's *entendre* and she came up with a funny way to win the bet. Patrick loves art. One of her 'good boyfriends' is an artist. My sister has been a model for him a few times. So she and I, and two of her friends, came to model for a drawing class in his studio.



My sister is the one looking at the camera. Patrick knows which one of the other women I am … No I am not standing next to my sister! Isn't my sister beautiful?

Top this … Rose!

Roses of Mexico City by Gary McCrae

[**San Francisco**] During the early 1960's, this city the ancient capital of Mexico was in the throes of expansion. A population of eight million destined to overflow to 24 million by the mid-1990's.

The metro is built upon the old city of the Aztecs – a very slow process for artifacts – whole palaces and ancient temples are being unearthed which adds to the archeology of this magnificent and intriguing city.

Over the foundation of the largest Aztec pyramids had been built the grand Roman Catholic Cathedral on the plaza known as the Zócalo. This area was also bordered by the Presidential palace – the Municipal Council and the balconied town houses of the Colonial aristocracy. Southeast of this great plaza and behind this immediate area lay the huge wholesale market place *La Merced*, where fresh vegetables and flowers were brought in from the vast countryside of Mexico.

This large metropolis now known as Mexico City had since 500 A.D. been known as Teotihucéan, and then had a population of 100,000 people sprawled over twelve square kilometers, an area even larger than Imperial Rome.

The Toltecs took over from the Teotihucéans, followed by the Tepanecas and it was they who allowed the Aztecs that had migrated down from the north to settle in what is now known as the Chapultepec district. This

district of Mexico City is now situated at the end of the Reform boulevard situated down from the Alameda.

From this area they had been subdued and then removed by a neighboring tribe. The Aztecs fled to an island south called Tenochtitlan and their settlement there in 1325 is now considered the official founding date for Mexico City. Eventually the Aztecs tied this island with an irrigation canal back to the district originally settled in Chapultepec.

My first introduction to this ancient city was by plane on an early January evening with a myriad of sparkling lights below. Upon landing we were driven through the teeming streets of Mexico City with vibrant humanity overflowing from all around. Ensconced at the *El Presidente* luxury hotel on the Alameda with a Diego Rivera mural overlooking the main lobby, this was an ideal place to set out, explore and discover this tantalizing Colonial city.

First on the agenda, which was the reason that drew me first to visit Mexico City, was a visit to the University of Mexico City. A few years earlier a wonderful offer had come my way which encompassed sending me to University for extended study of the history and arts for this area of the Universe. This offer was one I had never taken up and I was now anxious to visit and cover the campus. I had recently graduated from the world famous *Rudolph Schaeffer School of Color* in San Francisco and the recently attained knowledge would open up new vistas for me.

A few days later after my arrival and a visit to the grand floating gardens south of the city left over from the ancient Aztec civilization, I acquired from the hotel directions for going out to the University. This had sounded all very easy when the hotel had directed me to stand along the Alameda and step on a bus which would take me directly to the University. Upon standing for half an hour, I realized that all the buses coming I could not differentiate one from the next on the arrival of the continuing buses.

Hearing a young couple conversing in English, I stepped over and enquired if they could help me on which specific bus I should get on, but they were no help to me, as they were not familiar with the local numbered buses. Whereupon I saw a bus coming which seemed like the one I had been waiting for. As I readied myself for boarding I felt someone tap me on the shoulder and heard a voice saying – 'excuse me Sénor, this is your bus to the University.' Looking around I saw a lovely Senorita with extremely large dark eyes milling at me. I thanked her and proceeded to board the bus and immediately realized I could not figure out how much the fare would be. Instantly money was put in front of me, from behind me, and the same voice saying '*it was all taken care of Sénor*.'

The same Senorita was smiling beside me and I wished to immediately reimburse her, but she wouldn't take my money.

This was my introduction to Nora, for it was her way of getting to know me, and so we proceeded to sit and talk and the lengthy way out to the University of Mexico. This young lady had studied at the University's school of

languages and was an interpreter at the Hotel Alameda owned and operated by the Westin Hotel chain. She spoke fluent English and this gave her an excellent opportunity to offer me a sightseeing synopsis, when we arrived at the University. Of course I accepted and we had a most enjoyable afternoon going back and forth on the campus; admiring the grand mosaics on the tall towers and the lower buildings. It then became time for me to return downtown and she also decided to ride back downtown having long forgotten the reason why she to come out originally to the University. So we had another good visit to the old city near the old Presidential Palace and to show her my appreciation I invited her, and her sister (as chaperone) to join me that same evening for dinner. My invitation was accepted and we would meet at my hotel, which was conveniently situated.

In those years my wardrobe consisted of some beautiful and handsome suits which had been custom made for me in San Francisco (I should perhaps tell you I had bright red hair at the time). For that evening, I selected one of them in dark midnight blue, in beautiful fine wool serge bordering on cashmere; a perfect suit for dining out late evening in Mexico City. When the two sisters arrived they were both dressed elegantly. Nora herself had on a beautiful wool evening suit in deep grey trimmed with the black silky hide of the unborn café covering the front of her jacket – softer and finer looking than any velvet fabric. This was still legal in Mexico for the mother cow had to be killed to obtain the unborn calf, and it is not legal to be used or sold in the United States. We discussed various places for dinner and they both hoped we could all go to the Hotel Isabella, which was the most elegant hotel and the place for the *haute culture* people of Mexico City to be seen in.

I already having knowledge of this … but this didn't appeal to me, so I asked the sisters if they knew of a real and authentic restaurant nearby which served the fine cuisine of Mexico. Immediately 'Si' was there response as their father had recently – within the last week in fact – taken them both there. But … this would entail quite a drive to the distant outskirts of the city … which intrigued me even more. A sleek black limousine was summoned and we drove for miles from my hotel and arrived almost an hour later at the gates of what appeared to be a very elegant country club – perfect – with vast rolling manicured lawns amongst the trees and the grand restaurant was in a great sweep before our eyes – looking out over these great slabs of plate glass across the whole rambling colonial façade. While we arrived unannounced and had no reservations, the two sisters were acknowledged and we were ushered into a very large dining area filled with the most beautifully dressed people imaginable. Heavy linens were on each table, each touching the floor along with bright shiny silverware and heavy crystal. The waiters were all tuxedoed with none speaking English and the overlarge menus were all in Spanish – perfect!

I suggested to the two sisters that they make the menu selections for the three of us and to be sure and order plenty of whatever they wanted. 'Si Sénor – we will do just that!' We chatted and eventually their food arrived which was placed in front of us and it looked like wonderful authentic Mexican cuisine. My plate was then brought to me and it consisted of a very huge beef steak along with a very large pile of French Fries, for they had picked out a dish that they thought would make a young *Gringo* happy. Gringo means 'green' in Spanish, referring to the color of American dollars.

This is why Mexicans call Americans ‘gringo.’ I am actually a Canadian originally from Victoria, but had spent several years at art school in San Francisco. When it comes to Americans and Canadians, Mexicans don’t always make a distinction if you come from north of their border.

I really only picked at my food all the while stealing admiring glances at the two young women enjoying their meals. Hoping my disappointment did not show, I suggested they order several more Mexican dishes which we all three could share. This was done – one of the platters contained the most truly sumptuous chicken breast enchiladas I had ever tasted before or since that evening. Whole chicken breasts had been used inside, along with wonderful condiments for the stuffing. This was all perfect for me and it turned into a wonderful dinner of Mexican dishes. The dinner lasted several hours.

After dinner I suggested we could all go dancing. The sisters knew of a wonderful night club not too far from the restaurant, and so there we went. And authentic it was – another place for only very wealthy Mexican City citizens who really could afford and enjoy luxury. The club was huge, and along with Latin American music, there was a fabulous floor show. Across the full length of the stage was the largest xylophone I had ever seen stretching a good ten meters across with 20 to 25 musicians all playing on it at the same time – and what music it was. I can still hear it today in my memory; and what a good time dancing – to tangos, cha cha chas and rumbas – for the next three hours.

Now Mexico City at the time, (the early 1960's) did not have the great number of people it has today. It was a great deal less safe for foreigners to travel through than today. One did have to take into consideration ones' safety while moving about, especially if any distance was involved. Upon departing the night club that evening, the two sisters and I arranged for a cab to pick us up and I had completely forgotten to request that the driver be able to speak English, which is very mandatory in any foreign city. We left the night club with the sisters giving the driver instructions in Spanish and of course we would drop them at home first, and then I would go on to my hotel downtown afterwards.

The cab drove for miles as to my great amazement we ascended up the wall of the great plateau driving ever upwards and steeper for some distance. Arriving at the top, the sight before us was astounding, for there on top of this great expanse the most futuristic city one could imagine appeared– all floodlit before our eyes – along with a full moon beaming across the whole mirage-like scene. Skyscrapers jutting across – bridges joining them like freeways – all laid out in great order and palatial form.

The sisters ordered the cab driver with directions to where they reside, and when we arrived there with polite thank yous and goodbyes took their leave … and the cab proceeded on ….Almost immediately it came over me a great fear that this driver did not possibly speak fluent English and we were in the middle of nowhere … for within blocks we started to descend the plateau and leave the great vision behind us and we were in total darkness once again.

Almost with panic over me, I asked the driver if he spoke English with no response and continued in his slow and meticulous way. Nothing could be done but to hope he would drive me directly to my hotel for we were now in total darkness, with nothing but shrubs and trees on both sides of us. Suddenly out of the blue he started talking perfect English but not what I wanted to hear for he was marketing a lady of the night to me in most uncertain terms: the most beautiful girl in all of Mexico City for forty dollars and another one for much less, but she wasn't so pretty. My response was a sharp 'No!' which made him persist even harder, in fact so extremely persistent to where we were shouting at each – me yelling to be taken home immediately. At this point I was becoming fearful for I was dressed far too luxurious to be in such a situation.

We arrived at the bottom of the plateau in total darkness. Winding along a roadway we all of a sudden made an abrupt right angle turn in to an extended alley that appeared out of nowhere like it had risen out of the Earth. And … it might have come up out of hell … for there before me was a sight not to be believed.

The alley before me was lit with overhead lights which made it as bright as from the midday sun. It was here that I was looking at the night-world and a large portion of the netherworld of Mexico City. The length of three city blocks were teeming with people, filling that alley from wall to wall. As the limousine taxis wound its way t less than a snail's pace in this mob, they separated only enough to let the cab through. The whole scene before me

was as though it had been lifted out from the filmmaker “Fellini” and his infamous Italian movies. The most grotesque faces imaginable were passing my car continuously. Some were looking down in at me with faces pressed against the window peering right at me …They all looked liked drugged zombies and no doubt were … nothing in hell could ever possibly look worse. What a horror and bad nightmare for me and I was convinced the cab driver was taking me where he wanted to be in the beginning and I would have no say when presented to whatever underworld he wished to expose me to. These were, of course, all the night people of Mexico City, but it was the grotesque features on their faces that left the indelible mark on my memory. It seemed like an eternity to slowly wind our way through this teeming mass of sub-humans, all amassed in one alley. But suddenly we were out of it as quickly as we had come in to it and to my relief it was still dark but we were out of the alley! Ten minutes later we turned another abrupt corner and my hotel loomed up from the darkness. I was extremely angry – the cab driver had put me through an unnecessary ordeal, and as I was proceeding up the steps of my hotel, and I looked back he had the nerve to shout from his window – “Ah Sénor, why were you so afraid – I got you safely home.”

The following day a call came to my suite from Nora as they had enjoyed so much the evening before and would I be able to accept an invitation to their home for dinner the following evening. It did race through my mind about a book my Mother had read me one summer when I was home. It covered Mexico City families and how they bring to their homes unsuspecting suitors for their marriageable daughters, and this could be the stage for a surprise

wedding which they spring on them. Pushing these thoughts aside with the idea that I was old enough by now to handle such a situation and "yes, I could come" – the limousine would be dispatched to pick me up at my hotel at seven in the evening. Now mother had always instructed me to always take along a gift to the hostess, and this would be what I would do. Enquiring at the hotel front desk where to purchase flowers, they directed me over to the great flower market *La Merced*, many blocks directly behind the hotel. Finding the market I was flabbergasted to see the acreage which covered every type of flower, including exotic blooms from the furthest jungles over far reaching corners of the country. One of the first stalls I encountered had the most magnificent long stemmed roses, and this I kept in mind as I wound through the many faceted stalls all the more wonderful than the last. This took several hours looking at it and admiring the most colorful and exotic blooms – orchids upon orchids – bromeliads all in the lushest colors, That I had ever encountered, but was drawn back like a magnet to those beautiful roses with stems up to four or five feet long.

Finding myself back at the rose stand, the old Mexican lady who owned it was busy with a number of different customers. While waiting I began wondering what the connotation of roses might be in a foreign country which I was not all that familiar with. Stepping over I asked a beautifully dressed lady in a very handsomely tailored camel hair suit about taking some roses to a hostess. 'Perfect,' she declared, so it was set – roses it would be – I would but a few of the wonderful magenta and orange pink ones which were absolutely breathtaking. Not figuring out the exchange and when the old lady was free, I stepped over and let her know I would but ten dollar

American worth. Calling a grandson over to help her, they began to bring over bunches of roses much to their delight and the pile grew to around the height of my shoulders. This was shocking to me, but hadn't realized what ten dollars could but at the time and at the same time I didn't have the heart to disappoint the old lady by telling her that I couldn't take all of them. But how would I get them back to the hotel? This the old lady solved easily by calling in five more grandsons to come and carry them, myself included, piled high with roses. The seven of us wound our way back to my hotel. What a sight it must have presented, not only many blocks back, but coming into the hotel lobby with such a mass of gorgeous roses. I had already decided I would request the hotel if they could hold them in cold storage for me until I would let them know I what I would do with them, for no way could these all be taken for a hostess of a dinner party.

Yes they would hold them for me until I would give them further instructions for their disposition. Arriving back to my suite, the telephone was ringing and on the other end was Nora with news of a change of plans. Her father was going to take us all for dinner to *el Villa Fontana* – one of the most outstanding restaurants in the city, as I had already known about and heard about this restaurant sometime before. This change of plans would be fine, for dining there would be a very rare experience, although I was somewhat disappointed to not have dinner in a Mexico City home. In the mean time my decision was just to leave the flowers with the hotel for now, and after everything was over I would give them instructions to perhaps place the rose in vases throughout the lobby.

During my stay in the hotel I made friends with an elderly, well travelled, couple from Oakland California who were somewhat perturbed hearing of these new plans, with young and impressionable me being the centre point of such an elaborate meeting. They requested that I meet them early in the hotel bar for cocktails at their invitation. I sensed they were anxious with worry in their voices to meet and observe Nora and her family. They too heard stories of *matrimonial entrapment*. They were a darling couple – very elegant and were like a very fine ersatz grandmother and grandfather to me.

That evening we gathered for cocktails – dry Manhattan Martinis – at the end of the lobby, far away from the entrance. Together we were all seated where we could observe Nora's arrival. After our second cocktail what a happy time we were having when I saw Nora arrive at the front entrance of the hotel on the arm of her aristocratic father. And what an entrance it was. It stopped all traffic in that huge lobby. I waved and with a smile Nora spotted me. All eyes were upon this majestic pair coming across the floor towards us. She was dressed like a movie star, in a long black dress topped by a silk magenta opera cape flowing and billowing out to the floor with a slight train in the cape following in her footsteps. Her father was not exceptionally tall, but his regal bearing with an immaculate custom evening suit, complete with a black silk bowtie, carrying a beautiful golden headed cane topped the picture off like something out of a fairy tale.

They arrived over at where the three of us were sitting, chatting and I was busy introducing my friends all around when to my utter amazement I looked up and it was appearing like a mountain and a mirage moving over

from the front desk. With a second look I realized that the head counterman had taken it upon himself and decided of course these were who the roses were for and sent out six bellhops to carry them over and present them with great flourish to Nora. She was overwhelmed. Even her staid father staggered on his cane at sight a sight and no one was more staggered than I, and the first thing that came blurting from out of my mouth was "these are for your mother."

Nora smiled when I said this for she knew in her heart perhaps why I had said this. Nora's father, Mr. Riese, warmly thanked me for the roses. I took a liking to Nora's father immediately for it was very obvious that he was cultured and that he had old family connections to this ancient and sophisticated City. While we said our goodbyes to the Oakland couple, the flowers eventually were all loaded into the limousine. Then Nora her father and I – barely finding room in the limousine – were now on our unbelievable ride to *el Villa Fontana* on the regal stretch of Reform Boulevard. We were absolutely engulfed in these magnificent roses – in the fact the car was so packed with these beautiful blossoms that many were hanging out the open windows. People stopped in the street to watch us pass.

Our arrival at the restaurant caused a flurry. Exactly as the lobby of the El Presidente Hotel, the whole el Villa Fontana restaurant came to a complete standstill on our being led through the lobby and up the tiers of banquette seats to be seated right in the middle of the establishment – with all eyes upon us! In her arms Nora carried a few dozen of the roses. I suspect all

eyes were on her and her alone, or perhaps her and her father. I sensed I was hardly noticed, except for perhaps my red hair.

Mon Dieu … what an evening … and it had just begun.

Now *el Villa Fontana* was famous not only in Mexico City, but the whole wide world over. The outstanding features beyond their superb cuisine was the strolling violinists of which each group consisted of approximately forty men playing the most romantic and beseeching music. Some of the music they played was Spanish, some Hungarian gypsy and some dreamy classical. Their musical reputation preceded them, and I had heard of their talents long before while I was in school in San Francisco.

While our waiter welcomed us to the restaurant and made arrangements to place Nora's roses in a silver vase on a small table, the musicians strolled over to serenade us. Such haunting music. I stole a glance around me. This restaurant was massive in size with extremely large isles to accommodate these groups of musicians strolling through and stopping to play at certain tables.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see that Nora's father was observing me closely, and that Nora was in turn observing her father. There was a triangle of sorts around the table. I should perhaps tell you that Mr. Riese either could not speak English or decided he would not. Nora did the interpretation and translation for us both. Besides I knew that people of consequence in Mexico know to learn and practice their English. I suspected at the very

least Nora's father could understand English, so I knew to be guarded in what I would say to Nora. How did I know this? Well, it was in the lobby of the hotel when he father asked of me whether I was gringo … and he reacted ever so slightly – before Nora could translate for him – when I said "no I come from Canada."

The musicians played a short introductory set for us and then moved on and the instant they were out of ear shot, and before we three could say anything the waiter reappeared carrying the grand leather bound menus. Once again they were all in Spanish so once again I deferred to Nora and her judgment. When I did this Nora's father did the same, which I sensed surprised Nora. I could see her father being so aristocratic as to not let his two daughters make any decisions for themselves. Nora beamed with her culinary responsibility.

I decided to test this hypothesis and asked Nora how her sister was today. Nora looked up with big eyes, then toyed with the gold chain and cross around her neck before saying, "she wanted to come too … but papa thought four of us here for dinner would be a bit of a spectacle …" Then dutifully she turned and Nora translated what she had just said to me to her father. Her father said one word 'extravaganza …' and smiled over at me. Then Nora turned back to me and re-spoke the phrase "papa thought the four of us here for dinner would be a bit of a extravaganza …" I knew now it was best I not to tip the triangle.

The waiter returned and the order was given and then from almost behind the waiter – as if he was his shadow – the sommelier appeared, produced

three wine menus for us and we set off to make the wine selection. Nora's father turned to his daughter and in Spanish said one word, and I knew what that word meant … 'Champagne?' Nora turned to me and asked me "would you like Champagne with our dinner?"

"Champagne was a bit sweet for my taste for the main course of a meal …" Nora turned to her father and explained. He closed his wine menu then he waved his hand at me and said something in Spanish.

"My father wonders if you can select the wine for our dinner."

There's a bear trap if I ever heard one. Choose a fine wine, but not an expensive one! Not a middling one but nearer the top end … I looked down at the jumble of Spanish words, then before I got lost in them a brilliant thought came to mind. I looked up and over at her and asked Nora "what have you ordered for us for dinner." As she explained in English I noticed the sommelier seemed uninterested. I was hoping he could understand English – but it was evident he couldn't. I had hoped to draw the sommelier into the decision making process, but I guess it was left to Nora and I to sort this out. She was game and so we discussed the dishes for a few moments then I asked her to translate for the sommelier. Without saying a word he pointed at a wine on the list. To my great relief it was neither inexpensive nor expensive. It was a Spanish wine I was familiar with. I nodded my head and said "si." The sommelier smiled his approval, as did Nora's father and collected up two of the three menus. Diplomatically leaving one at Mr.

Riese's elbow. I guess the Champagne might come later. I had tipped-toed around that bear trap!

Then started the twenty questions … How we had met ? – as if he didn't already know for he probably had already given his daughter the 'third degree' – but I guess wanted Mr. Riese wanted to hear it in my own words. I was careful not to mention Nora's boldness, nor imply that I was in active search for female company here in Mexico City.

He asked me what I did … then I sort of tripped up. I mentioned I had just finished art school in San Francisco …

"Artista?" The look of surprise on Mr. Riese's face brought a look of embarrassment to Nora's face. I knew she knew but I immediately suspected that she had not told her father this … Mr. Riese glared at Nora with the consternation of father thinking 'over my dead body …'

This brought a mix of feelings to my heart. On the one hand I was indignant that being an artist was considered so lowly by Nora's father, yet I also knew that I would not be invited to their home for a feast – wedding. I tried to keep a straight face but I suspect a bit of anguish showed on my face for Nora knew to ask "are you ok?" She again toyed with her necklace as she waited for my answer.

It was a sort of tell – her and her necklace. I smiled at her and simply said "art is what I seem to be best at …" She turned to her father and translated

but once again I sensed he understood English for he immediately began to talk about the great artists of Mexico and Spain. It only took a few seconds for me to see that Nora was going to be fine (she stopped toying with her necklace) and while Mr. Riese talked about Valázquez and Goya I knew he was in his element. He made no mention of the modern Spanish artists like Picasso or Dali. It was if he was reciting a university lecture he once took in Spanish Art History. I could tell Nora had heard this lecture before for she was quite bored.

Perhaps the talk needed some living up? I was about to mention the wonderful murals I had seen at the University when out of the corner of my eye I saw Nora raise he hand to her necklace. Both her father and I turned to her and we could both see the nervousness in her eyes. This was the dramatic moment of our evening! Nora sensed the danger. So I decided to forgo mention of the murals and started to talk about some of the religious Spanish religious icons we had studied at art school. A sincere look of relief passed over Nora's face.

I guess if I had mentioned the Diego murals I would be a rebel amongst the aristocratic and this would have ruined the ambience of our evening. Just as I was about to exhaust my limited knowledge of Spanish religious icons our meal arrived to save us from our awkwardness.

As the meal progressed I sensed a gathering seriousness in the tone of Mr. Riese's conversation with his daughter. The conversation was still through Nora's interpretation. Nora's father seemed very concerned with her about

something serious and finally she turned to me and said her father was being insistent that I be told that her mother was not alive and he felt I should be told this as I had said that this was who the roses were for. Her eyes went stern for a brief second and I had to think what it was she was trying to tell me. The stern looked on her father's face told me that I needed to act ever so carefully.

"Do you like the roses?" I asked her.

"I do … very much … but my father says he would rather see they go to a favorite aunt of mine …"   With those words I knew with certainty I would never be invited to a visit to their home. Again almost magically the next course of our meal arrived.

Nora in a coquette dig at perhaps the two men at her elbows had ordered me Oysters Rockefeller. Arranged on a large crystal platter set in shaved ice on an even larger sterling silver charger, were two dozen grand oysters.

She looked up at me and asked "Do you like oysters … or would you prefer snails?" She was a clever one, for just a few works before there had been a movie review article about a scene in the feature film Spartacus where a slave (Tony Curtis) asks his Roman Master whether he preferred oysters to snails …

I grinned knowingly at her. "I love eating oysters … and never touch snails."

He father did not ask Nora what we had just said, so I just set upon the plate. The huge oysters were done in the traditional way of fresh spinach and cheese au gratin broiled over them. I ate one. It was the best oyster I had ever tasted and fresher than one could imagine. I offered Nora and her father to taste several of them along with what they she had ordered for themselves. Mr. Riese declined but Nora enthusiastically said she would. "I have never tasted oysters before." Instead of daintily lifting the oyster out of its shell with a spoon she lifted the entire oyster to her lips and slurped it down, leaving a little drop of juice on her chin. She caught it with her hand before the drop fell on her magnificent dress. Her father said nothing but gave her a stern look of disapproval. In her rebellious mood she asked me for another. Nora's father shook his head slightly but all I could think of doing was shrug my shoulders. Nora enjoyed her second more than her first. I sensed she hoped I would offer her a third – but we had tempted fate twice already. A third time would be profoundly unlucky.

The wine matched their dishes but it did not match the oysters so I left my glass untouched and asked for mineral water instead. Sensing this miss match Mr. Riese ordered a bottle of Spanish sparkling white wine – champagne of sorts – the likes of which turned out to be a perfect match to the Oysters Rockefeller. Nora took a glass as well but Mr. Riese declined the pour by placing his hand over his glass and sternly warning the sommelier off with a few words in Spanish. The sommelier seemed a bit offended but set the half finished bottle between Nora and I into a large sterling silver cooler packed in ice. From time to time the sommelier took to

stopping by and topping up our glasses. My glass was topped but once while Nora's was topped three times.

Then we dined leisurely with very few words shared. I knew that cultured dining in the Spanish speaking world was expected to last two or three hours. While we ate Mr. Riese went silent and all but left Nora and I to talk between ourselves. It was at that point that I knew Nora's father understood English, for Nora was careful with what she said to me, and even how she said it, so we talked about what seemed like trivialities to me.

Nora asked me about my home and upbringing in Victoria and my time at the *Rudolph Schaeffer School of Color* in San Francisco. I in turn asked her about her growing up. And so a pleasant time was passed dining and chatting. No mention was made about her father and what he did and about her family, and her family fortune and the like. While I came from a well-to-do family, I had made sure I had avoiding mentioning anything too specific about my family and its fortune.

When the main dinner was over and before the dessert arrived, Nora excused herself to the powder room and this left me all alone with her father. Immediately the very cultured and well-mannered gentleman began talking to me in impeccable English with no trace of a Spanish accent. The fact that he spoke without an accent and impeccably was very profound, along with being utterly amazing!

I realized, until he had decided that he liked me, he would not converse with me directly. But now this point had arrived, and we had a very animated conversation. He told me that as a young man he had lived in California and had gone there from Mexico City to go to the University and had worked in *el Etats Unitas* for ten years before returning home where he had lived ever since. He expressed how much he liked me and the feeling was, of course, mutual. He offered me an invitation that upon a future return to Mexico City, as his guest he would take me and his two daughters on a tour through Mexico starting at Toas the old silver capital and continuing through the country for six weeks; staying, as he insisted, at the most luxurious accommodations available. I said that I was honored and would love to take this trip with him and his family, whereupon Nora returned to our table with a look of astonishment. She was surprised that her father and I had hit it off so well – he was conversing in English with me and she was delighted.

After a very animate and lively dessert we took our leave of this very renowned restaurant. As we exited I cast one last glance from the foyer over this dream world and the elegant atmosphere cascading from the tiered baquettes – tuxedoed waiters – bright silver – tinkling crystal- superb music – soft illumination – I knew instantly that this had been an evening of privilege. Collecting Nora's dozens of roses we made our grand exit to the waiting limousine which whisked us back along Reforma – a full moon engulfing the sparkling city, with roses filling the car with their aroma – back to my hotel where I would take leave in the morning for many more weeks of my travel – both by air and by ship – before I would once again

return home. It was with some sadness that I told Nora that I would be leaving Mexico City the following afternoon.

Early the following morning the sky was bright with sunshine and crisp with January air. I prepared to take my leave from this most colorful cosmopolitan city. As I stood waiting for a taxi to take me to the airport suddenly out of the crisp morning appeared Nora with some small keep-sake gifts for me. She was sad to see me go and asked me to write her and to come visit her again 'in the not too distant future.' It was awkward for me in that I hardly knew the young lady and well, I had obligations elsewhere, including back in San Francisco. The taxis arrived and we took our leave, shaking hands. One of the souvenirs Nora gave me was a small Spanish translation book she once used which when I opened later at the airport revealed some of the rose petals from the night before, carefully pressed between several of the book leaves.

Weeks later, after many thousands of miles of travel, I arrived back in San Francisco in the grand luxury P & O ocean liner coming through the Panama Canal. Immediately when I arrived at my apartment the doorman told me of the many telephone calls he had been receiving from Mexico City. Hardly after I set foot in my apartment that the telephone rang. It was Nora calling to inquire about my trip and welfare. In a few days I started to turn them down for they had become collect calls on my telephone. Finally, some weeks later, a short note arrived in the mail from Mexico City informing me that Nora and her father had been trying to get in touch with me to invite me to come to a grand fiesta which was to be held at her aunt's ranch (that same

aunt who got all the roses) near El Paso Texas. This was to be a fourteen day celebration – which I knew very often evolved into a wedding celebration with the unsuspecting groom becoming the main object of hundreds of celebrants who congregated from all over the world for the occasion.

Many years later I attended an evening special celebration in the very grand gothic Grace Cathedral on Nob Hill in San Francisco. Part way through the service I glanced across the aisle and there seated to the left of me was an exact replica of the young Nora from many years before. It was even necessary for me to shake my head to look again, and be able to comprehend the vision before me.

At the end of the service I maneuvered to the beautiful young lady and the dark handsome fellow at her side. As we came through the grand and open magnificent bronze doors depicting the Gates of Paradise a beautiful full moon was bathing the whole top of Nob Hill in a glittering cover of radiance.

Striking up a conversation with the couple I discovered they were in San Francisco on their honeymoon and were staying at the old and very elegant Fairmont hotel just a block away. We talked about their visit to my city and how enthralled they were both to be here. As we arrived at the grand portico of their hotel I summoned the courage to ask the young lady what her mother's name was – Nora was the reply – and I assured her that she must and I was sure her mother also must be a beautiful lady. "Si Sénor" was the

reply. 'My mother is the most gracious and famous hostess of all Mexico City.' Then the lovely couple turned and disappeared into the mist as they entered their hotel, and their future destiny which lay before them.

Out of mist of the night appeared the whole evening from thirty years before at *el Villa Fontana*. Was it a pang of guilt, or perhaps nostalgia? Was it the magic emanating from the moonlight – the mist – or combination of both? There before my eyes appeared Nora and her father, the many magnificent roses, the grand restaurant, the Oysters Rockefeller, the violinists with their beautiful and enchanting music, Nora in her grand majestic silk opera cape with her gracious father with his gold handled cane, their stately grace – and both of them giving me a wonderful, vibrant smile.

My friend Aoi by Patrick Bruskiewich

[**Vancouver**] I first met Aoi (not her real name) three years ago at a summer English conversation gathering in Vancouver. The way we first met told me something about her. She noticed that everyone around me was drinking coffee except me. She liked tea and so that is why she sat next to me. I got her the same tea I was drinking, a variety known as Parisienne.

The moment she spoke it was evident she was well educated and was also well traveled. She liked the tea. 'It was neither too sweet nor too bitter,' she said. She spoke English well, without having much trouble pronouncing her r's, much better than someone who has just studied English a few hours a week in high school. "I like watching films, not American films, but British ones." She was twenty six at the time we first met and established in her professional career.

It took her a few minutes to admit what was clearly evident. Aoi was sad. She was hoping to find a new boyfriend and settle down. After three years her fiancé had told her a few weeks ago that he did not want to marry her. They had broken up, and quite badly. He was a middle manager for one of the big car companies. She worked in administration for one of the companies providing CNC machinery for the Japanese automobile manufacturers. Her company was in fact the largest of its kind in the world, a consortium with a large European CNC company, and as well known in industrial circles as any of the Japanese car manufacturers that used these CNC machines. By the way CNC means computer, numerical control.

Aoi had come to Vancouver to try to lift her spirits and to get on with her life.

The first time we met we spoke about our interests and she seemed to find something comforting in me. The second time we met she asked about my life and I told her a bit about me. I am somewhat older than she is and had been married and divorced. I told her I knew sadness first hand. For the remainder of her visit to Vancouver she wanted to meet up with me to walk and chat about life. This was her first visit to Vancouver and she enjoyed the city.

Over the last ten days of her two week visit Aoi and I met three times, she contacting me and asking me to meet up. I sensed she had set out on her trip to Vancouver to meet other men. I encouraged her to do so. She had the number of a few of the boys from the conversation gathering, but she told me all they wanted to do was "to kiss, cuddle and get into my panties."

She was much more outspoken then most Japanese woman I had met in the past. Perhaps this is why I found her such an interesting person and befriended her.

When I better understood her sadness I told her the story that my grandmother had told me when I was sad about my then marriage – the story was about my grandmother's three boyfriends, and how she chose my grandfather, a serious young man, over a man with several young children

who had lost his wife to ill health (probably overwork) and a playboy with a reputation as a rake (who died in a car crash a year later). She liked the idea of having several boyfriends.

Aoi had dressed up in color the last time we met up on her first visit and she was a great deal happier than when we had first met.



In fact as she bid me farewell she smiled and said ‘why stop at five?’



She asked me if I could be one of her five boyfriends? I smiled and nodded.



She blushed. Then and there I thought … yes Aoi will be fine.

We kept in touch by email. I would get a message from her twice a month. I would wait a few days to answer her. Sometimes it is important not to appear too eager.

Inevitably I would ask her how her quest for boyfriends was going along? She would equivocate. Her professional life was so busy she said she was… 'too tired to go out.' After three months she finally went out on a date to a film and dinner with a man she had known since high school, but it was a disaster.   He had a reputation as a playboy, and she was too timid and well they mixed, in her own worlds, 'like oil and water …'

Things were not going well for her, so she decided that December to visit Vancouver again. I had become a sort of sage for her, which I found somewhat knotty because I was anything but sage when it comes to understanding women. My heart had been broken so many times it was held together by thin pieces of string. But I guess she wanted a male outlook to finding a wife. But hereto life had been a disaster for me.

It was hard to put into words how I felt about all this so I decided to take a page out of Picasso's book and paint her a painting with a message. I chose Lucky Kitty as the theme. When she returned to Vancouver I invited her to visit my Atelier, for afternoon tea, which she did with a friends.



The first version of *Lucky Kitty* painting was waiting for her on the easel.



I had painted three very aroused male cats and a new born kitten at her feet. The fact that *Lucky Kitty* was female was also clearly evident. I offered the *Lucky Kitty* painting to her 'to take home and hang on her wall to encourage

her in her quest for boyfriends…' but she told me that she still lived at home with her parents and younger sister and such a message would 'cause a scandal and not be allowed' by her mother.' So it has sat turned to the wall in the Atelier for the past two years.

A few days later we went to a night time German Christmas fair which Aoi had heard about. We both had a wonderful time milling about the exhibits.



I could see she was happy to be back here in Vancouver over Christmas and to spend time with me.



But her happiness seemed fleeting.

Before Aoi left Vancouver she wanted me to come with her as she met up with an ‘old boyfriend’ together going for a walking visit to Lynn Canyon Park. Her ‘old boyfriend’ had brought along his latest main squeeze as he described her and it was a bit of a circus. He (let me call him Bob) had not told his main squeeze (I think her name was Maria, a warm hearted and photogenic Mexican girl) what they would be doing that afternoon and so she had dressed fashionably but not warm enough for the occasion. He was wearing a warm winter coat which he did not share with Maria. Maria had a

dress on with short sleeves. While the sun was out she was brave but as the afternoon sun started to disappear she started to shiver.

I offered the poor, shivering Maria my jacket, which she gladly wore. I had made a friend for life. The dynamics were very interesting as we waited for the bus home on Lynn Valley road. Something was indeed going on there between the Bob, Maria and Aoi. I was in the center of a triangle … *une mélange a trios* (pas ménage!)

I was interested to see how this would play out so I invited them to dinner in a fancy Italian restaurant at the bottom of Lonsdale not too far from the Sea Bus Station.

It was an strange dinner to say the least. Bob sat opposite Aoi and I sat opposite to Maria. Maria and I talked films all dinner. Bob and Aoi talked about relationships. When Aoi started to get heated over something I softly placed my hand on her back and she pushed me away with her hand.

Aha … I thought … something had happened between Bob and Aoi the first time she was in Vancouver. I did not ask her what this was. And honestly I did not want to ask. But still I wanted to know …

On a small piece of paper I wrote out some films I recommended for Maria, films like *Charade* with Audrey Hepburn and Cary Grant, and the Science Fiction film *Fifth Element*, and I said loudly I would add my email to the bottom of the paper if she thought of any films she might recommend to me

to watch. Maria blushed and grabbed the paper and stuffed it in the front of her bra. That got Maria an immediate look of scorn from both Aoi and Bob. After dinner Bob had still not offered Maria her coat and instead walked to the Sea Bus with Aoi.

Poor old Maria … I never heard from her again, but that's understandable. She probably wanted to get as far away from Bob and his entourage as possible. And besides she could talk film with almost anyone. I would have enjoyed meeting up with Maria simply because my artistic eye admired beauty and she would have made *une odalisque fantastique*!

To be able to take a trip to Vancouver Aoi had made arrangements for her company to let her come to talk an English language course. The next time we met up it was in a convenient place for her to sit and work on her English homework. We met in the food court at Pacific Center, a rather noisy and bustling place, given that it was the Christmas season.

But Aoi needed to be in a public place for the small drama that was about to be played out. Quite out of the blue she asked me 'why men were so promiscuous?' I could not help laughing.

"It is in our nature," I said. "It is hard for men to be monogamous."

There was an awkward silence which I broke. "Did you study biology in high school?"

"Of course, we all have to."

I smiled. "I didn't take biology in high school."

"Oh." She smirked.

"I am still pretty naïve when it comes to the birds and the bees."

"Birds and Bees?"

"I am pretty naïve when it comes to sex …" I whispered this to her and she gave me an impish grin.

"I am probably not the person to ask about promiscuity. I am Catholic and appreciate the difference between love and lust …

She went silent. Perhaps she was expecting a different answer from me? I wondered if she was asking me to share a bed with her?   Obviously my answer left her at a disadvantage. So she took a different tact with me. "In Nepal the women can have many husbands."

"I didn't know that." I decided to tease Aoi and see where this would take us. "The women in Nepal must be very happy with their lives!" She talked awhile about how it would be nice if this were allowed in Japan.

After a few minutes I decided to tell Aoi the story of Anais Nin and her many trysts. She had never heard about Anais Nin, so I decided to also tell Aoi about Anais Nin's two husbands, one on the East coast of the US and the other on the West Coast. 'So you see, not only men are promiscuous …" I said to her, 'but it takes a special type of women to have several husbands."

Boldly Aoi stated "it is one thing to have many boyfriends … but I want several husbands!" And she was serious! From that moment onwards I would inquire of her how her search for … her husbands ….was coming along."

After her visit to Vancouver she went on a business trip to Europe to confer with her European Consortium members. When she returned home to Tokyo she was reassigned … exiled as she described it to me … from Tokyo to Nagoya for a few months.

At the start of her 'exile' as she described it she was sad, but I told her that now that she was living in an apartment by herself she could go out more often and come in much later and perhaps find her husbands.

When she returned to Tokyo she took up her own apartment and went out several times a week with prospective husbands.

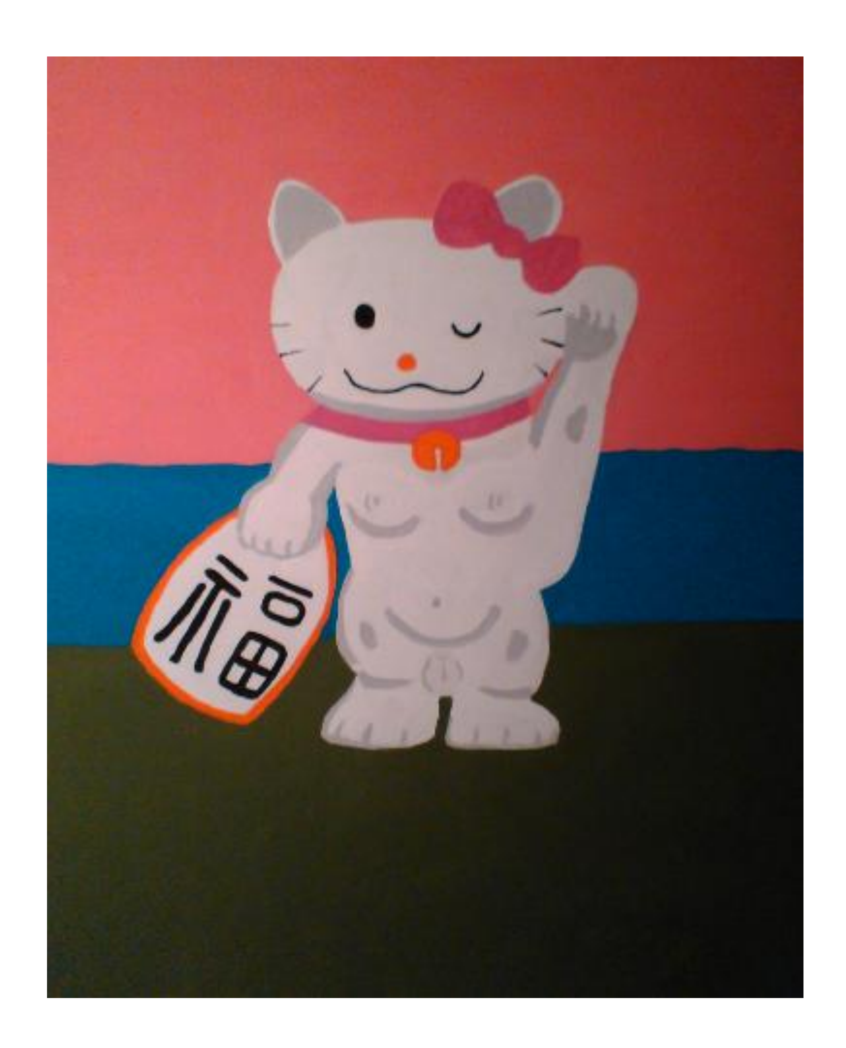
Recently I received wonderful news. She had found a husband. I was very happy for Aoi. But I wondered if she would truly settle down?

For certain I knew it was time to repaint *Lucky Kitty*. I would eventually do three versions. The first is one of traditional monogamy (here on the easel)



I had painted out two of the three amorous cats, as well as the background. You may have noticed Mount Fuji is now gone. But this was too allegorical don't you think. So I let this canvas sit for awhile.

Then I thought what would the painting look like if there was only her with a horizontal background?



But something is still missing, don’t you think?

This past week I painted its final presentation.

I borrowed a theme from a Renaissance painting by Botticelli.

Everything is in balance now don’t you think? And the message is clear…



Maybe Aoi will now hang *Lucky Kitty* on her wall?

New Artwork

Artwork by Ella Collett





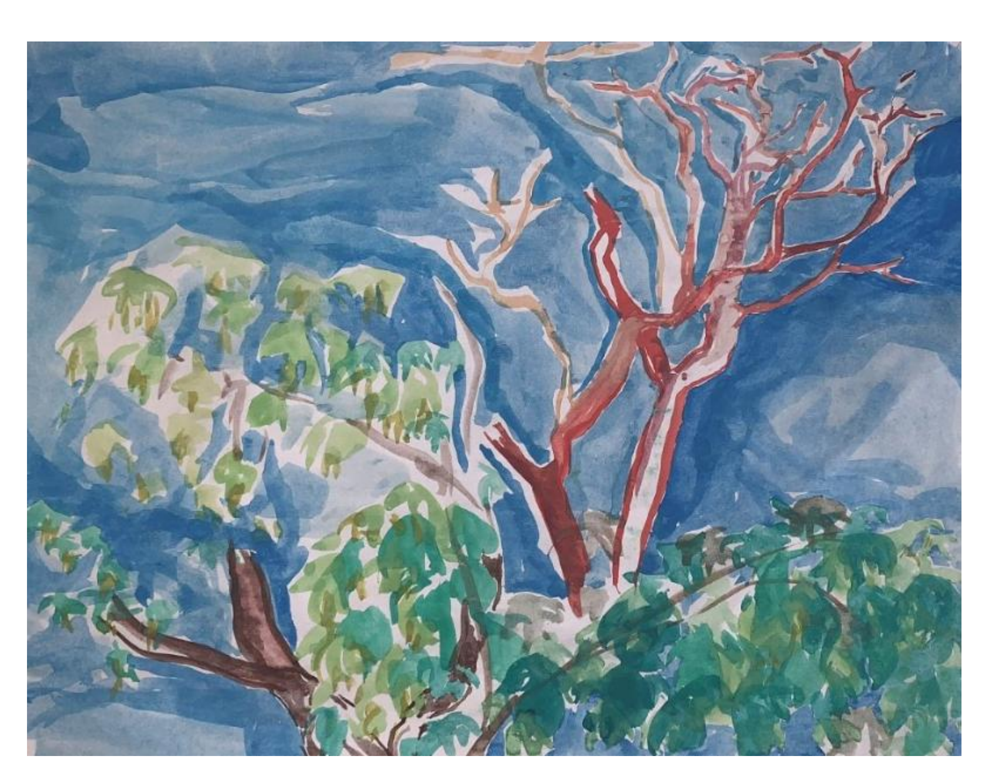


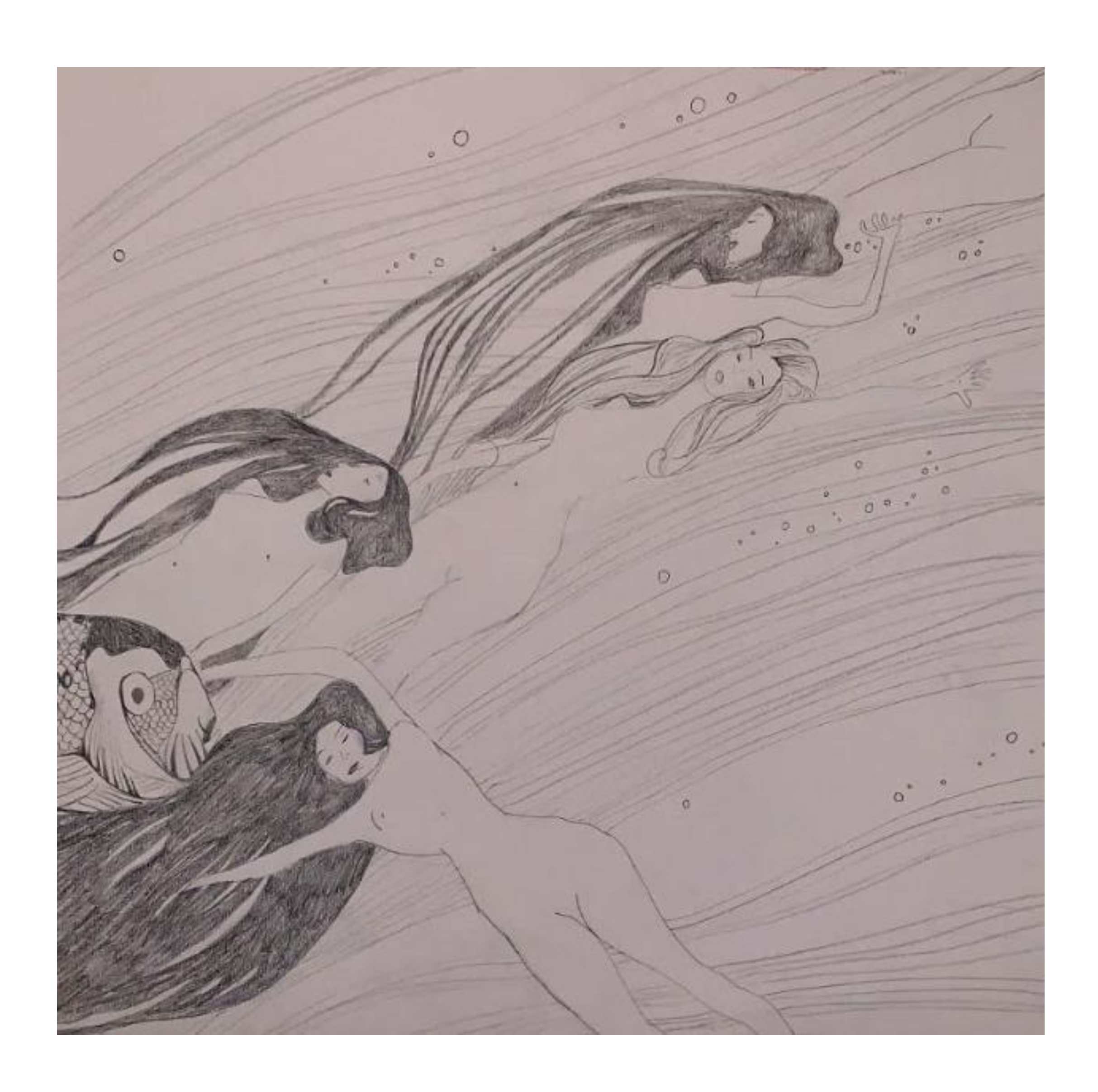












The Minotaur Series– the Art of Anyuta Gusakova

Anyuta Gusakova was born and raised in the port city of Vladivostok in the Pacific frontier of the then Soviet Union. Since early childhood art became her land of freedom, imagination and beauty where she would escape from social restraints. At a young age she was influencedd by the art of Pablo Picasso, in particular his Minotaurs.

At 14 she graduated from a four-year classical visual art school for gifted children. While obtaining her BFA in linguistics from a local university, Anyuta spent a few years doing internships with a Vladivostok porcelain factories where she learnt all the processes of ceramic manufacturing.

After earning an English Translator Diploma, Anyuta moved to Moscow and enrolled into the *Stroganov University of Art and Design* to focus on classical art forms with major in Sculpture. After graduating from art school she worked on numerous commissions including some peculiar ones like sculpting a model for a chocolate Labrador dog for Russian president Vladimir Putin. His post-graduation experiences gave her invaluable knowledge and upgraded her skill. It also taught her to seek out for her own artistic voice so she could create her own dreams.

While undertaking her Art & Design degree she married a classmate who is a classically trained sculptor and mothered a daughter. About a decade ago Anyuta immigrated to Canada to pursue her path as an independent

professional artist. Anyuta currently resides in Vancouver BC. She has been divorced for several years.

Artist Statement

> "I create fantastical worlds inhabited with mythical creatures and toy-like characters. My fantasies are inspired by all the beautiful things in the world and also by magical stories. Then they take a shape of sculptures, paintings, drawings, ceramic and porcelain creations.
>
> I have always been a dreamer. In my early childhood I discovered that my dreams were much more powerful if I gave them a material form, so I began putting pencil to paper. Then, I could share my dreams with others. My first audience were my fellow kindergarten girls, who lined up for a drawing of a princess. I also discovered that beauty of any sort made me happy. Beautiful flowers, animals, songs or even beautiful thoughts filled my heart with joy of existence. It was even better when I managed to create something myself which was pleasing to the eye. I felt that this way I was adding to the world's beauty. I devoted many years to studying art including classical and folk art in order to obtain knowledge and skills of creating harmonious things. First, I learnt how nature does it by creating representational imagery of a natural object. But then I wanted to go beyond that. I started stylizing my subject matter, mixing genres, materials, mediums, concepts, contexts and so on. After cooking it altogether in my artistic

kitchen, I came up with a style of art that is joyful, playful and colorful like a toy but deep and profound at the same time.”

Anyuta

Her artistic Philosophy

I am a dreamer
I have dreams of all sorts:
happy dreams and dark dreams.
dreams for children and dreams for adults,
2D dreams and 3D dreams.
They come to me when I sleep or day-dream.
My job is to materialize them in acrylic
or watercolor,
clay or stone, metal or paper –
whichever form they want to take.
I help the dreams to escape from their ethereal kingdom and fill our world
with their mysterious, irrational beauty.

Anyuta Gusakova, artist



Alabaster Minotaur



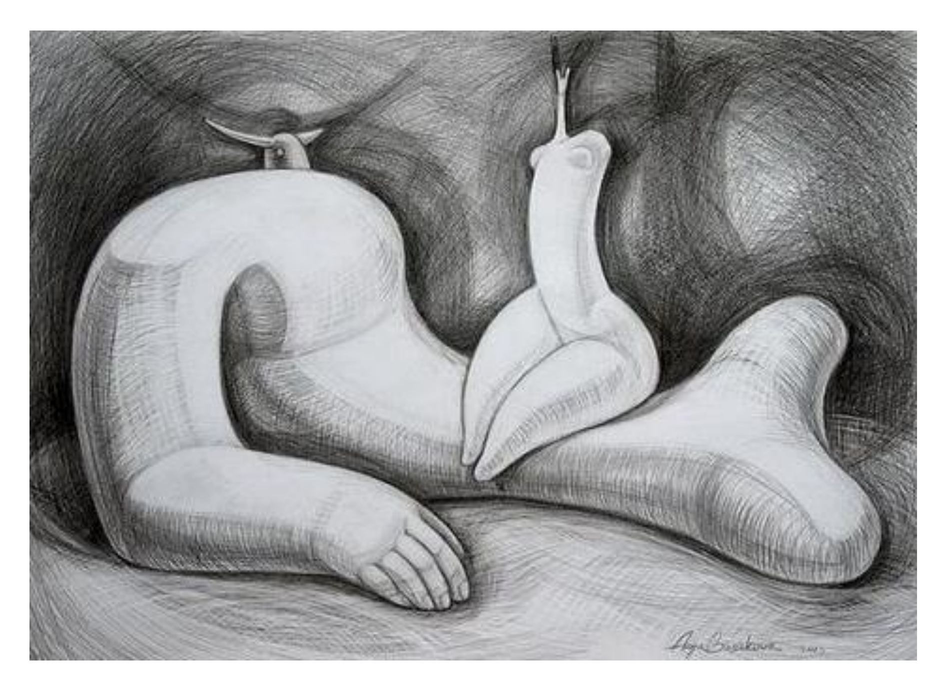
Ambling Minotaur



Black Bull



Bunny and Minotaur



Bunny Sitting with Minotaur



Concrete Minotaur



Bunny with Minotaur in the Rain



Captured Minotaur



Girl with Minotaur



Girl with Minotaur Skull



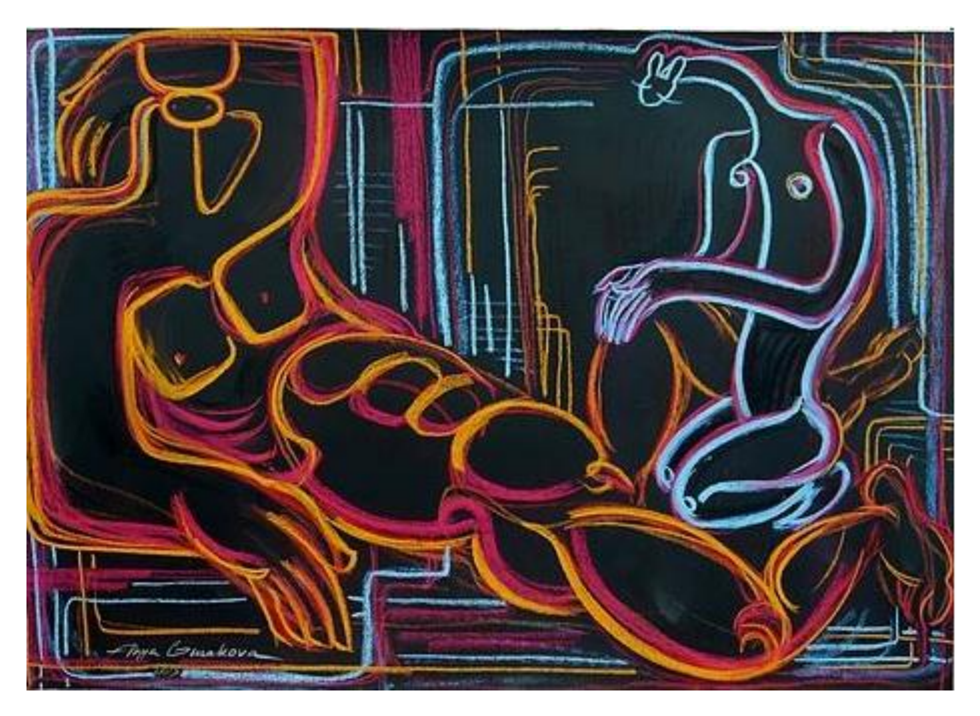
Minotaur and Bunny on a Beach



Minotaur and Bunny



Minotaur in Love



Neo Minotaur



Reclining Geometric Minotaur



Reclining Minotaur



Taming the Minotaur

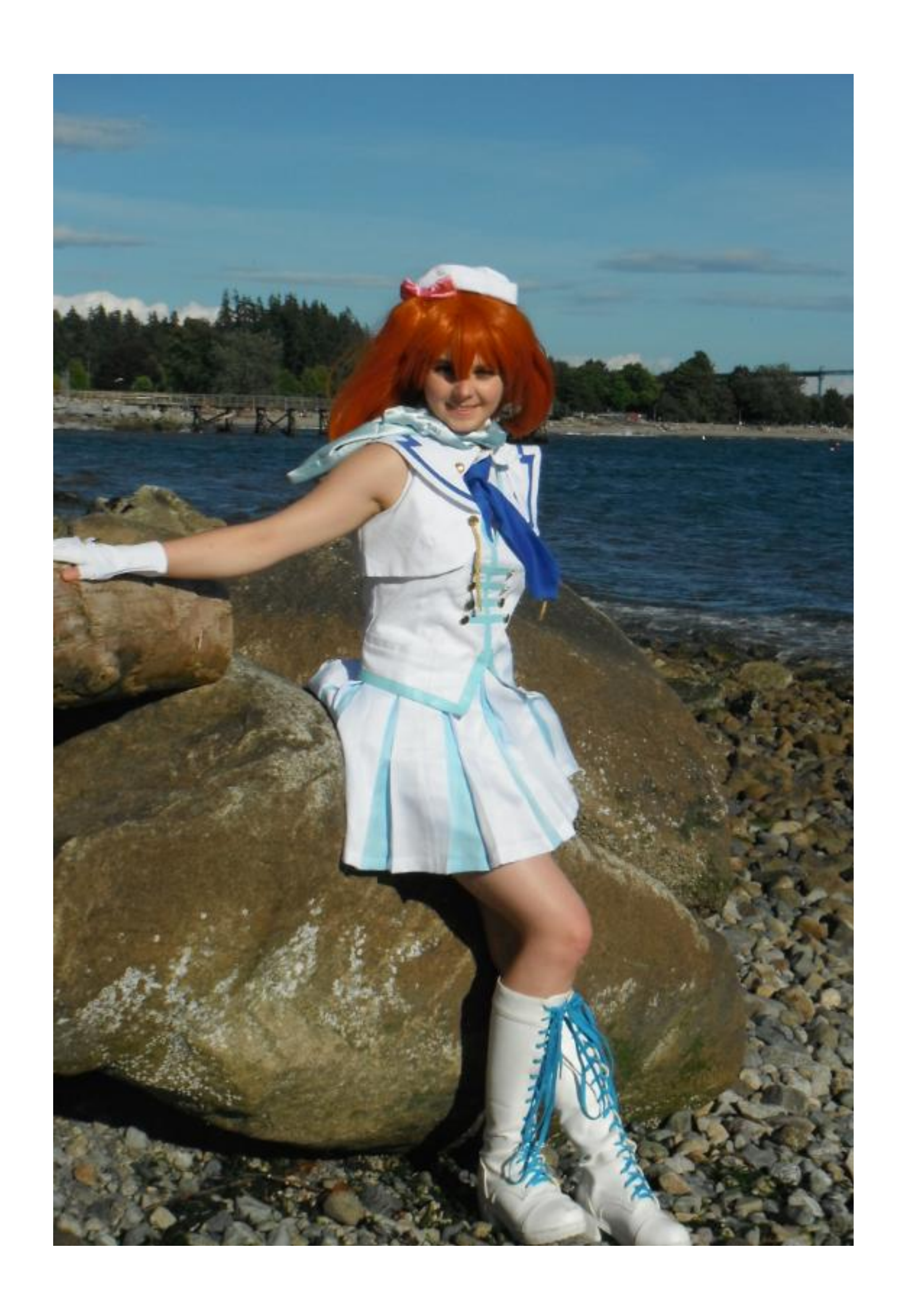


Wounded Minotaur

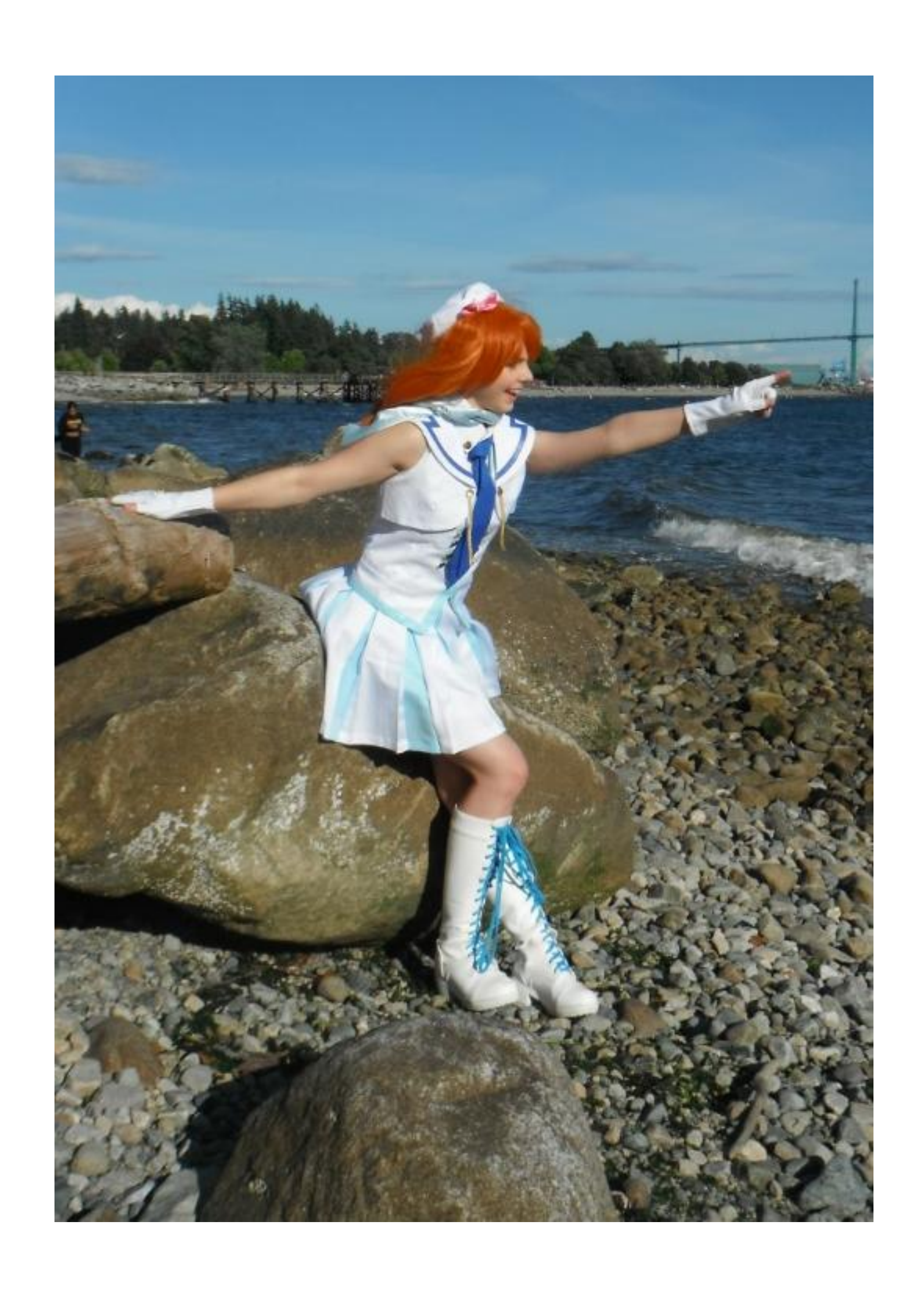
Cosplayer Caity …



Instagram: https://www.instagram.com/cosplayer_caity/



Cosplayer Caity by the Sea …



Cosplayer Caity and the Sea Breeze



<u>Cosplayer Caity … and the colour white …</u>



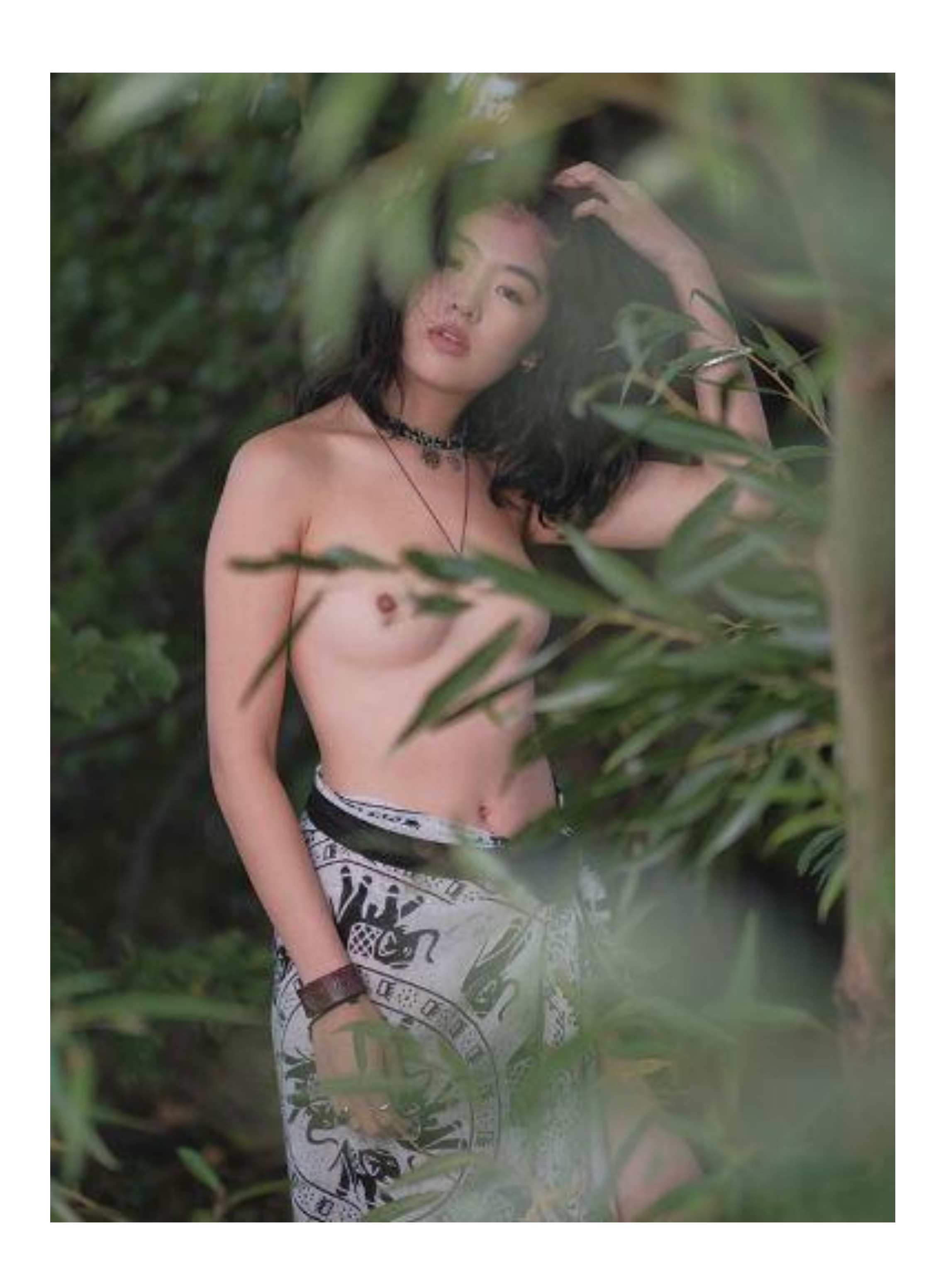
<u>Cosplayer Caity … and the colour organge …</u>

Chloe by Annie Gavani

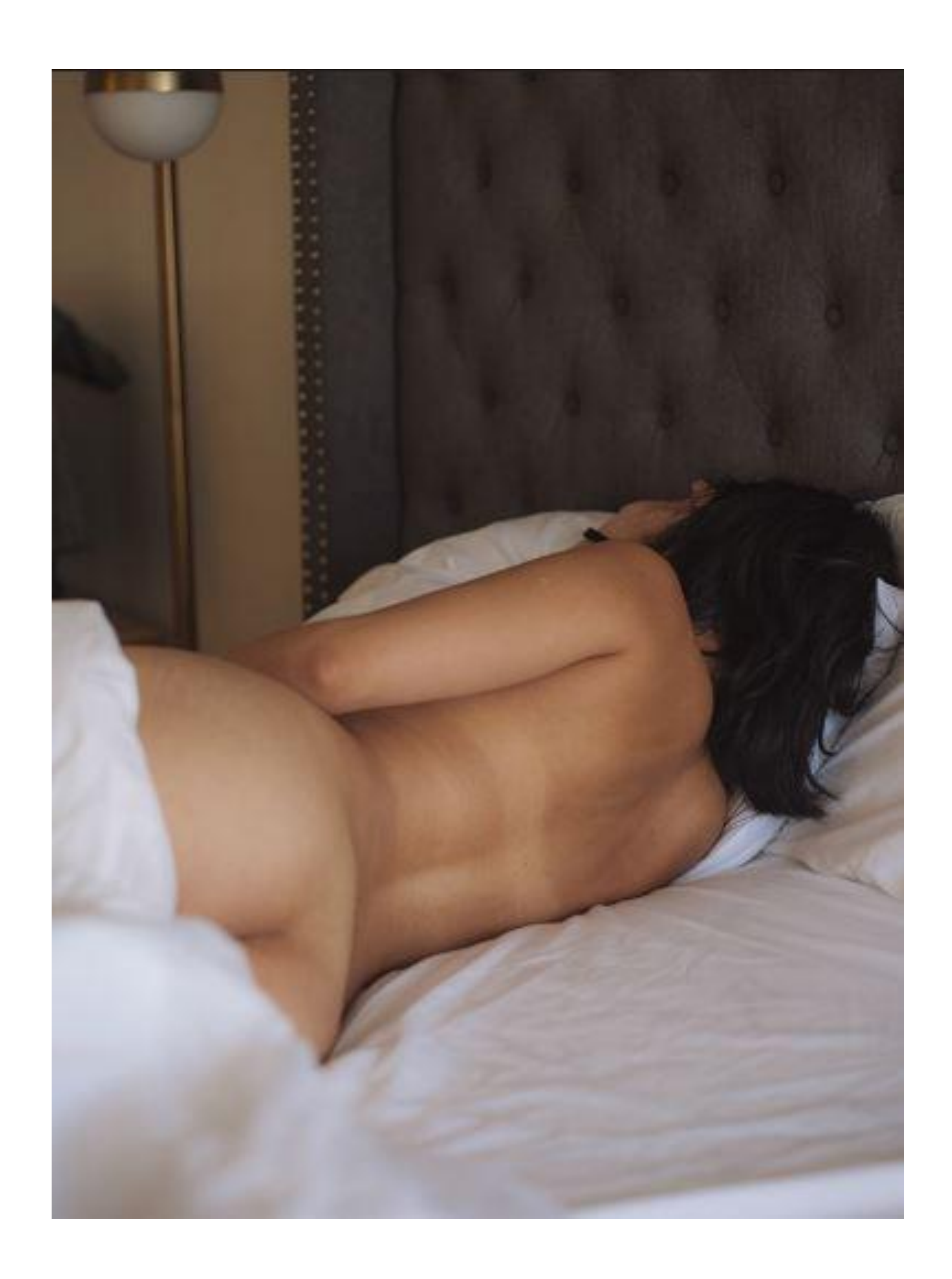


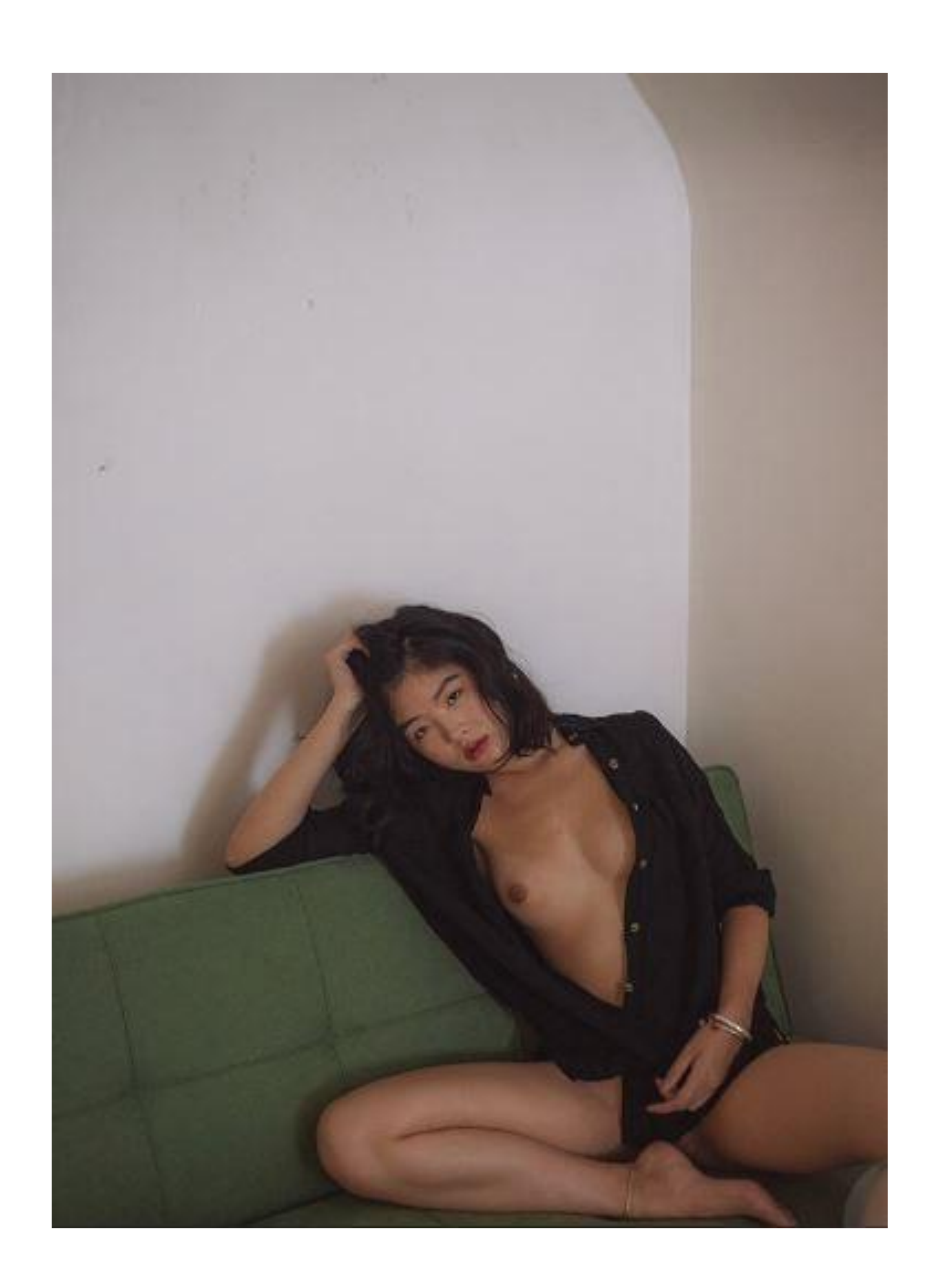




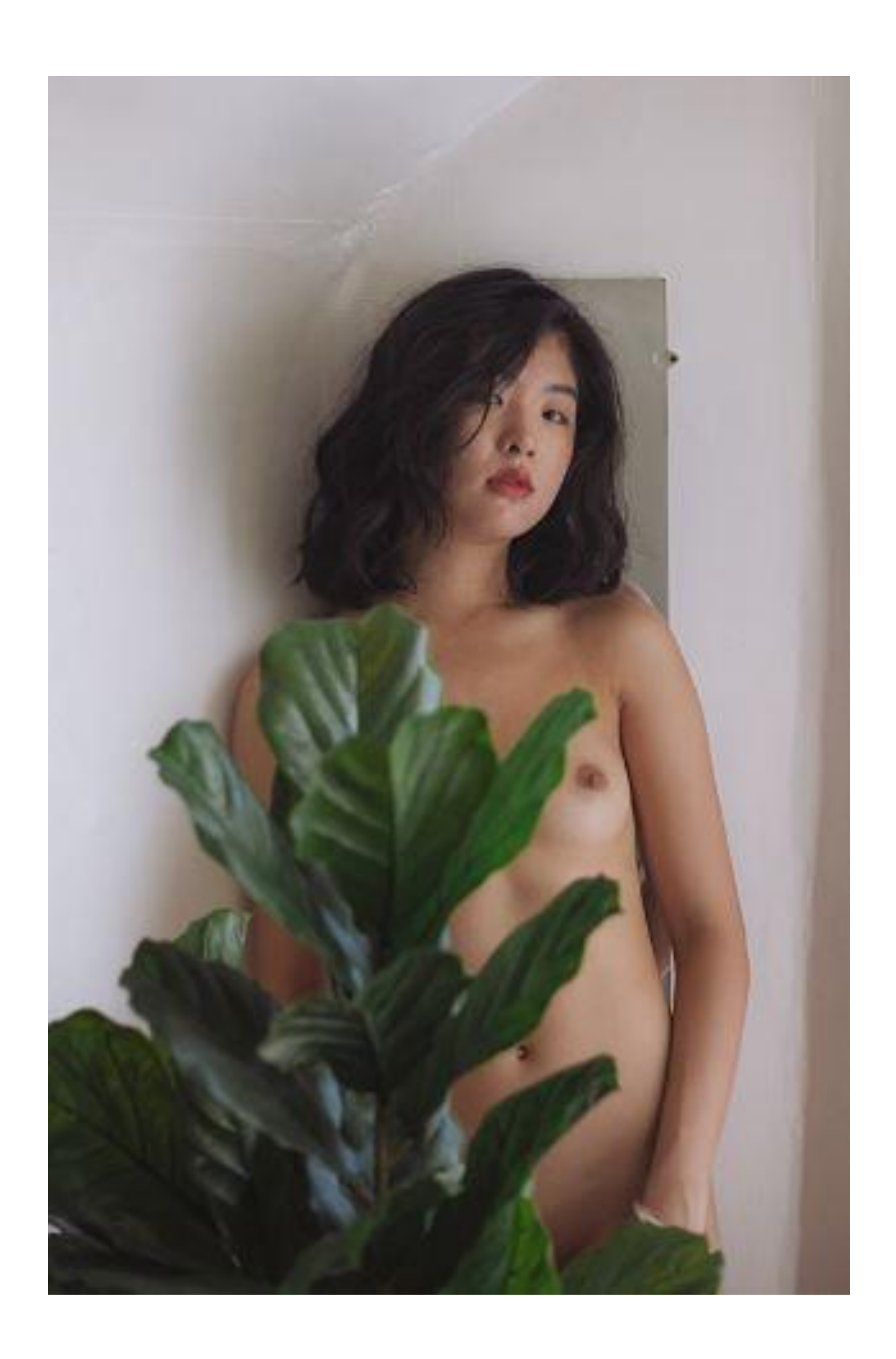














Ceci n’est pas …by Patrick Bruskiewich

Ceci n’est pas … (This is not …) is a whimsical title of a genre of DaDaist art most famous for the piece *Ceci n’est pas un pipe*. This short submission is meant to pay homage to the DaDa Movement on its one-hundredth anniversary.

The DaDa Movement began as a moral and philosophical response to the horrors of the Great War (1914-1918). It is a movement that steps beyond surrealism and is meant to question the underlying precepts of human perception and philosophy. The DaDa movement included artists like ManRay and for a time Picasso and Dali. I have a small mixed media piece that puts one of my old pipes in front of a reproduction of the DaDa artwork *Ceci n’est pas un pipe* (this is not a pipe).

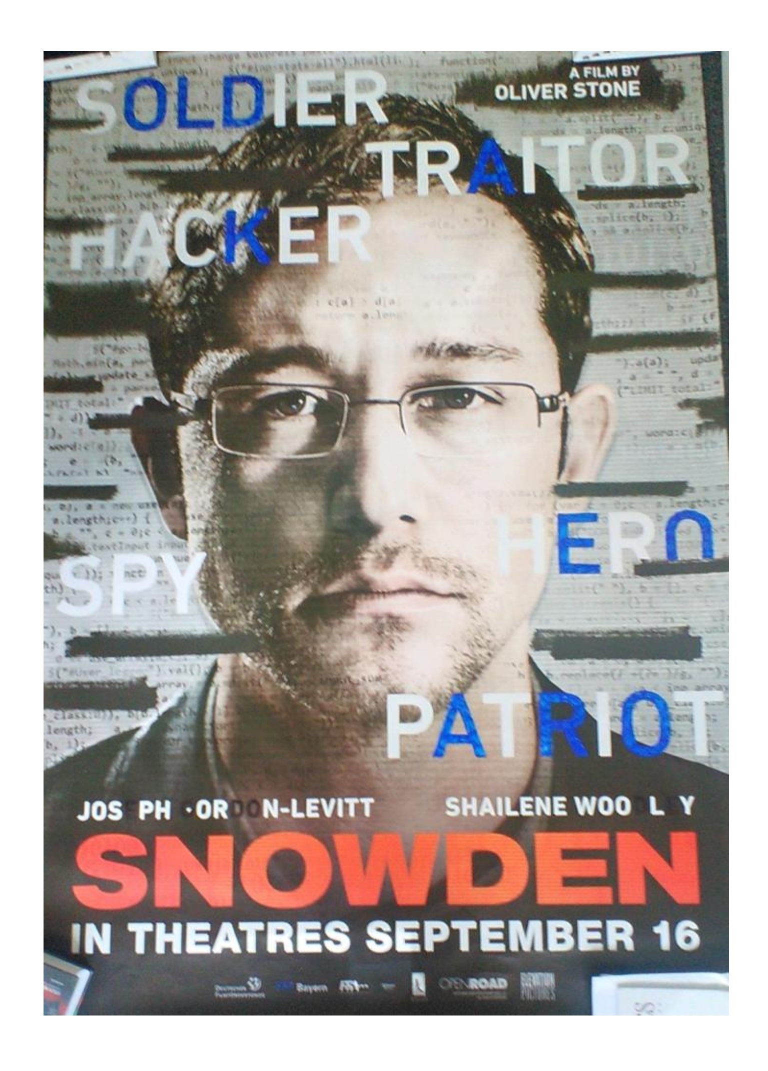


Ceci n’est pas un pipe …



<u>Ceci n'est pas une mouche …</u>

I have taken the poster from the 2017 Oliver Stone film *Snowden* and made it into a DaDa piece titled *Ceci n'est pas en clair – decode le* (this is not clear – decode it). There is a hidden message in the piece that the viewer needs to decode.



<u>Ceci n'est pas en clair – decode le …</u>

You try to decipher: a a d e f f k l o o r u

For the piece *Ceci n’est pas la logique* (This is not logical) I have borrowed artistic sensibilities from ver Meer, Picasso, Raphael, and Dali, as well as popular themes.

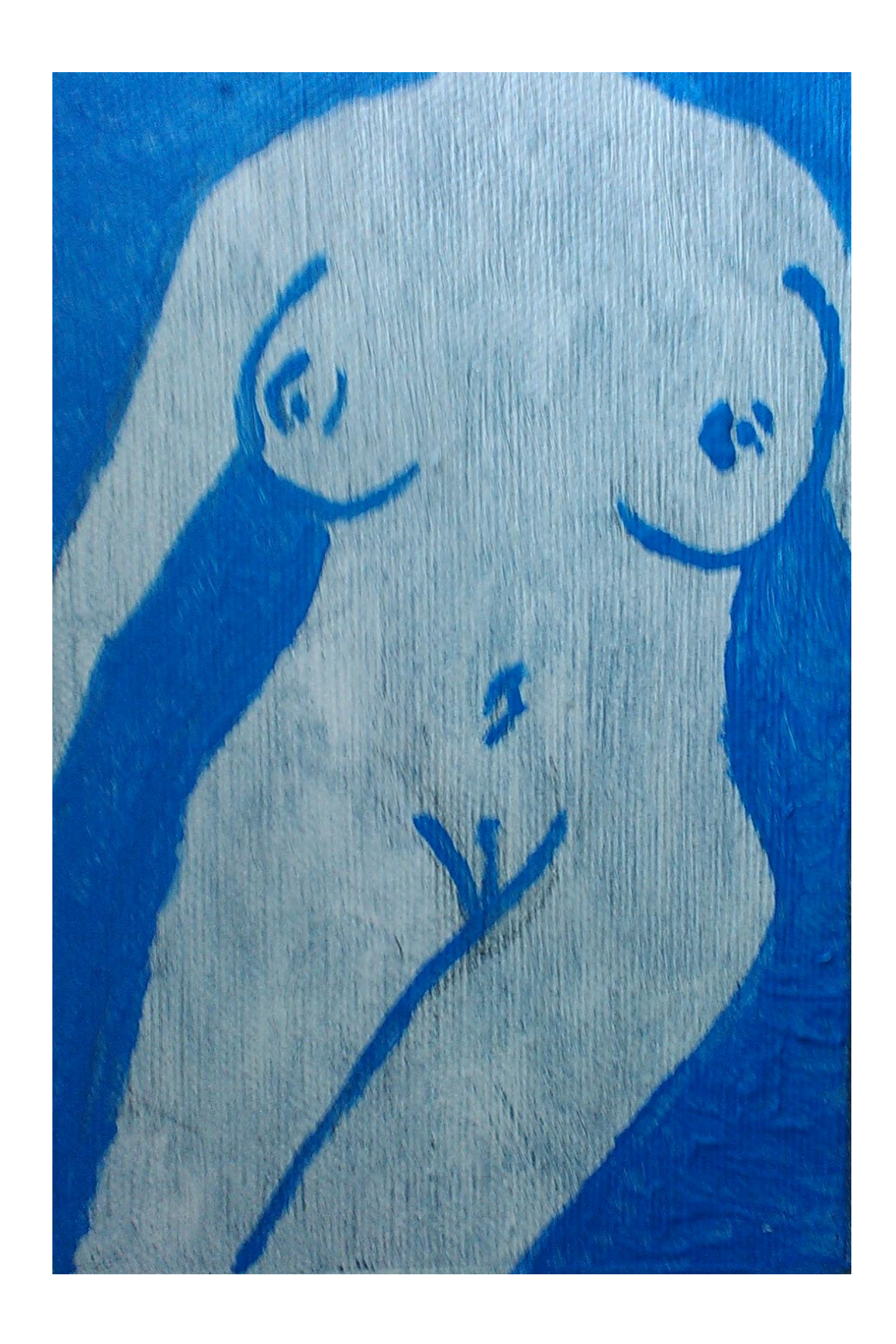


Ceci n’est pas la logique ...



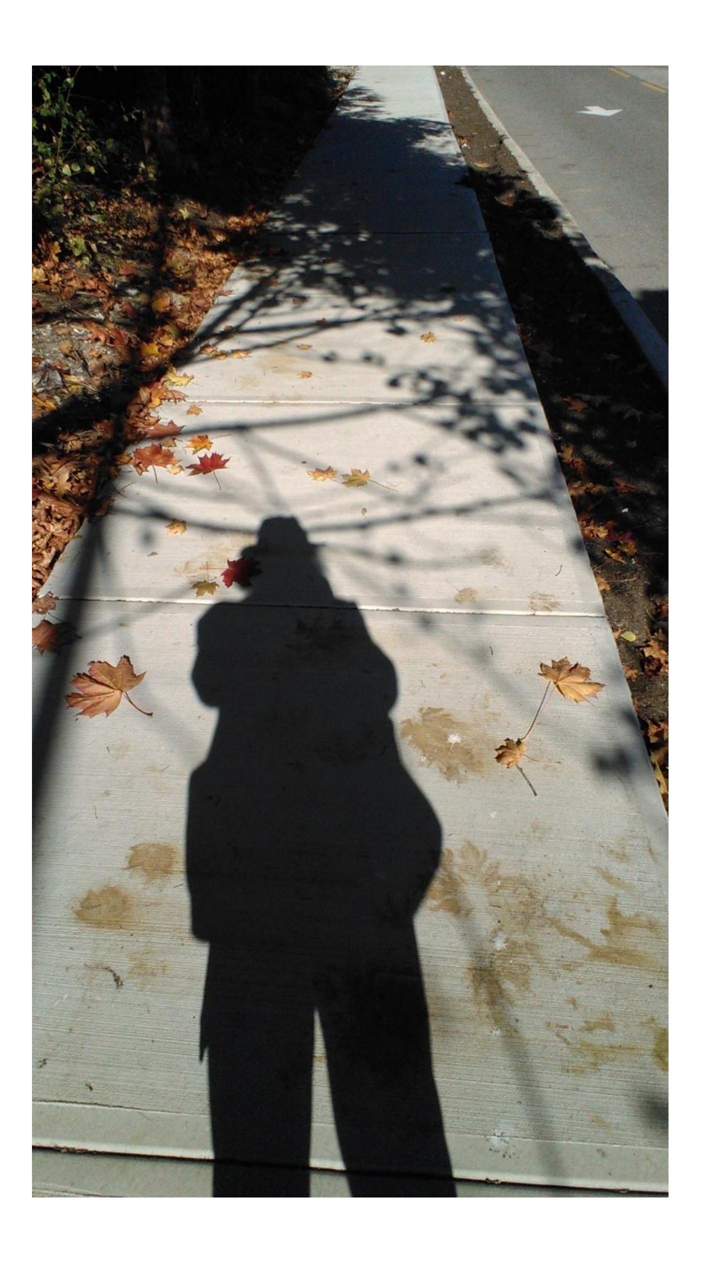
<u>Ceci n'est pas de camouflage …</u>

DaDa also applied to figurative pieces. *Ceci n'est pas un visage* ,



<u>Ceci n'est pas un vrai visage …</u>

There are also DaDa artwork about the absence of images like in the case of the trees and their shadows, the shadow of the photographer, as well as the leaves on the sidewalk and their shadows *Ceci n'est pas une image*



Ceci n'est pas une image …



<u>Ceci n'est pas une odalisque …</u>



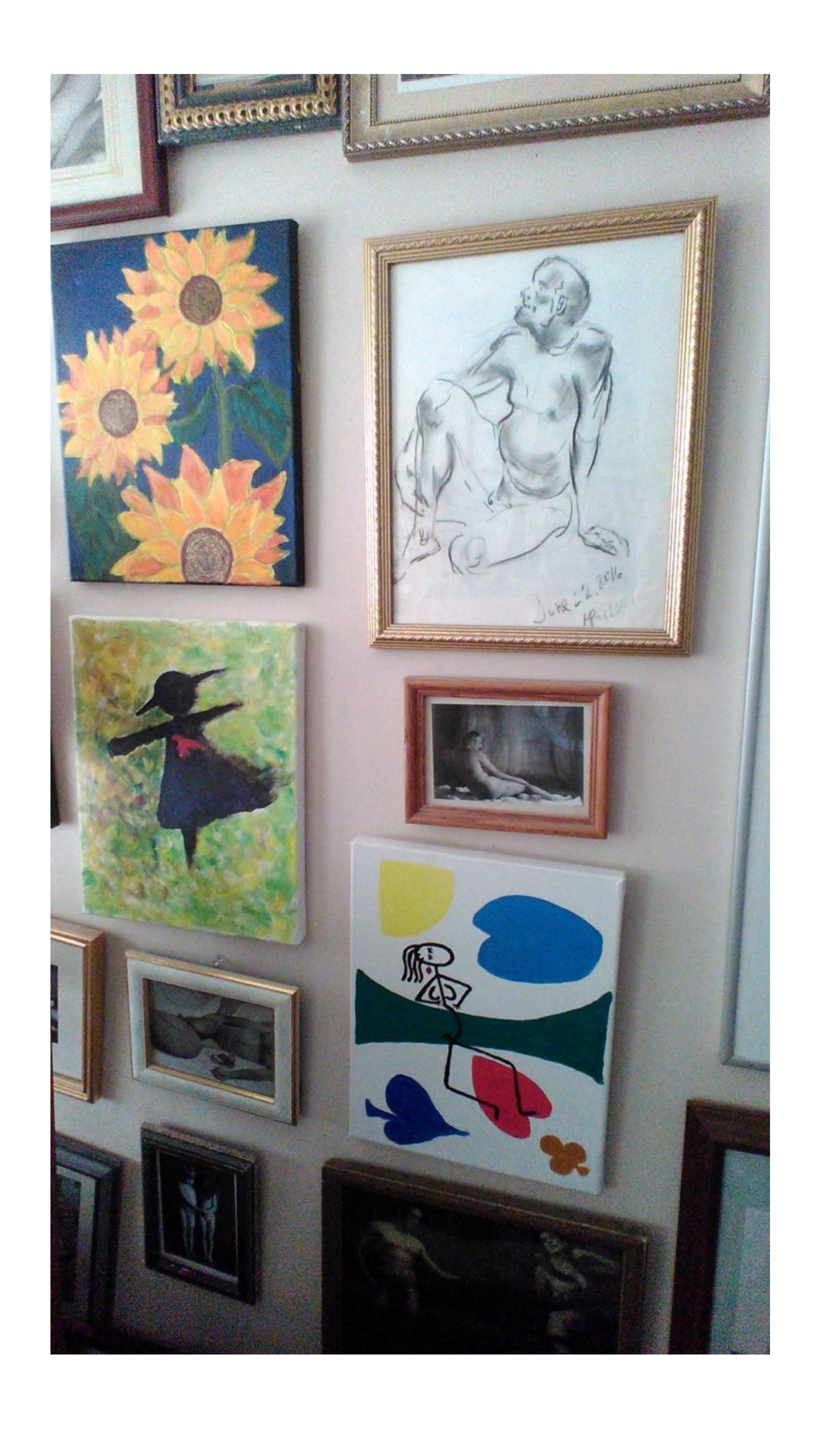
<u>Ceci n'est pas un dessert …</u>



<u>Ceci n'est pas une famille …</u>



<u>Ceci n'est pas du travail …</u>



<u>Ceci n’est pas bien ranger …</u>



<u>Ceci n’est pas une poupée …</u>



Ceci n'est pas une fleur … mais une femme qui s'épanouir



<u>Ceci n’est pas gentille …</u>



Ceci n'est pas la source de vie …



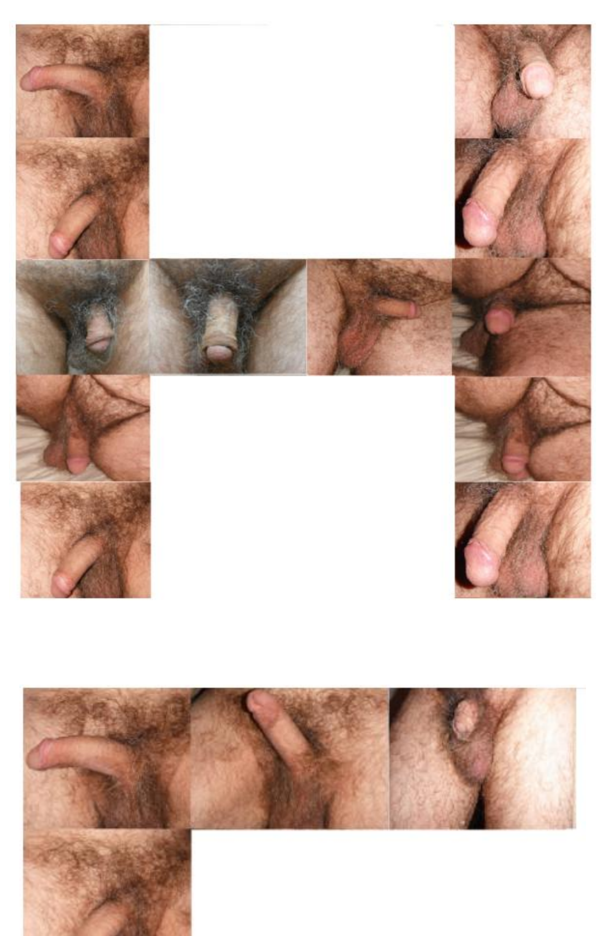
Ceci n'est pas un jeu



Ceci n’est pas une serviette …



<u>Ceci n'est pas une combinaison …</u>





<u>Ceci n’est pas un mot obscène …</u>



<u>Ceci n’est pas la solitude …</u>



Ceci n’est pas l’amour …



Ceci n'est pas Ophelia.



Ceci n’est pas une ange ...



<u>Ceci n’est pas un mot</u>



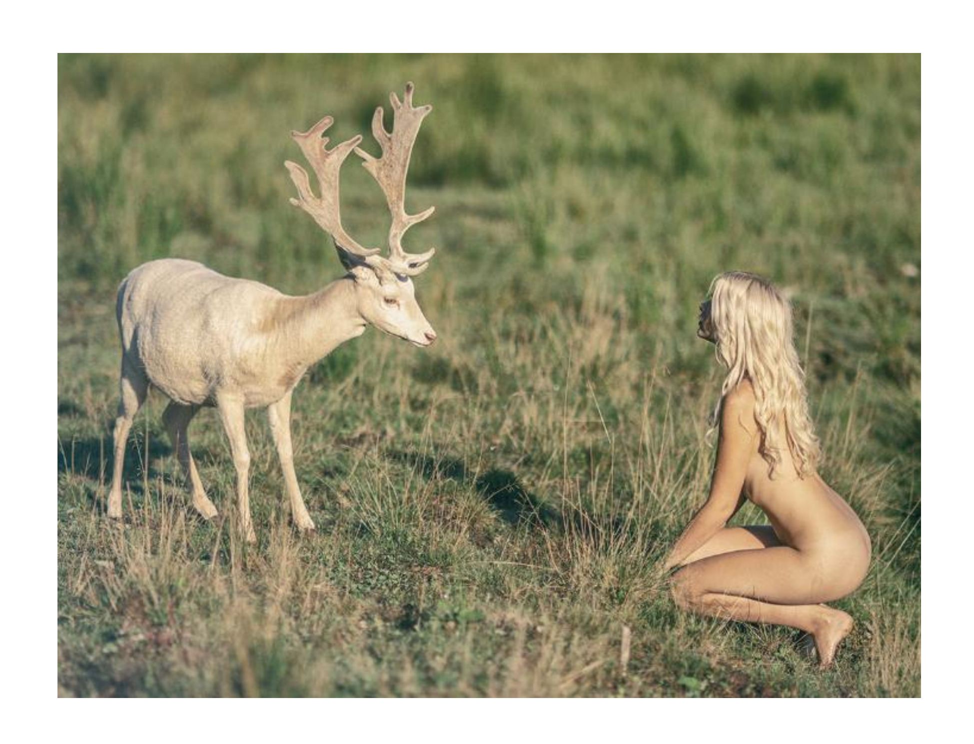
Ceci n’est pas un oiseau



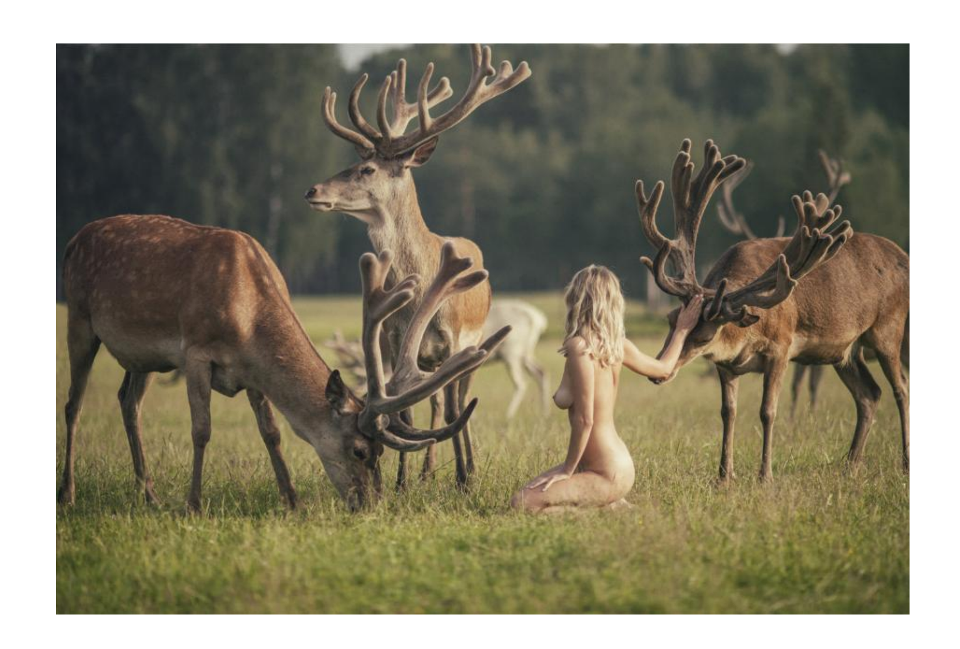
Ceci n'est pas un Matisse ….



Ceci n'est pas un Picasso …



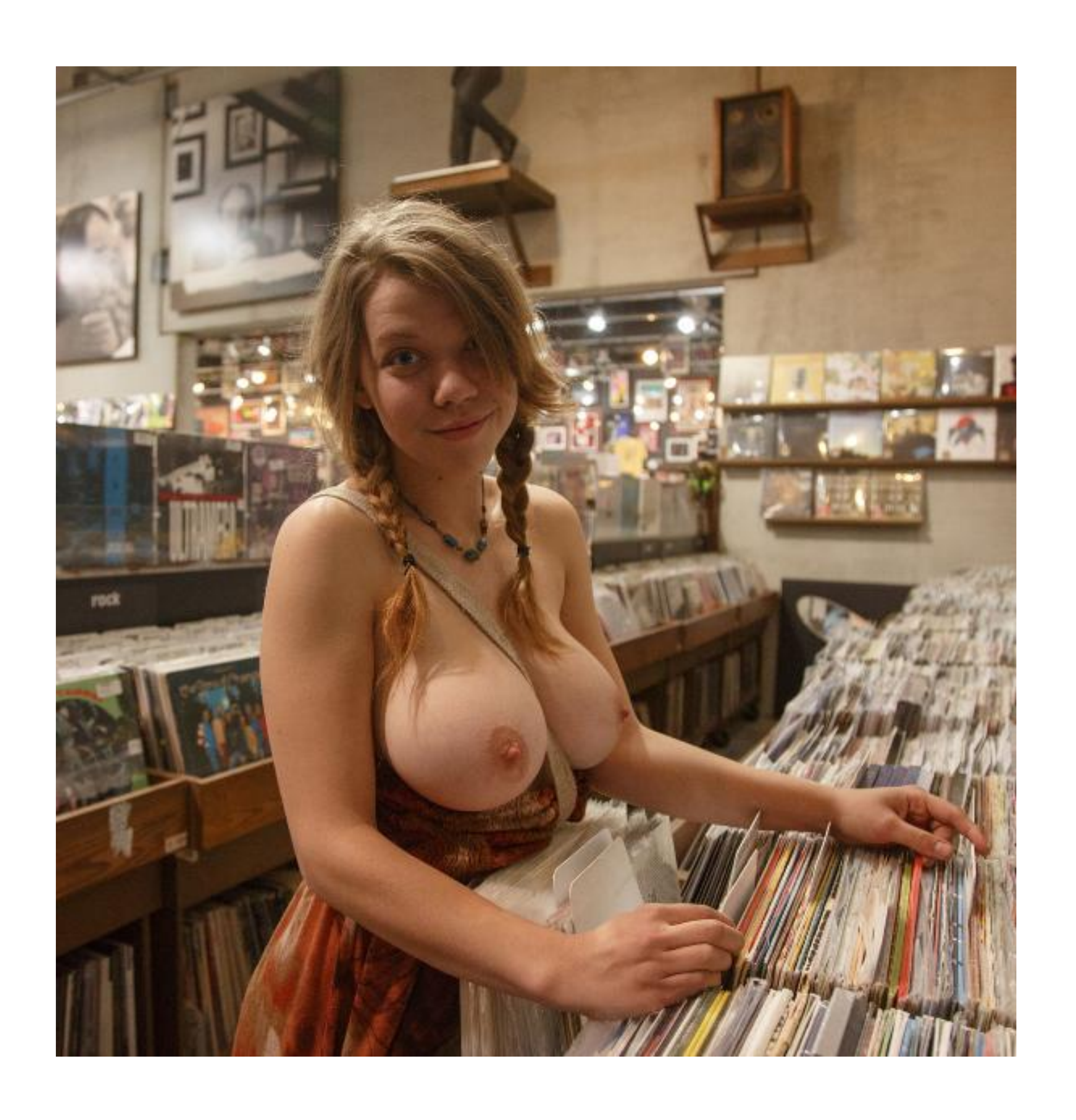
Ceci n’est pas possible…



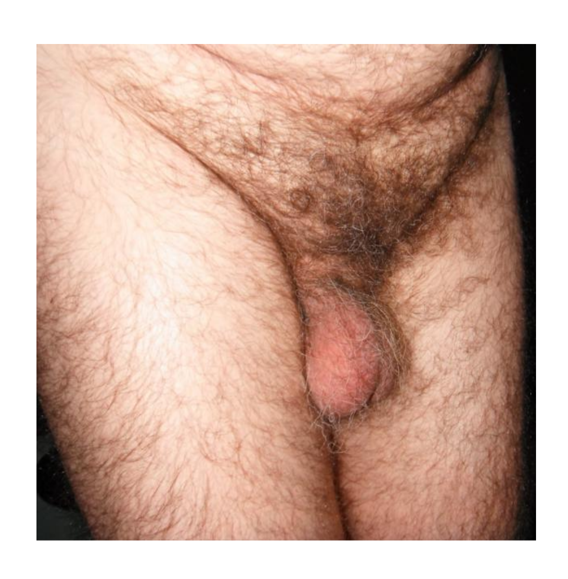
Ceci n’est pas une sauvage …



Ceci n'est pas une geante



<u>Ceci n’est pas la musique …</u>



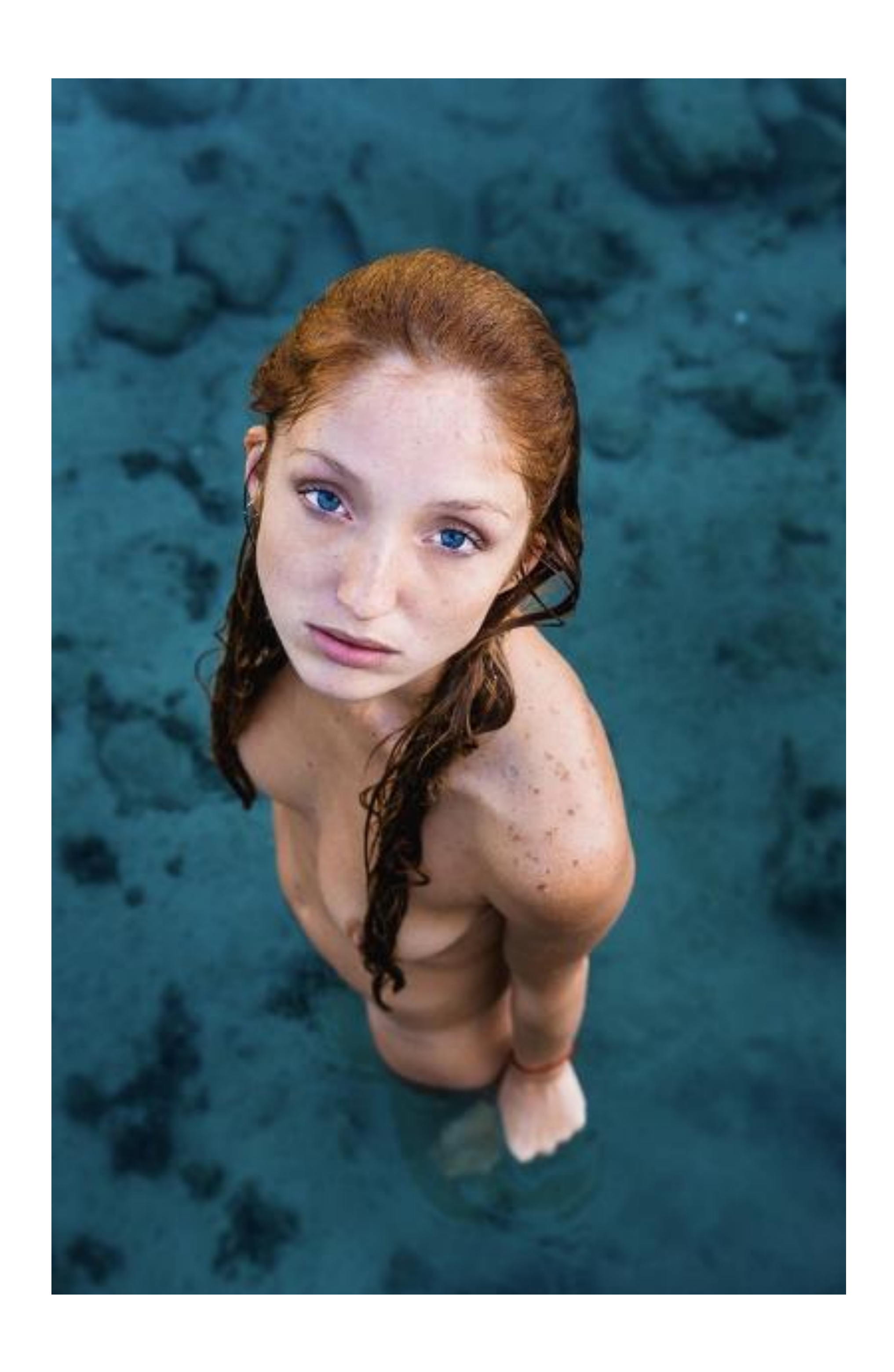
<u>Ceci n'est pas une pomme …</u>



<u>Ceci n'est pas la paradis …</u>



Ceci n'est pas une artiste …



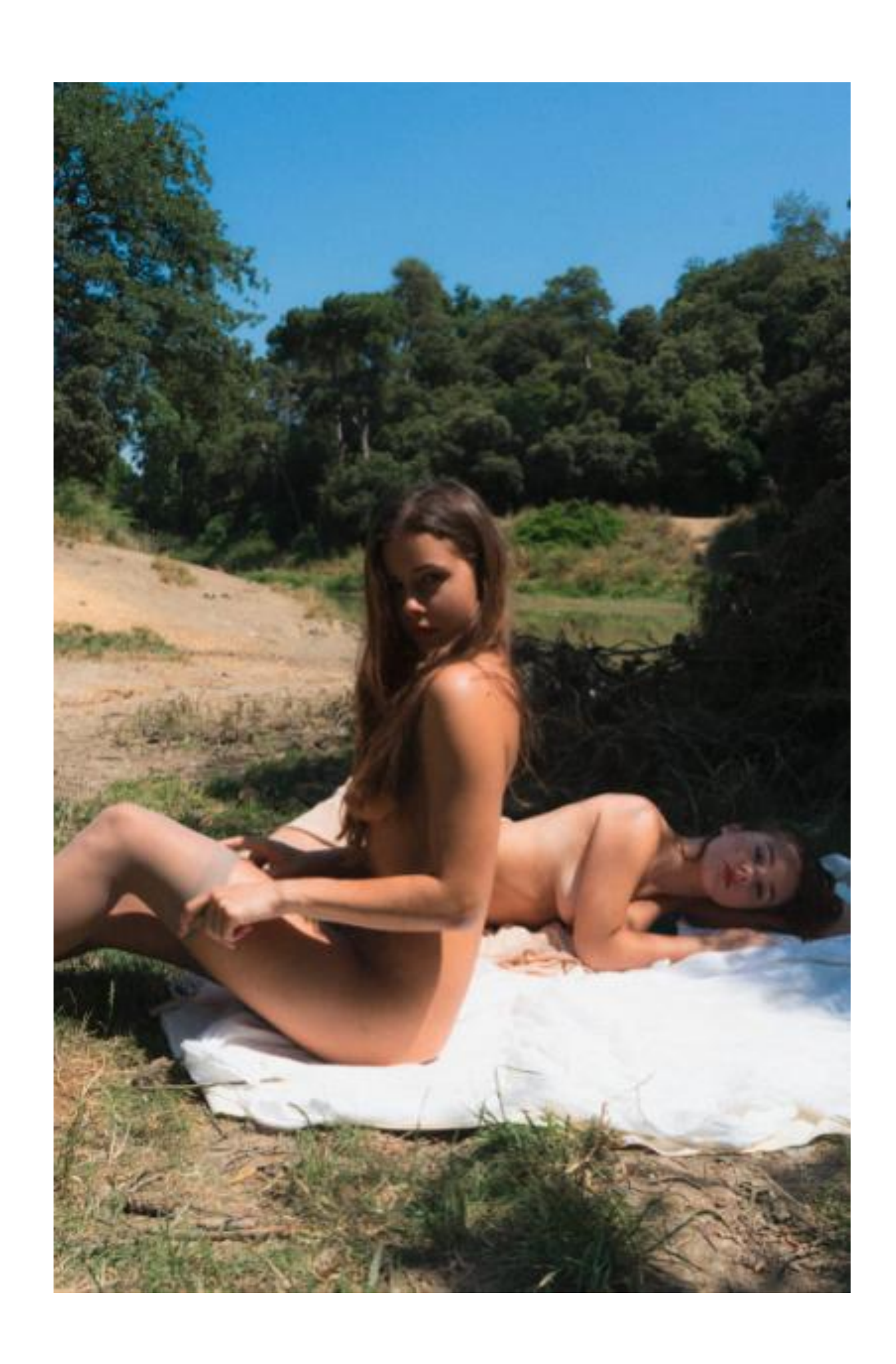
Ceci n’est pas une rouge ….



Ceci n’est pas une danse



Ceci n'est pas une femme habille …



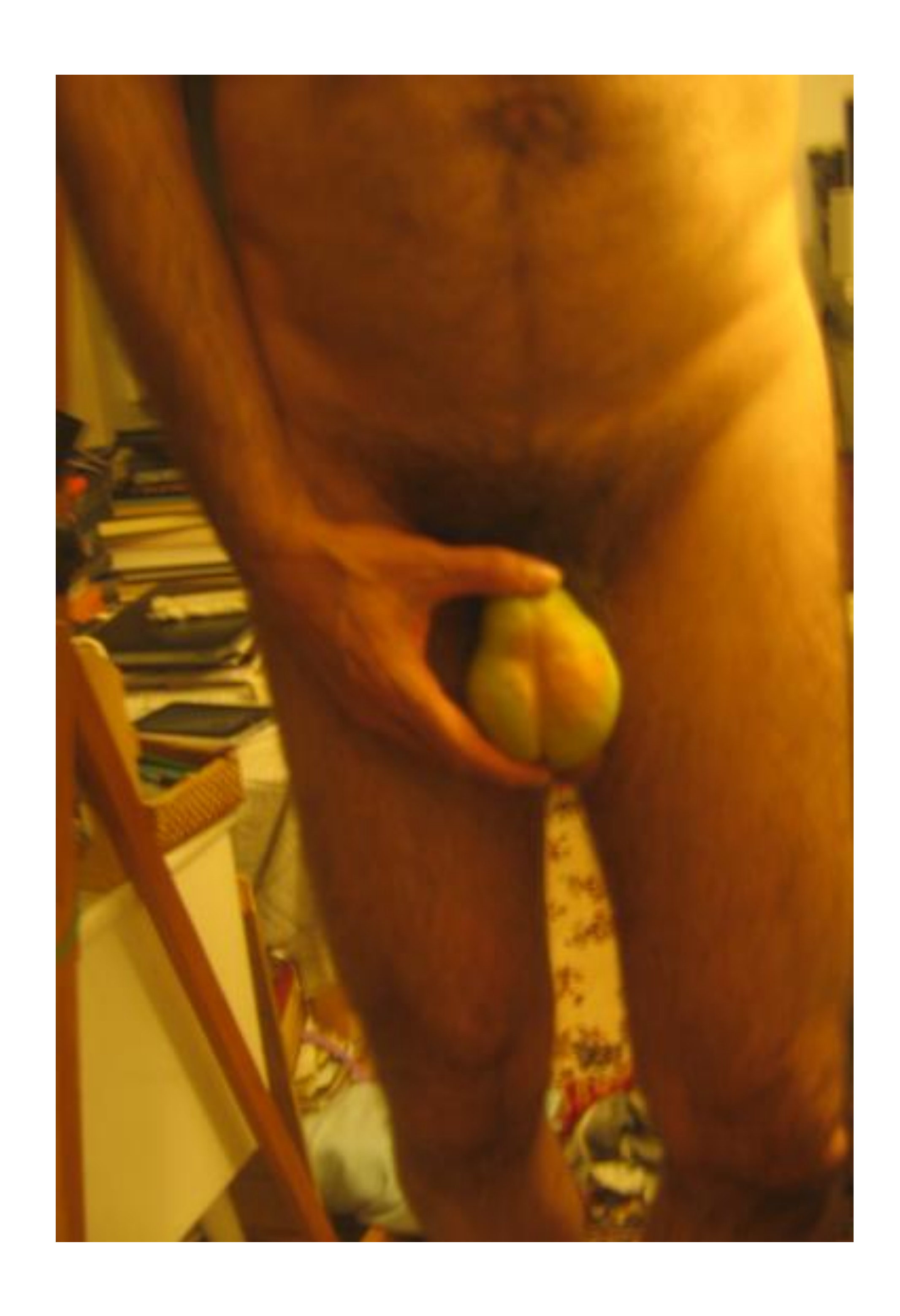
Ceci n'est pas des frères ..



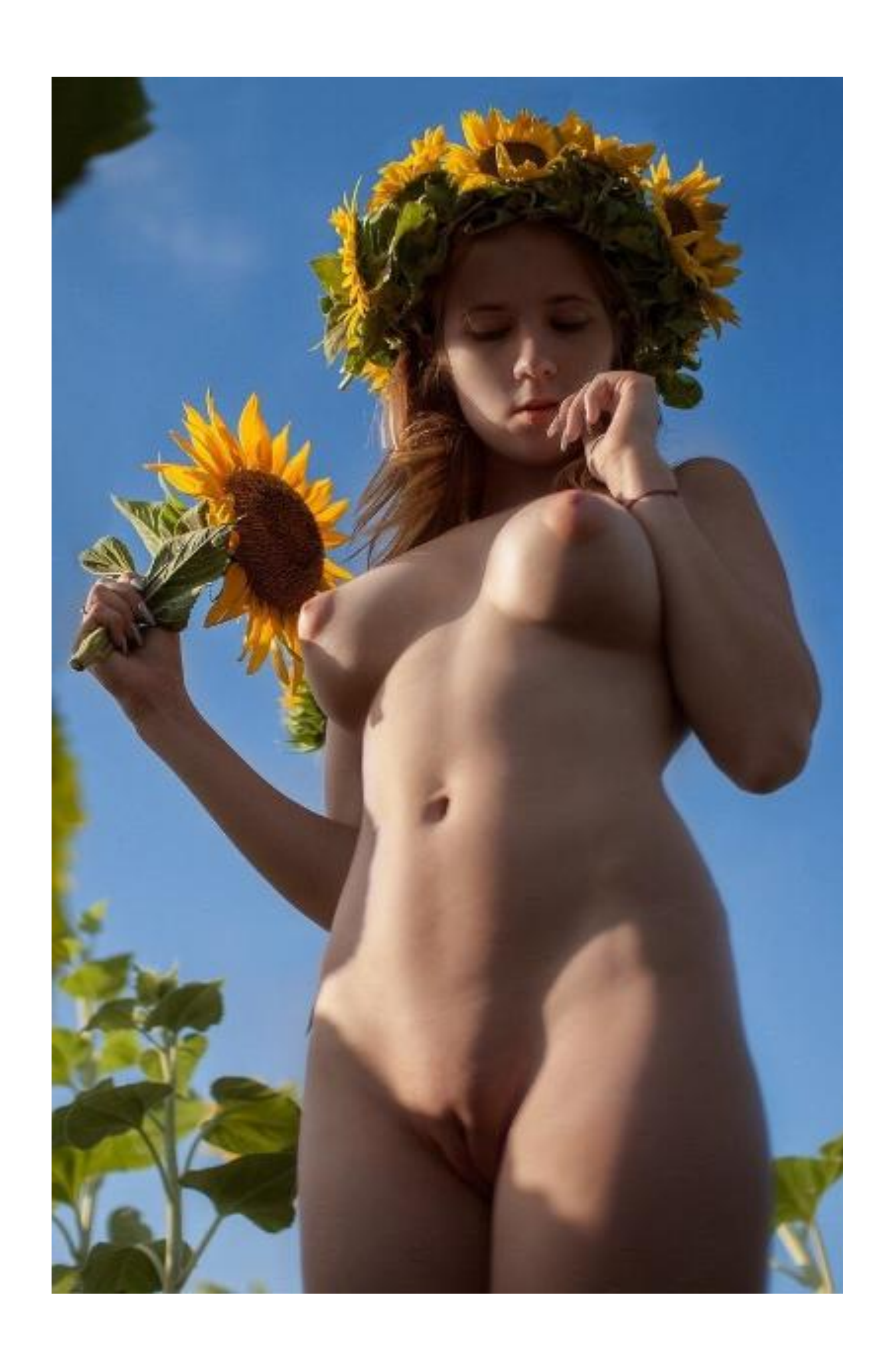
<u>Ceci n’est pas en couleurs …</u>



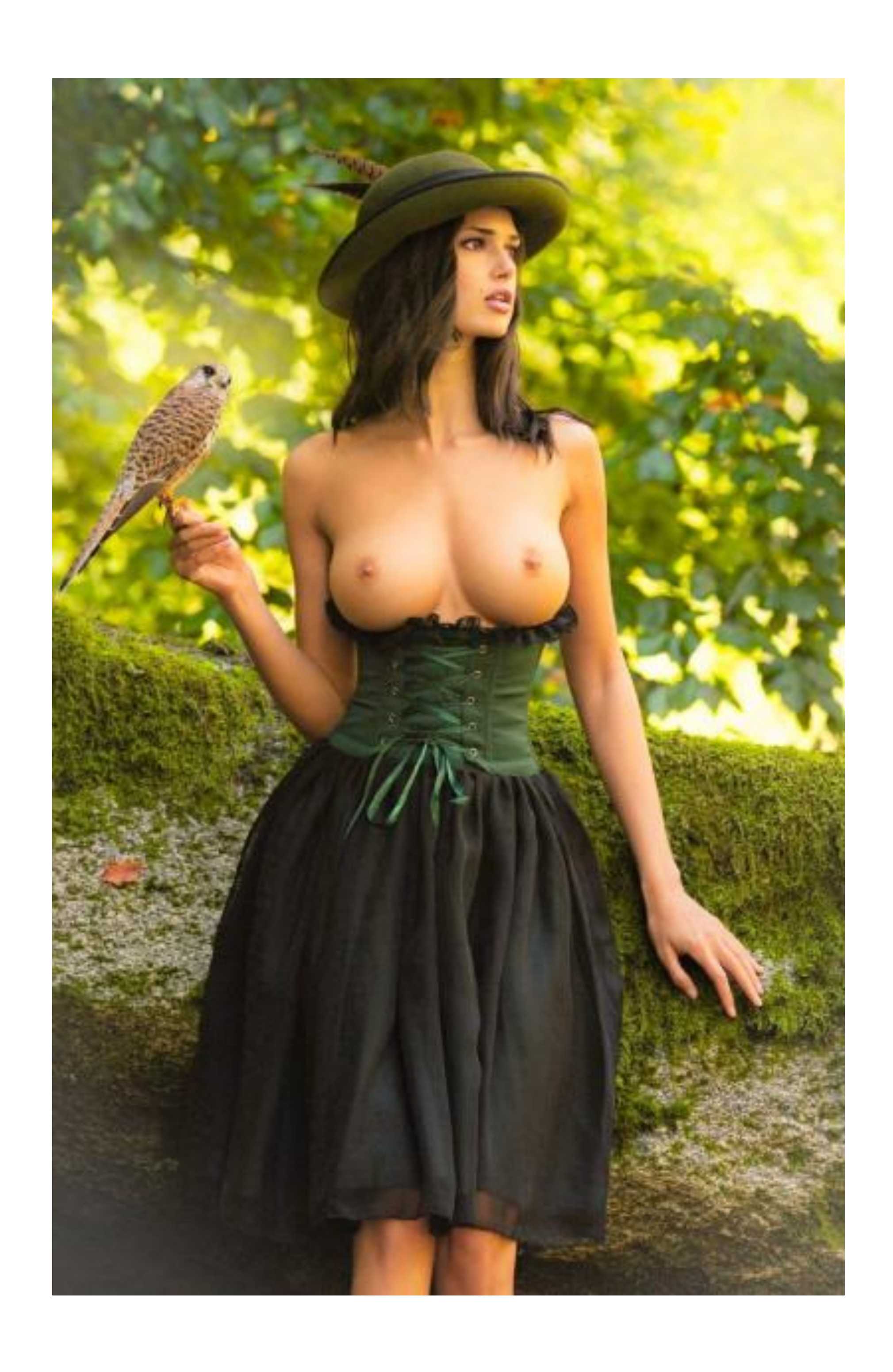
<u>Ceci n’est pas en noir et blanc…</u>



Ceci n’est pas une femme …



<u>Ceci n’est pas un tournesol …</u>



Ceci n’est pas une chasseuse …



<u>Ceci n'est pas un arbre</u>



Ceci n'est pas un monstre …



Ceci n'est pas marriage …



Ceci n’est pas l’amour …



Ceci n’est pas une fontaine …



Ceci n’est pas une métaphore …



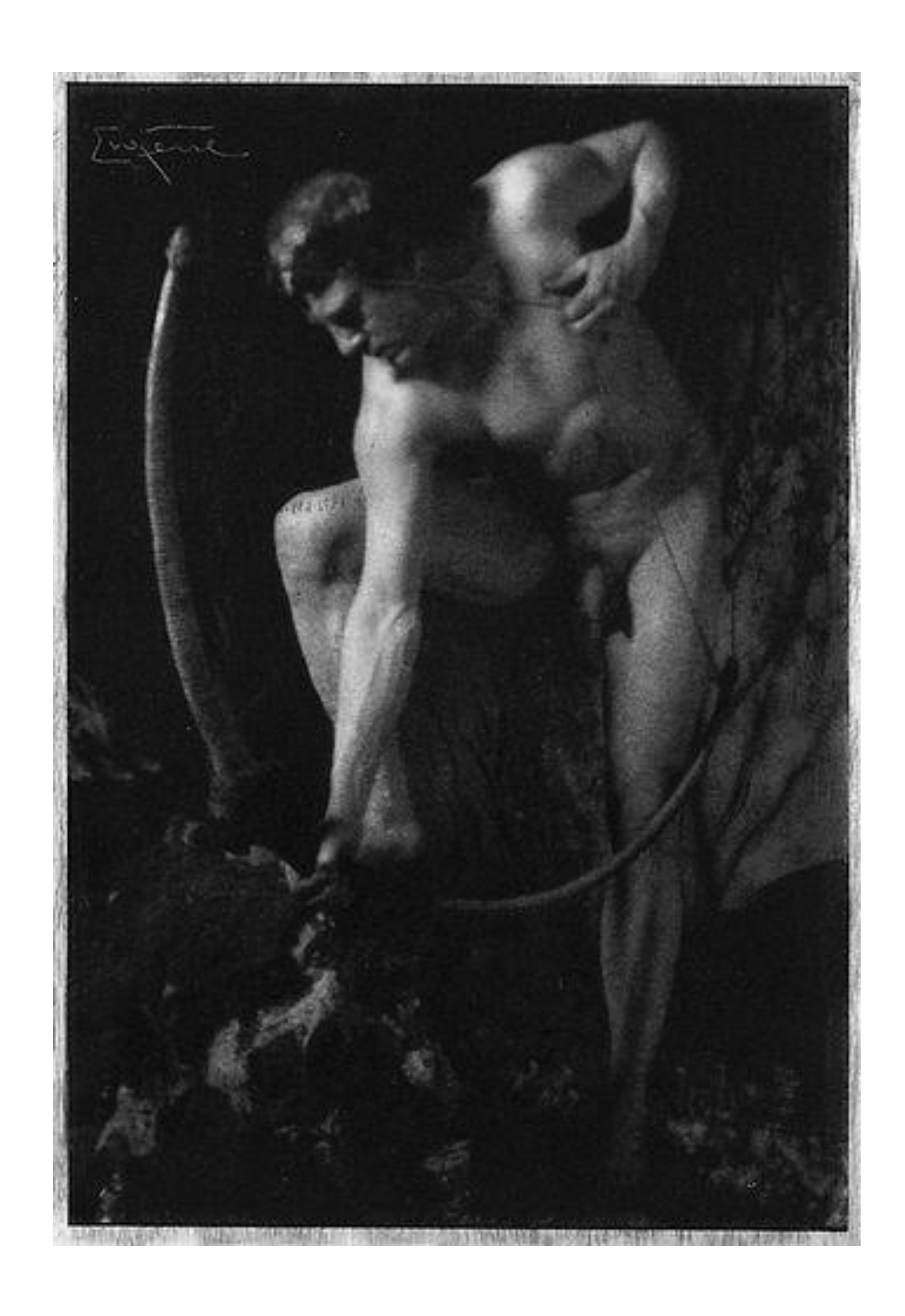
Ceci n’est pas la geometrie …



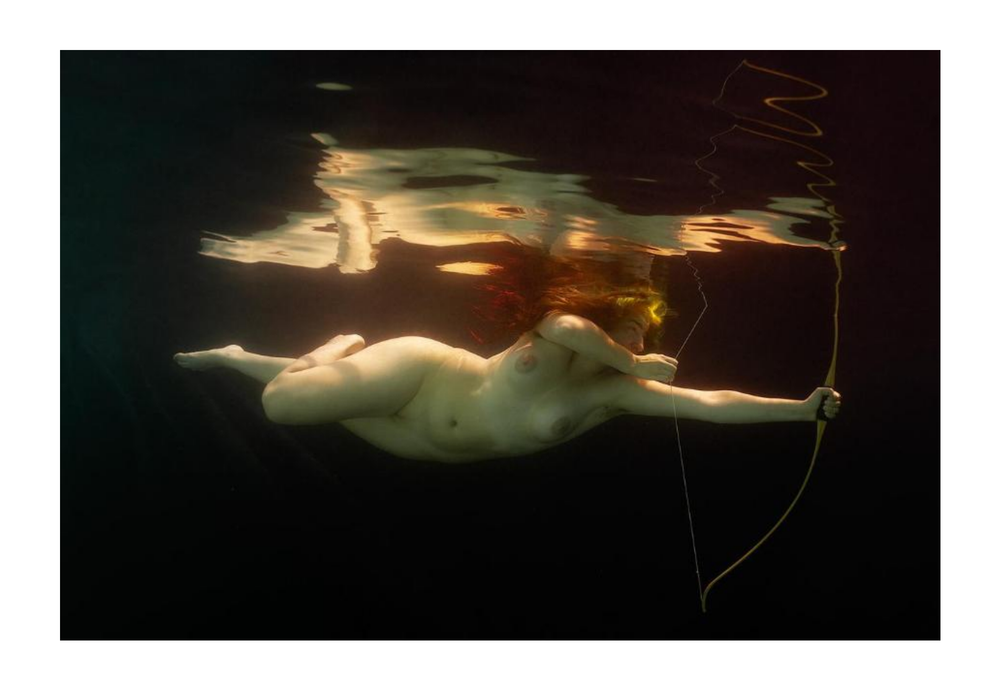
Ceci n’est pas une séraphine …



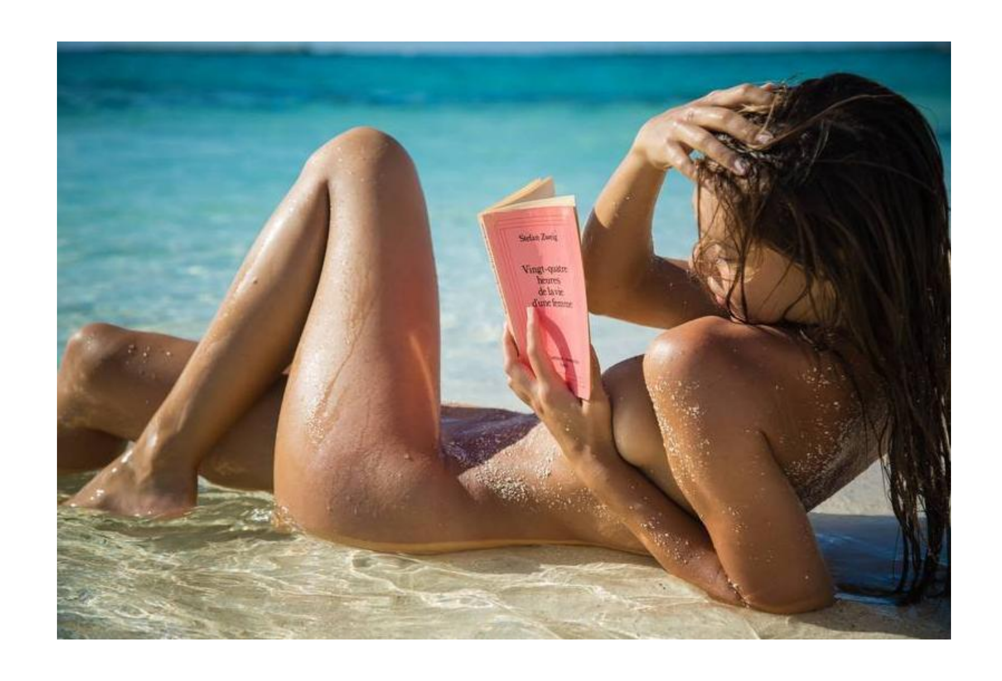
Ceci n’est pas … non plus



Ceci n’est pas Eros …



<u>Ceci n’est pas Psyche …</u>



<u>Ceci n’est pas l’ecole …</u>



Ceci n'est pas David …



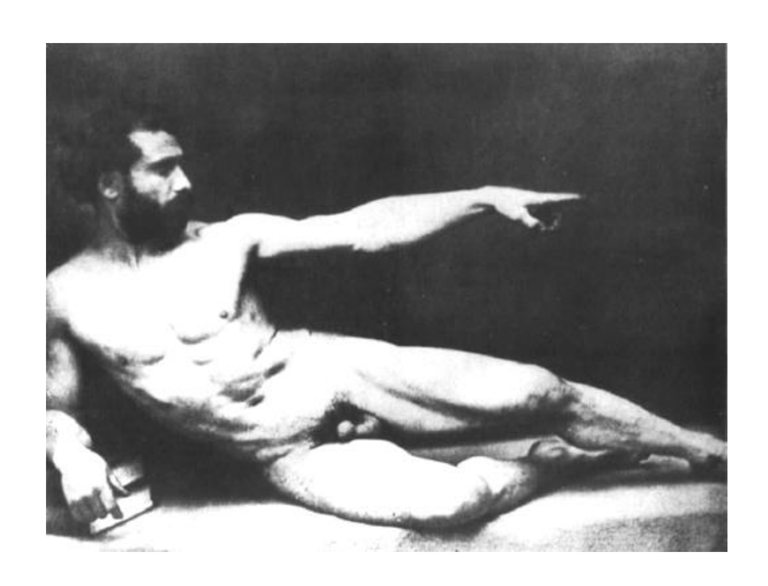
<u>Ceci n’est pas la realité …</u>



Ceci n'est pas Hercules …



Ceci n'est pas une paonne …



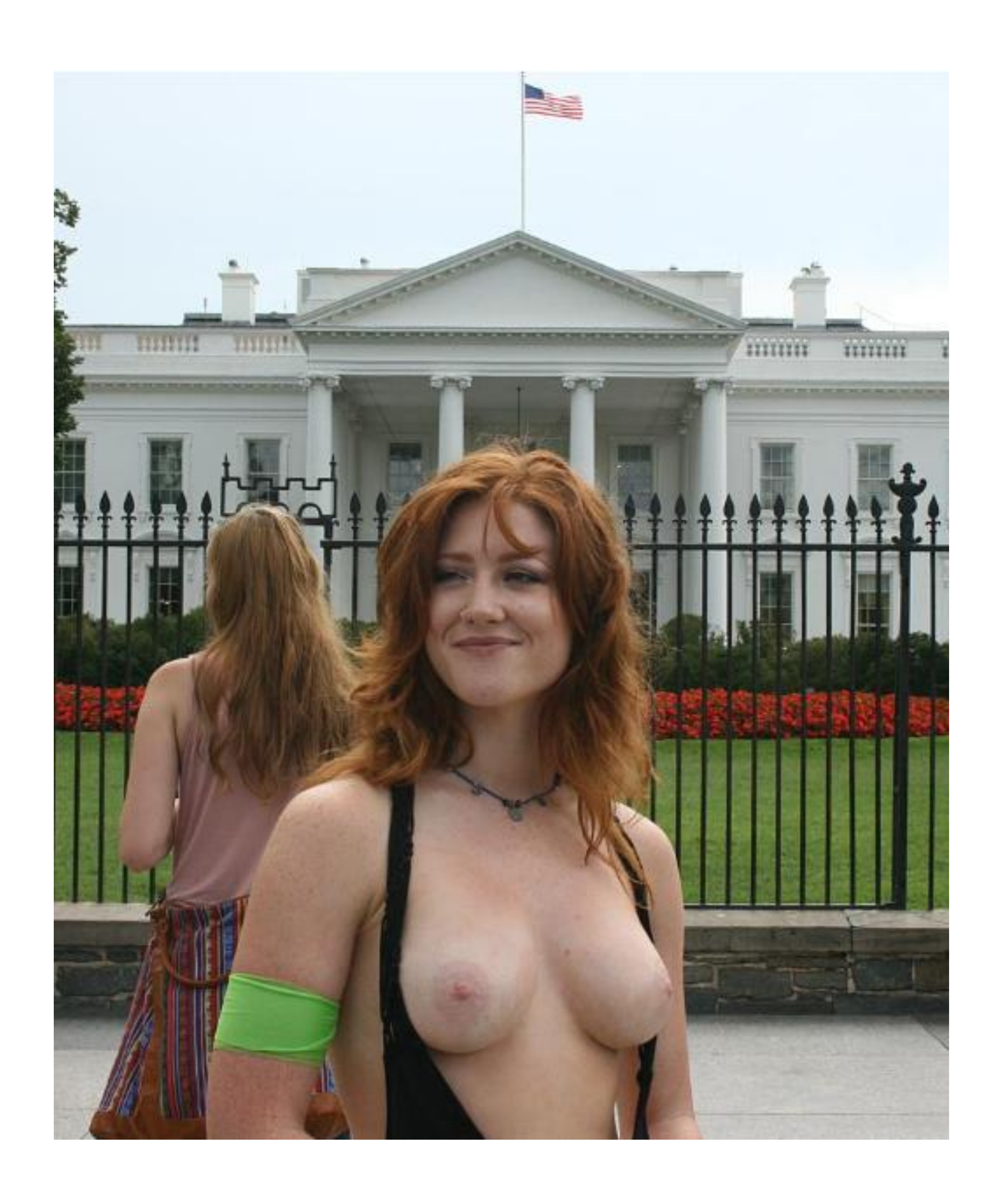
Ceci n’est pas Dieu …



Ceci n’est pas une triomphe …



<u>Ceci n’est pas la sexe …</u>



Ceci n'est pas la politique …



<u>Ceci n'est pas une mirage …</u>



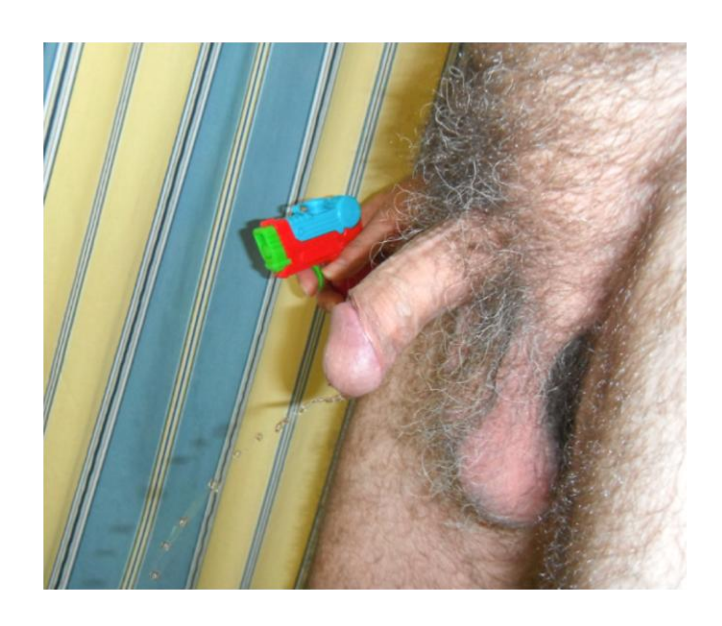
Ceci n’est pas une sculpture …



Ceci n’est pas en balance …



Ceci n’est pas un pistole ….



Ceci n’est pas … non plus



Ceci n’est pas une rose …



<u>Ceci n’est pas un visage faux</u>

Works From the Modern Era

Creative Death by Henry Miller

"*I don't want my Fate or Providence to treat me well. I am essentially a fighter*." It was towards the end of his life that Lawrence wrote this, but at the very threshold of his career he was saying: "We have to hate our immediate predecessors to get free of their authority."

The men to whom he owed everything, the great spirits on whom he fed and nourished himself, whom he had to reject in order to assert his own power, his own vision, were they not like himself men who went to the source? Were they not all animated by that same idea which Lawrence voiced over and over again—that the sun itself will never become stale, nor the earth barren? Were they not, all of them, in their search for God, for that "clue which is missing inside men," victims of the Holy Ghost?

Who were his predecessors? To whom, time and again before ridiculing and exposing them, did he acknowledge his indebtedness? Jesus certainly, and Nietzsche, and Whitman and Dostoyevsky. All the poets of life, the mystics, who in denouncing civilization contributed most heavily to the lie of civilization.

Lawrence was tremendously influenced by Dostoyevsky. Of all his forerunners, Jesus included, it was Dostoyevsky whom he had most difficulty in shaking off, in surpassing, in "transcending." Lawrence had always looked upon the sun as the source of life, and the moon as the symbol of nonbeing. Life and Death—like a mariner he kept before him

constantly these two poles. "*He who gets nearer the sun*," he said, "*is leader, the aristocrat of aristocrats. Or, he who like Dostoyevsky, gets nearer the moon of our non-being.*" With the in-betweens he had no concern. "*But the most powerful being*," he concludes, "*is that which moves towards the as-yet-unknown blossom!*" He saw man as a seasonal phenomenon, a moon that waxes and wanes, a seed that emerges out of primal darkness to return again therein. Life brief, transitory, eternally fixed between the two poles of being and nonbeing. Without the clue, without the revelation no life, but being sacrificed to existence. Immortality he interpreted as this futile wish for endless existence. To him this living death was the Purgatory in which man ceaselessly struggles.

Strange as it may seem today to say, the aim of life is to live, and to live means to be aware, joyously, drunkenly, serenely, divinely *aware*. In this state of God-like awareness one sings; in this realm the world exists as poem. No why or wherefore, no direction, no goal, no striving, no evolving. Like the enigmatic Chinaman one is rapt by the ever changing spectacle of passing phenomena. This is the sublime, the amoral state of the artist, he who lives only in the moment, the visionary moment of utter, far-seeing lucidity. Such clear, icy sanity that it seems like madness. By the force and power of the artist's vision the static, synthetic whole which is called the world is destroyed. The artist gives back to us a vital, singing universe, alive in all its parts.

In a way the artist is always acting against the time-destiny movement. He is always a-historical. *He accepts Time absolutely*, as Whitman says, in the

sense that any way he rolls (with tail in mouth) is direction; in the sense that any moment, every moment, may be the all; for the artist there is nothing but the present, the eternal here and now, the expanding infinite moment which is flame and song. And when he succeeds in establishing this criterion of passionate experience (which is what Lawrence meant by "*obeying the Holy Ghost*") then, and only then, is he asserting his humanness. Then only does he live out his pattern as Man. Obedient to every urge—without distinction of morality, ethics, law, custom, etc. He opens himself to *all* influences—everything nourishes him. Everything is gravy to him, including what he does *not* understand—*particularly* what he does *not* understand.

This final reality which the artist comes to recognize in his maturity is that symbolic paradise of the womb, that "[*middle kingdom*]" which the psychologists place somewhere between the conscious and the unconscious, that pre-natal security and immortality and union with nature from which he must wrest his freedom. Each time he is spiritually born he dreams of the impossible, the miraculous, dreams he can break the wheel of life and death, avoid the struggle and the drama, the pain and the suffering of life. His poem is the legend wherein he buries himself, wherein he relates of the mysteries of birth and death—*his* reality, *his* experience. He buries himself in his tomb of poem in order to achieve that immortality which is denied him as a physical being.

[*The Middle Kingdom*] is a projection into the spiritual domain of his biologic condition of non-being. To be is to have mortal shape, mortal conditions, to struggle, to evolve. Paradise is, like the dream of the

Buddhists, a Nirvana where there is no more personality and hence no conflict. It is the expression of man's wish to triumph over reality, over becoming. The artist's dream of the impossible, the miraculous, is simply the resultant of his inability to adapt himself to reality. He creates, therefore, a reality of his own—in the poem—a reality which is suitable to him, a reality in which he can live out his unconscious desires, wishes, dreams. The poem is the dream made flesh, in a two-fold sense: as work of art, and as life, which is a work of art. When man becomes fully conscious of his powers, his role, his destiny, he is an artist and he ceases his struggle with reality. *He becomes a traitor to the human race*. He creates war because he has become permanently out of step with the rest of humanity. He sits on the door-step of his mother's womb with his … memories and his incestuous longings and he refuses to budge. He lives out his dream of Paradise. He transmutes his real experience of life into spiritual equations. He scorns the ordinary alphabet, which yields at most only a grammar of thought, and adopts the symbol, the metaphor, the ideograph. *He writes [as an enlightened]*. He creates an impossible world out of an incomprehensible language, a lie that enchants and enslaves men. It is not that he is incapable of living. On the contrary, his zest for life is so powerful, so voracious that it forces him to kill himself over and over. He dies many times in order to live innumerable lives. In this way he wreaks his revenge upon life and works his power over men. He creates the legend of himself, the lie wherein he establishes himself as hero and God, the lie wherein he triumphs over life.

Perhaps one of the chief difficulties in wrestling with the personality of a creative individual lies in the powerful obscurity in which, wittingly or

unwittingly, he lodges himself. In the case of a man like Lawrence we are dealing with one who glorified the obscurity, a man who raised to the highest that source and manifestation of all life, the body. All efforts to clarify his doctrine involve a return to, and a renewed wrestling with, the eternal, fundamental problems which confronted him. He is forever bringing one back to the source, to the very heart of the cosmos, through a mystic labyrinth. His work is altogether one of symbol and metaphor. Phoenix, Crown, Rainbow, Plumed Serpent, all these symbols center about the same obsessive idea: *the resolution of two opposites in the form of a mystery*. Despite his progression from one plane of conflict to another, from one problem of life to another, the symbolic character of his work remains constant and unchanged. He is a man of one idea: *that life has a symbolic significance*. Which is to say that life and art are one.

In his choice of the Rainbow, for example, one sees how he attempted to glorify the eternal hope in man, the illusion on which his justification as artist rests. In all his symbols, the Phoenix and the Crown particularly, for they were his earliest and most potent symbols, we observe that he was but giving concrete form to his real nature, his artist being. For the artist in man is the undying symbol of the union between his warring selves. Life has to be given a meaning because of the obvious fact that it has no meaning. Something has to be created, as a healing and goading intervention, between life and death, because the conclusion that life points to is death and to that conclusive fact man instinctively and persistently shuts his eyes. The sense of mystery, which is at the bottom of all art, is the amalgam of all the nameless terrors which the cruel reality of death inspires. Death then has to

be defeated—or disguised, or transmogrified. *But in the attempt to defeat death man has been inevitably obliged to defeat life, for the two are inextricably related*. Life moves on to death, and to deny one is to deny the other. The stern sense of destiny which every creative individual reveals lies in this awareness of the goal, this acceptance of the goal, this moving on towards a fatality, one with the inscrutable forces that animate him and drive him on.

All history is the record of man's signal failure to thwart his destiny—the record, in other words, of the few men of destiny who, through the recognition of their symbolic role, made history. All the lies and evasions by which man has nourished himself—*civilization*, in a word—are the fruits of the creative artist. It is the creative nature of man which has refused to let him lapse back into that unconscious unity with life which characterizes the animal world from which he made his escape. As man traces the stages of his physical evolution in his embryonic life, so, when ejected from the womb, he repeats, in the course of his development from childhood to old age, the spiritual evolution of man. In the person of the *artist* the whole *historical* evolution of man is recapitulated. His work is one grand metaphor, revealing through image and symbol the whole cycle of cultural development through which man has passed from primitive to effete civilized being.

When we trace back the roots of the artist's evolution, we rediscover in his being the various incarnations, or aspects of hero which man has always represented himself to be—king, warrior, saint, magician, priest, etc. The

process is a long and devious one. It is all a conquest of fear. The question *why* leads to the question *whither* and then *how*. Escape is the deepest wish. Escape from death, from the nameless terror. And the way to escape death is to escape life. This the artist has always manifested through his creations. By living into his art he adopts for his world an intermediary realm in which he is all-powerful, a world which he dominates and rules. This intermediary realm of art, this world in which he moves as hero, was made realizable only out of the deepest sense of frustration. It arises paradoxically out of lack of power, out of a sense of inability to thwart fate.

This, then, is the Rainbow—the bridge which the artist throws over the yawning gulf of reality. The radiance of the rainbow, the promise it bespeaks, is the reflection of his belief in eternal life, his belief in perpetual spring, in continuous youth, virility, power. All his failures are but the reflection of his frail human encounters with inexorable reality. The mainspring is the dynamic impact of a will that leads to destruction. Because with each *realistic* failure he falls back with greater intensity on his creative illusions. His whole art is the pathetic and heroic effort to deny his human defeat. He works out, in his art, an unreal triumph—since it is neither a triumph over life nor over death. It is a triumph over an imaginary world which he himself has created. The drama lies entirely in the realm of idea. His war with reality is a reflection of the war within himself.

Just as the individual, when he arrives at maturity, evinces his maturity by the acceptance of responsibility, so the artist, when he recognizes his real nature, *his destined role*, is obliged to accept the responsibility of leadership.

He has invested himself with power and authority, and he must act accordingly. He can tolerate nothing but the dictates of his own conscience. Thus, in accepting his destiny, he accepts the responsibility of fathering his ideas. And just as the problems which each individual encounters are unique for him, and must be lived out, so the ideas which germinate in the artist are unique and must be lived out. He is the sign of Fate itself, the very symbol of destiny. For when, by living out his dream logic, he fulfills himself through the destruction of his own ego, he is incarnating for humanity the drama of individual life which, to be tasted and experienced, must embrace dissolution. In order to accomplish his purpose, however, the artist is obliged to retire, to withdraw from life, utilizing just enough of experience to present the flavor of the *real* struggle. If he chooses to *live* he defeats his own nature. He *must* live vicariously. Thus he is enabled to play the monstrous role of living and dying innumerable times, according to the measure of his capacity for life.

In each new work he re-enacts the spectacle of the sacrifice of the god. Because behind the idea of the sacrifice is the very substantial idea of the sacrament: the person incarnating the great power is killed, in order that his body may be consumed and the magic powers redistributed. The hatred for the god is the underlying motive of the worship of the god: it is based on the primitive desire to obtain the mysterious power of the man-god. In this sense, then, the artist is always crucified—in order to be consumed, in order to be divested of the mystery, in order to be robbed of his power and magic. The need of god is this hunger for a greater life: it is one and the same as the hunger for death.

We may image man forth as a sacred tree of life and death and if, further, we also think of this tree as representing not only the individual man, but a whole people, a whole Culture, we may begin to perceive the intimate connection between the emergence of the Dionysian type of artist and the notion of the sacred body.

Pursuing the image of man as tree of life and death, we may well conceive how the life instincts, goading man on to ever greater and greater expression through his world of form and symbol, his *ideology*, cause him at last to overlook the purely human, relative, fundamental aspects of his being— his animal nature, his very human body. Man rushes up the trunk of livingness to expand in a spiritual flowering. From an insignificant microcosm, but recently separated from the animal world, he eventually spreads himself over the heavens in the form of the great *anthropos*, the mythical man of the zodiac. The very process of differentiating himself from the animal world to which he still belongs causes him to lose sight more and more of his utter humanness. It is only at the last limits of creativeness, when his form world can assume no further architectural dimensions, that he suddenly begins to realize his "limitations." It is then that fear assails him. It is then that he tastes death truly— a *foretaste*, as it were.

Now the life instincts are converted into death instincts. That which before had seemed all libido, endless urge to creation, is now seen to contain another principle—the embrace of the death instincts. Only at the full summit of creative expansion does he become truly *humanized*. Now he

feels the deep roots of his being, in the earth. Rooted. The supremacy and the glory and the magnificence of the body finally asserts itself in full vigor. Only now does the body assume its *sacred* character, its true role. The trinal division of body, mind and soul becomes a unity, a holy trinity. And with it the realization that one aspect of our nature cannot be exalted above another, except at the expense of one or the other.

What we call wisdom of life here attains its apogee—when this fundamental, rooted, sacred character of the body is divined. In the topmost branches of the tree of life thought withers. The grand spiritual efflorescence, by virtue of which man had raised himself to god-like proportions so that he lost touch with reality—because he himself *was* reality—this great spiritual flowering of Idea is now converted into an ignorance which expresses itself as the mystery of the Soma. Thought retraverses the religious trunk by which it had been supported and, digging into the very roots of being, rediscovers the enigma, the mystery of the body. Rediscovers the kinship between star, beast, ocean, man, flower, sky. Once again it is perceived that the trunk of the tree, the very column of life itself, is religious faith, the acceptance of one's tree-like nature—not a yearning for some other form of being. It is this acceptance of the laws of one's being which preserves the vital instincts of life, even in death. In the rush upward the "individual" aspect of one's being was the imperative, the only obsession. But at the summit, when the limits have been felt and perceived, there unfolds the grand perspective and one recognizes the similitude of surrounding beings, the inter-relationship of all forms and laws of being—the *organic* relatedness, the wholeness, the oneness of life.

And so the most creative type—the individual artist type—which had shot up highest and with the greatest variety of expression, so much so as to seem "divine," this creative type of man must now, in order to preserve the very elements of creation in him, convert the doctrine, or the obsession of individuality, into a common, collective ideology. This is the real meaning of the Master-Exemplar, of the great religious figures who have dominated human life from the beginning. At their furthest peak of blossoming they have but emphasized their common humanity, their innate, rooted, inescapable humanness. Their isolation, in the heavens of thought, is what brings about their death.

When we look at an Olympian figure like Goethe we see a gigantic human tree that declared no "goal" except to unfold its proper being, no goal except to obey the deep organic laws of nature. That is wisdom, the wisdom of a ripe mind at the height of a great Culture. It is what Nietzsche described as the fusion in one being of two divergent streams—the Apollonian dreamer type and the ecstatic Dionysian. In Goethe we have the image of man incarnate, with head in the clouds and feet deeply rooted in the soil of race, culture, history. The past, represented by the historical, cultural soil; and the present, represented by the varying conditions of weather that compose his mental climate, *both the past and the present nourished him*. He was deeply religious without the necessity of worshipping a god. He had made himself a god. In this image of a Man there is no longer any question of conflict. He neither sacrifices himself to art, nor does he sacrifice art to life. Goethe's work, which was a grand confession—"life's traces," he called it—is the

poetic expression of his wisdom, and it fell from him like ripe fruit from a tree. No station was too noble for his aspirations, no detail too insignificant for his attention. His life and work assumed grandiose proportions, an architectonic amplitude and majesty, for in both his life and his work there was the same organic foundation. He is the nearest, with the exception of da Vinci, to the god-man ideal of the Greeks. In him soil and climate were at their most favorable. He had blood, race, culture, time—*everything* with him. *Everything nourished him!*

At this lofty point when Goethe appears, when man and culture are both at peak, the whole of past and future spreads out. The end is now in sight, the road henceforth is downward. After the Olympian Goethe the Dionysian race of artists sets in, the men of the "tragic age" which Nietzsche prophesied and of which he himself was a superb example. The tragic age, when all that which is forever denied us makes itself felt with nostalgic force. Once again the cult of Mystery is revived. Once again man must re-enact the mystery of the god, the god whose fertilizing death is to redeem and to purify man from guilt and sin, to free him from the wheel of birth and becoming. Sin, guilt, neurosis—they are one and the same, the fruit of the tree of knowledge. The tree of life now becomes the tree of death. But it is always the same tree. And it is from this tree of death that life must spring forth again, that life must be reborn. Which, as all the myths of the tree testify, is precisely what happens. "At the moment of the destruction of the world," says Jung, referring to Ygdrasil, the world-ash, "this tree becomes the guardian mother, the tree of death and life, one 'pregnant.' "

It is at this point in the cultural cycle of history that the “transvaluation of all values” must set in. It is the reversal of the *spiritual* values, of a whole complex of reigning ideological values. The tree of life now knows its death. The Dionysian art of ecstasies now reasserts its claims. The drama intervenes.

The tragic reappears. Through madness and ecstasy the mystery of the god is enacted and the drunken revellers acquire the will to die—*to die creatively*. It is the conversion of that same life instinct which urged the tree of man to fullest expression. *It is to save man from the fear of death, so that he may be able to die!*

To go forward into death! Not backward into the womb. Out of the quick sands, out of the stagnant flux! This is the winter of life, and our drama is to secure a foothold so that life may go forward once again. But this foothold can only be gained on the dead bodies of those who are *willing* to die.

Another Look at Atlantis by Willy Ley

This is a story I was told some thirty-five years ago by a novelist who swore that it actually happened. It concerned another writer whom both of us knew and who wrote a great deal for a weekly family magazine. One day the editor of that magazine, after an evening of spirited discussion with his wife and her two sisters, asked him to write a definitive article on Atlantis. If necessary, it could be a series of articles, but they should be definitive, clearing up the whole problem once and for all time!

The writer, whose knowledge of Atlantis was about equal to that of any other educated man who has not made a special study of the subject, phoned a librarian he knew and told him (this was in Europe, where librarians are usually male) that he had to read up on Atlantis and would be over the following morning. Would the librarian be so good and assemble the most important books for him?

When he arrived at the library there was a desk reserved for him, and it was piled high with books. The librarian explained that these were the most recent works and a few important older ones. And there was a paperbound sheaf of mimeographed pages. This was what the librarian called "a reasonably complete bibliography"—of about 1700 titles. After his friend had finished with the books he had pulled out, he might wish to check through the bibliography and mark what else he wanted to read. The library would not have all of these titles, of course, but a few score of them probably could be turned up.

I don't know what happened to that "definitive" article chances are it was never written.

However, other people who did not feel beaten down by the volume of earlier literature kept writing books on Atlantis. As has been the case in the past, they ranged over the whole spectrum from "inner visions" to sober attempts to find an interpretation that satisfied both historical tradition and recognized facts. My reason for bringing up the nearly talked- to-death Atlantis theme once more is that something very unusual has taken place in recent years: there are a few new facts!

No, it is not yet the "definitive" story that magazine editor wanted so desperately. For the core of the Atlantis problem is that the "definitive" solution involves an impossibility— namely that of reading the mind of a man who died over 2300 years ago.

I mean, of course, Plato, who lived from about 427 B.C. to 347 B.C.

Atlantis is mentioned in two of his works, the two "dialogues" ("discussions" would be a better label) Timaios and Kritias. They are the only, repeat, only sources. Every other mention of Atlantis is based on these writings of Plato. There are no independent sources.

Nor did Plato claim to have any direct and personal knowledge. He had one of his characters quote Solon, a historical figure (ca. 638 B.C. to 559 B.C.),

who was Archon of Athens (beginning in 594 B.C.) and who is known to have traveled extensively. So the true and again only source of the Atlantis story, if we accept Plato's word, is Solon. Please note that Solon was dead for 150 years when Plato was a young man; it is precisely as if a young man of our time told of something that, through family tradition, goes back to George Washington.

I just said that the original source was Solon if we accept Plato's statements. As for that there can be only two opinions: we can either believe that Plato wrote down what Solon originally said (admitting that Plato's version might not be an absolutely accurate rendering) or else we can believe that it was a fable invented for the purpose of providing a setting for Plato's "ideal state."

Aristotle, Plato's pupil, was convinced that Atlantis had been invented for philosophizing purposes. The Roman Pliny the Elder, four centuries later, just burdened Plato with the responsibility, sounding somewhat petulant, possibly because in all his omnivorous reading he had never found another source. The picture is the same with all the authors of the classical period: they either took Atlantis to be a "philosophical parable" or else just wrote "according to Plato." Nobody got excited one way or the other.

After the interval of one and a half millennia, when nobody had the time or inclination to think about such problems, a surprising number of learned men decided that Atlantis must have been based on a dim knowledge of the existence of a continent on the other side of the ocean. The Spanish historian Francisco Lopez de Gomara (1510-1560) was the first to say that America

must have been meant. Sir Francis Bacon (1561-1626) said the same, and the German educator Janus Joannes Bircherod even coined the sentence *orbe novo non novo* ("the New World is not new") in 1663. These thoughts were still echoed two centuries later by the great Alexander von Humboldt.

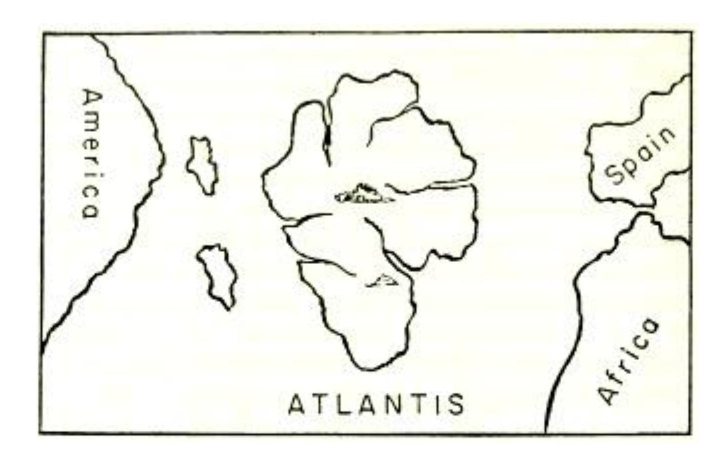


Fig. 1. Atlantis according to Kircher. From his book *Mondus subterraneus* (1644). This tracing has been inverted, in the original North is at the bottom.

The first man to have accepted the story as literally true seems to have been the learned and versatile Jesuit Father Athanasius Kircher (1601-1680), who invented the magic lantern and thought that he had deciphered hieroglyphic writing. He pictured Atlantis as a small continent in the Atlantic Ocean. (Fig. 1.). Though he said in his book that the island is pictured in precise agreement with Plato's description this is not really so, as we'll see. All that can be said in favor of it is that the small continent is about the size stated by Plato, that it has a mountain and several large rivers.

But before we go on it seems to be practical to see what Plato actually said. The information provided in the Timaios, the earlier of the two dialogues, is relatively meager. The man who tells about Atlantis in both dialogues is one Kritias, grandson of a man by the same name, who was a son of Dropides, who was a personal friend of Solon. Solon, Kritias the Younger, reports, traveled to Egypt; the actual and historical date for that trip is somewhere between 590 B.C. and 580 B.C. He went to the city of Sais and had long conversations with the priests there, who told him that their goddess Neith, whom the Greeks call Athena, had founded both cities: Sais 8000 years ago and Athens 9000 years ago. At that time there existed an island beyond the pillars of Hercules: "it was larger than Libya and Asia put together."

This last sentence needs two emendations. One is that "Asia" means what we call Asia minor, and the other is that the original Greek sentence contains a word that cannot be translated by just one other word. That word is meizon. The customary translation is "larger" in the meaning of "greater in extent." But the word can also mean "more powerful/' and since the story then goes on to talk about an invasion from Atlantis this translation sounds more likely. The priests said that this invasion had the purpose of subjugating the eastern portion of the Mediterranean and that they almost succeeded but were finally beaten by the Athenians. "Afterwards there occurred violent earthquakes and floods and in a single day and night of rain your warlike men in a body sank into the earth, and the island of Atlantis in a like manner disappeared and was sunk beneath the sea."

There is no more about Atlantis in the Timaios, and if the other dialogue which is named after Kritias did not exist, nobody would have paid much attention to the ancient invasion and ancient catastrophe. Everybody would have accepted Aristotle's commentary: "He who invented it [namely Atlantis] also destroyed it."

But it was the Kritias that excited everybody, because here the narrator went into detail. On the island in question there dwelled people, and Poseidon fell in love with one of the girls. He lived with her on a small mountain and begat five pairs of twins, all male and all future kings. He surrounded the mountain with several circular courses of water "so that no man could get to the island for ships and voyages were not yet heard of." That these concentric courses of water were made by a god must be taken to mean that this was a natural formation. But the later kings, after the population had become numerous, embellished on this formation with walls and canals through the circular courses of land, so that ships could pass from one into the other. The water courses were spanned by a bridge which, of course, had to have three sections. (This explains why the word "bridge" is used in the singular, though three bridges are involved.)

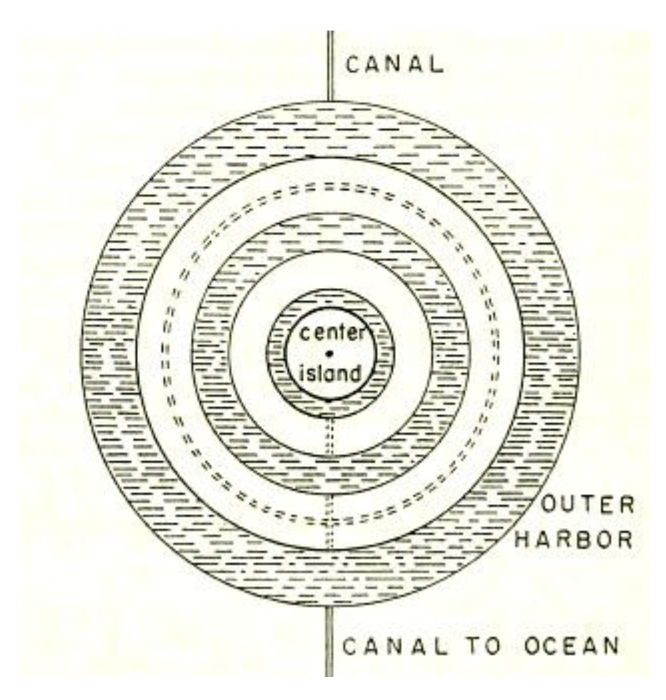


Fig. 2. The Center of the City. This is a scale drawing of the center section of the city, as described by Plato. The broken circle indicates the race course.

The plan of the finished city is shown in Fig. 2. The central island, with the stele inscribed with the laws, a temple of Poseidon and the king's palace, had a diameter of 5 stadia. [*A stadion was divided into 600 feet, Greek. Its length is now taken to have been 185 meters, or 607 feet, U.S. measure. The secondary meaning— of "race course"—of this word is derived from the fact that the race course at Olympia was one stadion in length*.]

The innermost circular water course was one stadion in width, and the land circle around it had a width of two stadia. Then followed a water circle with a width of two stadia, also called the Inner Harbor; a circle of land, holding a "hippodrome" or circle course for race horses with a width of three stadia

came next, surrounded by a water course, the Outer Harbor, of a width of three stadia.

A straight canal, half a stadion in width and one and a half stadia in depth, stretched from the Outer Harbor to the ocean. It was fifty stadia long, so that the distance from the center of the island to the shore was 63% stadia. At that distance a high circular wall was built that went all around the city; on the side away from the ocean it touched the Grand Canal. The Grand Canal was 10,000 stadia in length, forming a rectangle of 2000 by 3000 stadia. The area was divided into 600 squares by irrigation ditches, each 100 feet in width. (Fig. 3)

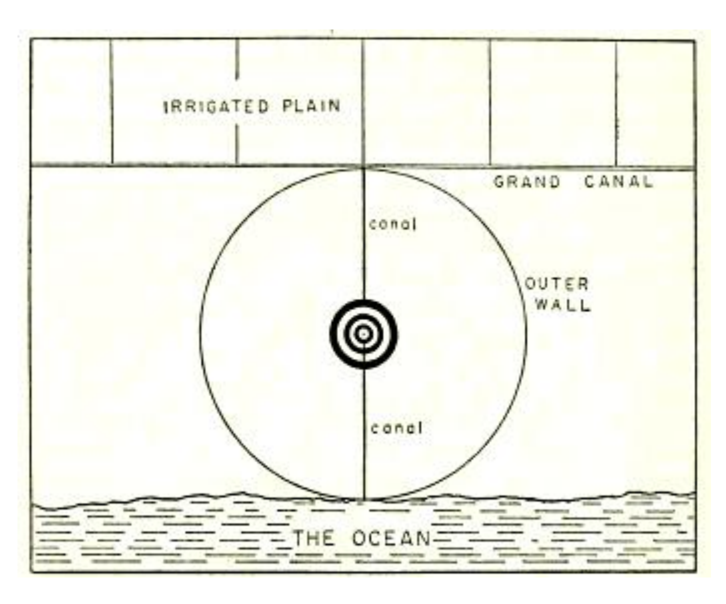


Fig. 3. Overall plan of the City.

The overall idea seems to have been that several rivers emptying into the Grand Canal would keep it full of water and fill the irrigation ditches, with the overflow going into the circular Outer Harbor and, finally, through the fifty-stadia canal into the ocean. A modern hydraulics engineer would be

quite unhappy with such an open system lacking all locks. Two years of drought in the interior, and ocean water would storm in, going the other way and ruining all crops. But let's not quibble here but go on. The total area—the irrigated plain, the city itself and the space between the irrigated plain and the seashore—would measure 3000 by 2127 stadia, or close to 6.4 million square stadia, approximately 77,600 square miles. Since there were ten kingdoms on the island assuming that they were all the same size, which is not stated anywhere explicitly—the total area of the island should have been about 800,000 square miles, roughly three times the size of Texas.

Even this condensed retelling shows that there is an enormous difference between the two Atlantis narratives in Plato's work. The Timaios, with its recital about an invasion and military engagements terminated by a natural catastrophe, does convey the impression that an older tale is here merely retold. But the Kritias, with its enormous elaboration of arrangements and dimensions, plus such detail as the color of the stones in the various walls and the kinds of metal used for ornamentation and reinforcement, is obviously the result of much pondering about what an outstanding city, originally conceived by a god and embellished by godlike kings should be like.

The "searchers for Atlantis," who accepted the story word for word, wall for wall and water course for water course, faced one major handicap, namely the great size. It prompted those who did not dare to doubt to look in all kinds of unlikely places. In sequence, southern Sweden, the Caucasus mountains, South America, Ceylon, Algiers and the western bulge of Africa

were acclaimed as the place where Atlantis must have been—notwithstanding the minor fact that all of them are still in existence well above sea level. And, of course, there was no trace of anything that could possibly date back to 9600 B.C.

Could something be wrong with the figures themselves?

More than one scholar has guessed at a confusion between solar years and periods of the moon. If the Egyptians spoke in terms of "moons" (of 30 clays each) then 9000 "years" would shrink to 742 actual years. Since Solon heard the tale in about 590 B.C., the date would become 1332 B.C., a far more believable figure. But there is another possibility for a mistake. It is said in so many words in the Kritias that the Egyptian records had been translated into Egyptian from another language—it is not stated which one. Solon then translated them into Greek, and he may have taken the Egyptian written symbol for "100" to mean "1000." In that case the invasion would date 900 years before Solon's visit or about 1500 B.C., while the rectangular plain enclosed by the Grand Canal would measure 200 by 300 stadia or 23 by 34% miles. The city itself would remain the same size, because all the figures involved are smaller than "100." [*This assumes, of course, that the plan of the city was a part of Solon's tale; most modern commentators have strong doubts about that*.]

The suggestion that the problem had been made intractable by such a simple mistake in translation was made by the seismologist Professor Anghelos Galanapoulos. Since Prof. Galanapoulos is Greek, he is thoroughly

acquainted with all the Greek legends and with everything by and about Plato. And Prof. Galanapoulos has been thinking about Atlantis for a long time.

Under 36.5° northern latitude and 25.5° eastern longitude in the blue Aegean Sea there lies a small group of islands, collectively known as the Santorini group. It consists of two large islands, Thera and Therasia, and a few small ones, namely Aspronisi ("white island") and three with names that have the word kameni ("burning") in common. They are Palaia Kameni, Nea Kameni and Mikra Kameni, the "old burning island," the new one and the tiny one. They are all volcanic. In 1866 there was a long-lasting eruption that was carefully investigated by a French scientist named Fouque. With the aid of data furnished by Fouque, Professor Melchior Neumayr of the University of Vienna drew up a table of known eruptions.

There had been one in 198 B.C., during which the island of Palaia Kameni came into existence. Another eruption in 726 A.D. enlarged this island. In 1573 Mikra Kameni was formed. In 1650 there was another eruption that produced only minor changes, but in 1707 there began one that lasted five years, with Nea Kameni as the result. And the one in 1866 formed an island that was named Georgios Island but soon combined with Nea Kameni.

In, say, 250 B.C. the Santorini group consisted of Thera and Therasia only; in 1890 it looked as shown in Fig. 4.

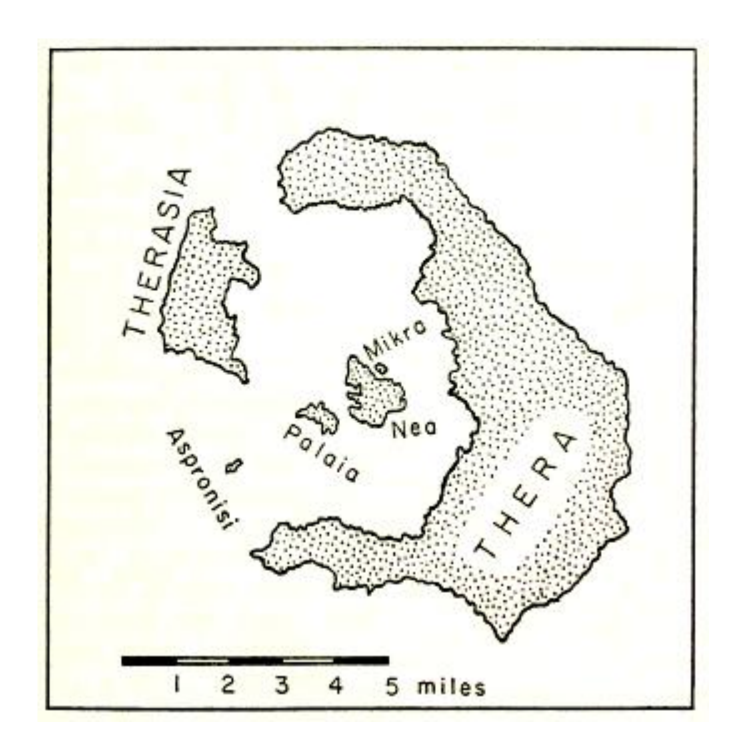


Fig. 4. The Santorini group in the Aegean Sea.

To the geologists of the latter part of the nineteenth century the shapes of Thera and Therasia suggested that they were remaining pieces of a former volcano that had covered the whole area of the Santorini group and that had blown up at some time in the past. Since the eastern Mediterranean is an area of early literacy, but since no classical record made any mention of such a catastrophe, the great eruption must have taken place before writing, say before 1000 B.C. The explosion of Krakatoa in the Sunda Sea, that took place in late August of 1883 and threw a cubic mile of pumice and other volcanic ejecta into the atmosphere, came just in time to demonstrate what a volcano could do. The catastrophe that left Thera and Therasia must have been of the type of the Krakatoa explosion, and probably even bigger and more violent.

Of course, Thera and Therasia are covered with thick layers of pumice and volcanic ashes. It probably would never have occurred to anybody to start excavations to see whether anything could be found underneath these layers. If the thought had occurred to anybody, it is doubtful whether money for such a project could have been found. But science was aided by a commercial venture at this point.

Greek businessmen "mined" the pumice for making cement that was needed on the mainland for construction purposes. And under the pumice and ashes remains of old buildings were found! Household utensils of shaped clay were recovered. No trace of inscriptions was found and virtually no metallic objects. But Fouque described two golden rings, implying trade since there is no gold locally. Too bad that one could only guess at the date of this early inhabitation.

I have to admit that I do not know who was the first to connect the ancient eruption of Santorini with the end of the Minoan culture on Crete. Early Crete had an astonishing culture, with large cities and enormous temples, and it was a maritime power. As knowledge about ancient Crete grew, its role as the dominant sea power in the eastern Mediterranean became so clear that some scholars began to wonder whether the early Cretans were not the model for the sea-going Phaiakians of Homer's Odyssey.

And since there are many resemblances between the sailors from Homer's Scheria and Plato's Atlanteans, and since both resemble the ancient Cretans, it has been suggested at least twice—by the American E. S. Balch in 1921

and the German W. Brandenstein in 1952—that Plato's Atlantis was mainly a poetic memory of the Cretans.

Legends, poetry, speculation and philosophy aside, there was a very real mystery about the end of the Minoan culture on Crete. Before about 1400 B.C. there were large cities, but some time after that date there were only small rural settlements. And most of the archeologists who tried to reconstruct life during the Minoan culture slowly became convinced that there was a sudden "event" that marked the beginning of the change. In places it looked as if artisans had dropped their tools in the middle of their normal activities and run away. The most obvious explanation was that there had been a sudden call to arms to ward off an invasion. It sounded simple and also sounded logical, but there were difficulties. A would-be invader would first have been engaged by the large Cretan fleet, so that a sudden call to arms was not too likely. Besides, who could have invaded Crete?

It was an event, all right. But the event was the eruption of Santorini—which is now estimated to have thrown about four times the volume of pumice and cinders into the atmosphere as Krakatoa did in 1883. While the sudden appearance of enormous black clouds must have been frightening, the fall of cinders and ashes at such a distance could not have been too serious. But such an eruption of an island volcano produces an enormous tidal wave. The one caused by the Krakatoa explosion drowned over 36,000 people on the neighboring islands. The wave from the Santorini explosion must have smashed the whole Cretan fleet, probably assembled along the north shore of the island. It killed an unknown number of Cretans, and it caused the end of

the Minoan culture, eliminating it much faster and more thoroughly than any invasion by human enemies would have done. (Fig. 5.)

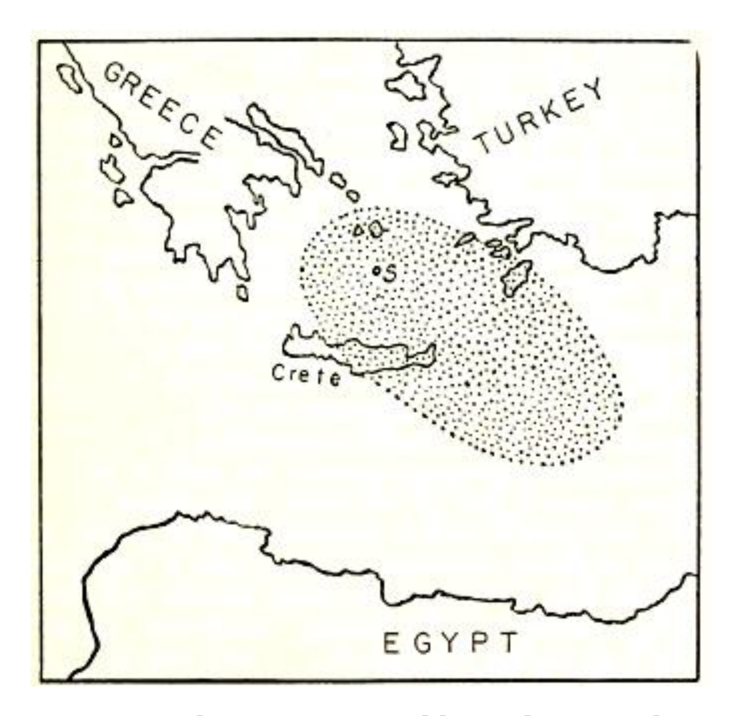


Fig. 5. The area covered by volcanic ash
from the eruption of 1500 B.C.

The effects of the distant volcanic eruption were felt as far away as Egypt, though in Egypt the effects were psychological —darkness for a period of time—rather than physical.

So here we have, in the right area and fairly closely at the right time, the great natural catastrophe of which Solon spoke. And it fits the general picture: the Greeks would have learned about it from the Egyptians. The Egyptians could also have told Solon about invasions from the West. We know that there were such invasions by what the Egyptians call the "sea

people." Actually these invasions took place about 250 years after the Santorini catastrophe; but, since all this was told to Solon another 600 years later, the Egyptians may have confused the sequence of events. Or else Solon did not understand too well what they said. Or else Plato thought that it would make a better story if a human invasion was terminated by a natural catastrophe.

The new knowledge about the approximate date of the Santorini catastrophe as the reason for the end of the Minoan culture on Crete has certainly shed new light on the "sources" of the Atlantis story. It does seem more likely now that Solon actually brought the tale from Egypt and the manuscript of the older Kritias—believed by most scholars to have been Plato's literary invention—might have existed.

But Professor Galanopoulos went one step farther. Knowing, from personal observation, that Santorini was inhabited before the catastrophe, he has superimposed the scale map of Plato's city on the map of the Santorini group. He found that the whole group would fit inside the Outer Wall of Plato's city and that the city itself would fit into the space between Thera and Therasia. As any one of my readers can try for himself, there is such a fit, though a rather poor one.

Personally I consider the similarity in size just a coincidence. I don't think that Santorini was Atlantis … though there can hardly be any doubt that Santorini was the main cause of the Atlantis story.

Bertrand Russell, Nobel Address, 1950

What Desires Are Politically Important?

Your Royal Highness, Ladies and Gentlemen,

I have chosen this subject for my lecture tonight because I think that most current discussions of politics and political theory take insufficient account of psychology. Economic facts, population statistics, constitutional organization, and so on, are set forth minutely. There is no difficulty in finding out how many South Koreans and how many North Koreans there were when the Korean War began. If you will look into the right books you will be able to ascertain what was their average income per head, and what were the sizes of their respective armies. But if you want to know what sort of person a Korean is, and whether there is any appreciable difference between a North Korean and a South Korean; if you wish to know what they respectively want out of life, what are their discontents, what their hopes and what their fears; in a word, what it is that, as they say, «makes them tick», you will look through the reference books in vain. And so you cannot tell whether the South Koreans are enthusiastic about UNO, or would prefer union with their cousins in the North. Nor can you guess whether they are willing to forgo land reform for the privilege of voting for some politician they have never heard of. It is neglect of such questions by the eminent men who sit in remote capitals, that so frequently causes disappointment. If politics is to become scientific, and if the event is not to be constantly surprising, it is imperative that our political thinking should penetrate more

deeply into the springs of human action. What is the influence of hunger upon slogans? How does their effectiveness fluctuate with the number of calories in your diet? If one man offers you democracy and another offers you a bag of grain, at what stage of starvation will you prefer the grain to the vote? Such questions are far too little considered. However, let us, for the present, forget the Koreans, and consider the human race.

All human activity is prompted by desire. There is a wholly fallacious theory advanced by some earnest moralists to the effect that it is possible to resist desire in the interests of duty and moral principle. I say this is fallacious, not because no man ever acts from a sense of duty, but because duty has no hold on him unless he desires to be dutiful. If you wish to know what men will do, you must know not only, or principally, their material circumstances, but rather the whole system of their desires with their relative strengths.

There are some desires which, though very powerful, have not, as a rule, any great political importance. Most men at some period of their lives desire to marry, but as a rule they can satisfy this desire without having to take any political action. There are, of course, exceptions; the rape of the Sabine women is a case in point. And the development of northern Australia is seriously impeded by the fact that the vigorous young men who ought to do the work dislike being wholly deprived of female society. But such cases are unusual, and in general the interest that men and women take in each other has little influence upon politics.

The desires that are politically important may be divided into a primary and a secondary group. In the primary group come the necessities of life: food and shelter and clothing. When these things become very scarce, there is no limit to the efforts that men will make, or to the violence that they will display, in the hope of securing them. It is said by students of the earliest history that, on four separate occasions, drought in Arabia caused the population of that country to overflow into surrounding regions, with immense effects, political, cultural, and religious. The last of these four occasions was the rise of Islam. The gradual spread of Germanic tribes from southern Russia to England, and thence to San Francisco, had similar motives. Undoubtedly the desire for food has been, and still is, one of the main causes of great political events.

But man differs from other animals in one very important respect, and that is that he has some desires which are, so to speak, infinite, which can never be fully gratified, and which would keep him restless even in Paradise. The boa constrictor, when he has had an adequate meal, goes to sleep, and does not wake until he needs another meal. Human beings, for the most part, are not like this. When the Arabs, who had been used to living sparingly on a few dates, acquired the riches of the Eastern Roman Empire, and dwelt in palaces of almost unbelievable luxury, they did not, on that account, become inactive. Hunger could no longer be a motive, for Greek slaves supplied them with exquisite viands at the slightest nod. But other desires kept them active: four in particular, which we can label acquisitiveness, rivalry, vanity, and love of power.

Acquisitiveness – the wish to possess as much as possible of goods, or the title to goods – is a motive which, I suppose, has its origin in a combination of fear with the desire for necessaries. I once befriended two little girls from Estonia, who had narrowly escaped death from starvation in a famine. They lived in my family, and of course had plenty to eat. But they spent all their leisure visiting neighbouring farms and stealing potatoes, which they hoarded. Rockefeller, who in his infancy had experienced great poverty, spent his adult life in a similar manner. Similarly the Arab chieftains on their silken Byzantine divans could not forget the desert, and hoarded riches far beyond any possible physical need. But whatever may be the psychoanalysis of acquisitiveness, no one can deny that it is one of the great motives – especially among the more powerful, for, as I said before, it is one of the infinite motives. However much you may acquire, you will always wish to acquire more; satiety is a dream which will always elude you.

But acquisitiveness, although it is the mainspring of the capitalist system, is by no means the most powerful of the motives that survive the conquest of hunger. Rivalry is a much stronger motive. Over and over again in Mohammedan history, dynasties have come to grief because the sons of a sultan by different mothers could not agree, and in the resulting civil war universal ruin resulted. The same sort of thing happens in modern Europe. When the British Government very unwisely allowed the Kaiser to be present at a naval review at Spithead, the thought which arose in his mind was not the one which we had intended. What he thought was, «I must have a Navy as good as Grandmamma's». And from this thought have sprung all our subsequent troubles. The world would be a happier place than it is if

acquisitiveness were always stronger than rivalry. But in fact, a great many men will cheerfully face impoverishment if they can thereby secure complete ruin for their rivals. Hence the present level of taxation.

Vanity is a motive of immense potency. Anyone who has much to do with children knows how they are constantly performing some antic, and saying «Look at me». «Look at me» is one of the most fundamental desires of the human heart. It can take innumerable forms, from buffoonery to the pursuit of posthumous fame. There was a Renaissance Italian princeling who was asked by the priest on his deathbed if he had anything to repent of. «Yes», he said, «there is one thing. On one occasion I had a visit from the Emperor and the Pope simultaneously. I took them to the top of my tower to see the view, and I neglected the opportunity to throw them both down, which would have given me immortal fame». History does not relate whether the priest gave him absolution. One of the troubles about vanity is that it grows with what it feeds on. The more you are talked about, the more you will wish to be talked about. The condemned murderer who is allowed to see the account of his trial in the press is indignant if he finds a newspaper which has reported it inadequately. And the more he finds about himself in other newspapers, the more indignant he will be with the one whose reports are meagre. Politicians and literary men are in the same case. And the more famous they become, the more difficult the press-cutting agency finds it to satisfy them. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the influence of vanity throughout the range of human life, from the child of three to the potentate at whose frown the world trembles. Mankind have even committed the impiety of attributing similar desires to the Deity, whom they imagine avid for continual praise.

But great as is the influence of the motives we have been considering, there is one which outweighs them all. I mean the love of power. Love of power is closely akin to vanity, but it is not by any means the same thing. What vanity needs for its satisfaction is glory, and it is easy to have glory without power. The people who enjoy the greatest glory in the United States are film stars, but they can be put in their place by the Committee for Un-American Activities, which enjoys no glory whatever. In England, the King has more glory than the Prime Minister, but the Prime Minister has more power than the King. Many people prefer glory to power, but on the whole these people have less effect upon the course of events than those who prefer power to glory. When Blücher, in 1814, saw Napoleon's palaces, he said, «Wasn't he a fool to have all this and to go running after Moscow.» Napoleon, who certainly was not destitute of vanity, preferred power when he had to choose. To Blücher, this choice seemed foolish. Power, like vanity, is insatiable. Nothing short of omnipotence could satisfy it completely. And as it is especially the vice of energetic men, the causal efficacy of love of power is out of all proportion to its frequency. It is, indeed, by far the strongest motive in the lives of important men.

Love of power is greatly increased by the experience of power, and this applies to petty power as well as to that of potentates. In the happy days before 1914, when well-to-do ladies could acquire a host of servants, their pleasure in exercising power over the domestics steadily increased with age. Similarly, in any autocratic regime, the holders of power become increasingly tyrannical with experience of the delights that power can afford.

Since power over human beings is shown in making them do what they would rather not do, the man who is actuated by love of power is more apt to inflict pain than to permit pleasure. If you ask your boss for leave of absence from the office on some legitimate occasion, his love of power will derive more satisfaction from a refusal than from a consent. If you require a building permit, the petty official concerned will obviously get more pleasure from saying «No» than from saying «Yes». It is this sort of thing which makes the love of power such a dangerous motive.

But it has other sides which are more desirable. The pursuit of knowledge is, I think, mainly actuated by love of power. And so are all advances in scientific technique. In politics, also, a reformer may have just as strong a love of power as a despot. It would be a complete mistake to decry love of power altogether as a motive. Whether you will be led by this motive to actions which are useful, or to actions which are pernicious, depends upon the social system, and upon your capacities. If your capacities are theoretical or technical, you will contribute to knowledge or technique, and, as a rule, your activity will be useful. If you are a politician you may be actuated by love of power, but as a rule this motive will join itself on to the desire to see some state of affairs realized which, for some reason, you prefer to the status quo. A great general may, like Alcibiades, be quite indifferent as to which side he fights on, but most generals have preferred to fight for their own country, and have, therefore, had other motives besides love of power. The politician may change sides so frequently as to find himself always in the majority, but most politicians have a preference for one party to the other, and subordinate their love of power to this preference. Love of power as

nearly pure as possible is to be seen in various different types of men. One type is the soldier of fortune, of whom Napoleon is the supreme example. Napoleon had, I think, no ideological preference for France over Corsica, but if he had become Emperor of Corsica he would not have been so great a man as he became by pretending to be a Frenchman. Such men, however, are not quite pure examples, since they also derive immense satisfaction from vanity. The purest type is that of the *eminence grise* – the power behind the throne that never appears in public, and merely hugs itself with the secret thought: «How little these puppets know who is pulling the strings.» Baron Holstein, who controlled the foreign policy of the German Empire from 1890 to 1906, illustrates this type to perfection. He lived in a slum; he never appeared in society; he avoided meeting the Emperor, except on one single occasion when the Emperor's importunity could not be resisted; he refused all invitations to Court functions, on the ground that he possessed no court dress. He had acquired secrets which enabled him to blackmail the Chancellor and many of the Kaiser's intimates. He used the power of blackmail, not to acquire wealth, or fame, or any other obvious advantage, but merely to compel the adoption of the foreign policy he preferred. In the East, similar characters were not very uncommon among eunuchs.

I come now to other motives which, though in a sense less fundamental than those we have been considering, are still of considerable importance. The first of these is love of excitement. Human beings show their superiority to the brutes by their capacity for boredom, though I have sometimes thought, in examining the apes at the zoo, that they, perhaps, have the rudiments of this tiresome emotion. However that may be, experience shows that escape

from boredom is one of the really powerful desires of almost all human beings. When white men first effect contact with some unspoilt race of savages, they offer them all kinds of benefits, from the light of the gospel to pumpkin pie. These, however, much as we may regret it, most savages receive with indifference. What they really value among the gifts that we bring to them is intoxicating liquor which enables them, for the first time in their lives, to have the illusion for a few brief moments that it is better to be alive than dead. Red Indians, while they were still unaffected by white men, would smoke their pipes, not calmly as we do, but orgiastically, inhaling so deeply that they sank into a faint. And when excitement by means of nicotine failed, a patriotic orator would stir them up to attack a neighbouring tribe, which would give them all the enjoyment that we (according to our temperament) derive from a horse race or a General Election. The pleasure of gambling consists almost entirely in excitement. Monsieur Huc describes Chinese traders at the Great Wall in winter, gambling until they have lost all their cash, then proceeding to lose all their merchandise, and at last gambling away their clothes and going out naked to die of cold. With civilized men, as with primitive Red Indian tribes, it is, I think, chiefly love of excitement which makes the populace applaud when war breaks out; the emotion is exactly the same as at a football match, although the results are sometimes somewhat more serious.

It is not altogether easy to decide what is the root cause of the love of excitement. I incline to think that our mental make-up is adapted to the stage when men lived by hunting. When a man spent a long day with very primitive weapons in stalking a deer with the hope of dinner, and when, at

the end of the day, he dragged the carcass triumphantly to his cave, he sank down in contented weariness, while his wife dressed and cooked the meat. He was sleepy, and his bones ached, and the smell of cooking filled every nook and cranny of his consciousness. At last, after eating, he sank into deep sleep. In such a life there was neither time nor energy for boredom. But when he took to agriculture, and made his wife do all the heavy work in the fields, he had time to reflect upon the vanity of human life, to invent mythologies and systems of philosophy, and to dream of the life hereafter in which he would perpetually hunt the wild boar of Valhalla. Our mental make-up is suited to a life of very severe physical labor. I used, when I was younger, to take my holidays walking. I would cover twenty-five miles a day, and when the evening came I had no need of anything to keep me from boredom, since the delight of sitting amply sufficed. But modern life cannot be conducted on these physically strenuous principles. A great deal of work is sedentary, and most manual work exercises only a few specialized muscles. When crowds assemble in Trafalgar Square to cheer to the echo an announcement that the government has decided to have them killed, they would not do so if they had all walked twenty-five miles that day. This cure for bellicosity is, however, impracticable, and if the human race is to survive – a thing which is, perhaps, undesirable – other means must be found for securing an innocent outlet for the unused physical energy that produces love of excitement. This is a matter which has been too little considered, both by moralists and by social reformers. The social reformers are of the opinion that they have more serious things to consider. The moralists, on the other hand, are immensely impressed with the seriousness of all the permitted outlets of the love of excitement; the seriousness, however, in their

minds, is that of Sin. Dance halls, cinemas, this age of jazz, are all, if we may believe our ears, gateways to Hell, and we should be better employed sitting at home contemplating our sins. I find myself unable to be in entire agreement with the grave men who utter these warnings. The devil has many forms, some designed to deceive the young, some designed to deceive the old and serious. If it is the devil that tempts the young to enjoy themselves, is it not, perhaps, the same personage that persuades the old to condemn their enjoyment? And is not condemnation perhaps merely a form of excitement appropriate to old age? And is it not, perhaps, a drug which – like opium – has to be taken in continually stronger doses to produce the desired effect? Is it not to be feared that, beginning with the wickedness of the cinema, we should be led step by step to condemn the opposite political party, dagoes, wops, Asiatics, and, in short, everybody except the fellow members of our club? And it is from just such condemnations, when widespread, that wars proceed. I have never heard of a war that proceeded from dance halls.

What is serious about excitement is that so many of its forms are destructive. It is destructive in those who cannot resist excess in alcohol or gambling. It is destructive when it takes the form of mob violence. And above all it is destructive when it leads to war. It is so deep a need that it will find harmful outlets of this kind unless innocent outlets are at hand. There are such innocent outlets at present in sport, and in politics so long as it is kept within constitutional bounds. But these are not sufficient, especially as the kind of politics that is most exciting is also the kind that does most harm. Civilized life has grown altogether too tame, and, if it is to be stable, it must provide

harmless outlets for the impulses which our remote ancestors satisfied in hunting. In Australia, where people are few and rabbits are many, I watched a whole populace satisfying the primitive impulse in the primitive manner by the skillful slaughter of many thousands of rabbits. But in London or New York some other means must be found to gratify primitive impulse. I think every big town should contain artificial waterfalls that people could descend in very fragile canoes, and they should contain bathing pools full of mechanical sharks. Any person found advocating a preventive war should be condemned to two hours a day with these ingenious monsters. More seriously, pains should be taken to provide constructive outlets for the love of excitement. Nothing in the world is more exciting than a moment of sudden discovery or invention, and many more people are capable of experiencing such moments than is sometimes thought.

Interwoven with many other political motives are two closely related passions to which human beings are regrettably prone: I mean fear and hate. It is normal to hate what we fear, and it happens frequently, though not always, that we fear what we hate. I think it may be taken as the rule among primitive men, that they both fear and hate whatever is unfamiliar. They have their own herd, originally a very small one. And within one herd, all are friends, unless there is some special ground of enmity. Other herds are potential or actual enemies; a single member of one of them who strays by accident will be killed. An alien herd as a whole will be avoided or fought according to circumstances. It is this primitive mechanism which still controls our instinctive reaction to foreign nations. The completely untravelled person will view all foreigners as the savage regards a member

of another herd. But the man who has travelled, or who has studied international politics, will have discovered that, if his herd is to prosper, it must, to some degree, become amalgamated with other herds. If you are English and someone says to you, «The French are your brothers», your first instinctive feeling will be, «Nonsense. They shrug their shoulders, and talk French. And I am even told that they eat frogs.» If he explains to you that we may have to fight the Russians, that, if so, it will be desirable to defend the line of the Rhine, and that, if the line of the Rhine is to be defended, the help of the French is essential, you will begin to see what he means when he says that the French are your brothers. But if some fellow-traveller were to go on to say that the Russians also are your brothers, he would be unable to persuade you, unless he could show that we are in danger from the Martians. We love those who hate our enemies, and if we had no enemies there would be very few people whom we should love.

All this, however, is only true so long as we are concerned solely with attitudes towards other human beings. You might regard the soil as your enemy because it yields reluctantly a niggardly subsistence. You might regard Mother Nature in general as your enemy, and envisage human life as a struggle to get the better of Mother Nature. If men viewed life in this way, cooperation of the whole human race would become easy. And men could easily be brought to view life in this way if schools, newspapers, and politicians devoted themselves to this end. But schools are out to teach patriotism; newspapers are out to stir up excitement; and politicians are out to get re-elected. None of the three, therefore, can do anything towards saving the human race from reciprocal suicide.

There are two ways of coping with fear: one is to diminish the external danger, and the other is to cultivate Stoic endurance. The latter can be reinforced, except where immediate action is necessary, by turning our thoughts away from the cause of fear. The conquest of fear is of very great importance. Fear is in itself degrading; it easily becomes an obsession; it produces hate of that which is feared, and it leads headlong to excesses of cruelty. Nothing has so beneficent an effect on human beings as security. If an international system could be established which would remove the fear of war, the improvement in everyday mentality of everyday people would be enormous and very rapid. Fear, at present, overshadows the world. The atom bomb and the bacterial bomb, wielded by the wicked communist or the wicked capitalist as the case may be, make Washington and the Kremlin tremble, and drive men further along the road toward the abyss. If matters are to improve, the first and essential step is to find a way of diminishing fear. The world at present is obsessed by the conflict of rival ideologies, and one of the apparent causes of conflict is the desire for the victory of our own ideology and the defeat of the other. I do not think that the fundamental motive here has much to do with ideologies. I think the ideologies are merely a way of grouping people, and that the passions involved are merely those which always arise between rival groups. There are, of course, various reasons for hating communists. First and foremost, we believe that they wish to take away our property. But so do burglars, and although we disapprove of burglars our attitude towards them is very different indeed from our attitude towards communists – chiefly because they do not inspire the same degree of fear. Secondly, we hate the communists because they are

irreligious. But the Chinese have been irreligious since the eleventh century, and we only began to hate them when they turned out Chiang Kai-shek. Thirdly, we hate the communists because they do not believe in democracy, but we consider this no reason for hating Franco. Fourthly, we hate them because they do not allow liberty; this we feel so strongly that we have decided to imitate them. It is obvious that none of these is the real ground for our hatred. We hate them because we fear them and they threaten us. If the Russians still adhered to the Greek Orthodox religion, if they had instituted parliamentary government, and if they had a completely free press which daily vituperated us, then – provided they still had armed forces as powerful as they have now – we should still hate them if they gave us ground for thinking them hostile. There is, of course, the *odium theologicum*, and it can be a cause of enmity. But I think that this is an offshoot of herd feeling: the man who has a different theology feels strange, and whatever is strange must be dangerous. Ideologies, in fact, are one of the methods by which herds are created, and the psychology is much the same however the herd may have been generated.

You may have been feeling that I have allowed only for bad motives, or, at best, such as are ethically neutral. I am afraid they are, as a rule, more powerful than more altruistic motives, but I do not deny that altruistic motives exist, and may, on occasion, be effective. The agitation against slavery in England in the early nineteenth century was indubitably altruistic, and was thoroughly effective. Its altruism was proved by the fact that in 1833 British taxpayers paid many millions in compensation to Jamaican landowners for the liberation of their slaves, and also by the fact that at the

Congress of Vienna the British Government was prepared to make important concessions with a view to inducing other nations to abandon the slave trade. This is an instance from the past, but present-day America has afforded instances equally remarkable. I will not, however, go into these, as I do not wish to become embarked in current controversies.

I do not think it can be questioned that sympathy is a genuine motive, and that some people at some times are made somewhat uncomfortable by the sufferings of some other people. It is sympathy that has produced the many humanitarian advances of the last hundred years. We are shocked when we hear stories of the ill-treatment of lunatics, and there are now quite a number of asylums in which they are not ill-treated. Prisoners in Western countries are not supposed to be tortured, and when they are, there is an outcry if the facts are discovered. We do not approve of treating orphans as they are treated in *Oliver Twist*. Protestant countries disapprove of cruelty to animals. In all these ways sympathy has been politically effective. If the fear of war were removed, its effectiveness would become much greater. Perhaps the best hope for the future of mankind is that ways will be found of increasing the scope and intensity of sympathy.

The time has come to sum up our discussion. Politics is concerned with herds rather than with individuals, and the passions which are important in politics are, therefore, those in which the various members of a given herd can feel alike. The broad instinctive mechanism upon which political edifices have to be built is one of cooperation within the herd and hostility towards other herds. The co-operation within the herd is never perfect. There

are members who do not conform, who are, in the etymological sense, «egregious», that is to say, outside the flock. These members are those who have fallen below, or risen above, the ordinary level. They are: idiots, criminals, prophets, and discoverers. A wise herd will learn to tolerate the eccentricity of those who rise above the average, and to treat with a minimum of ferocity those who fall below it.

As regards relations to other herds, modern technique has produced a conflict between self-interest and instinct. In old days, when two tribes went to war, one of them exterminated the other, and annexed its territory. From the point of view of the victor, the whole operation was thoroughly satisfactory. The killing was not at all expensive, and the excitement was agreeable. It is not to be wondered at that, in such circumstances, war persisted. Unfortunately, we still have the emotions appropriate to such primitive warfare, while the actual operations of war have changed completely. Killing an enemy in a modern war is a very expensive operation. If you consider how many Germans were killed in the late war, and how much the victors are paying in income tax, you can, by a sum in long division, discover the cost of a dead German, and you will find it considerable. In the East, it is true, the enemies of the Germans have secured the ancient advantages of turning out the defeated population and occupying their lands. The Western victors, however, have secured no such advantages. It is obvious that modern war is not good business from a financial point of view. Although we won both the world wars, we should now be much richer if they had not occurred. If men were actuated by self-interest, which they are not – except in the case of a few saints – the whole human race would

cooperate. There would be no more wars, no more armies, no more navies, no more atom bombs. There would not be armies of propagandists employed in poisoning the minds of Nation A against Nation B, and reciprocally of Nation B against Nation A. There would not be armies of officials at frontiers to prevent the entry of foreign books and foreign ideas, however excellent in themselves. There would not be customs barriers to ensure the existence of many small enterprises where one big enterprise would be more economic. All this would happen very quickly if men desired their own happiness as ardently as they desired the misery of their neighbours. But, you will tell me, what is the use of these utopian dreams ? Moralists will see to it that we do not become wholly selfish, and until we do the millennium will be impossible.

I do not wish to seem to end upon a note of cynicism. I do not deny that there are better things than selfishness, and that some people achieve these things. I maintain, however, on the one hand, that there are few occasions upon which large bodies of men, such as politics is concerned with, can rise above selfishness, while, on the other hand, there are a very great many circumstances in which populations will fall below selfishness, if selfishness is interpreted as enlightened self-interest.

And among those occasions on which people fall below self-interest are most of the occasions on which they are convinced that they are acting from idealistic motives. Much that passes as idealism is disguised hatred or disguised love of power. When you see large masses of men swayed by what appear to be noble motives, it is as well to look below the surface and ask

yourself what it is that makes these motives effective. It is partly because it is so easy to be taken in by a facade of nobility that a psychological inquiry, such as I have been attempting, is worth making. I would say, in conclusion, that if what I have said is right, the main thing needed to make the world happy is intelligence. And this, after all, is an optimistic conclusion, because intelligence is a thing that can be fostered by known methods of education.

The Naiad by Thorne Smith

Blending the fragrance of moist herbage with the scent of cocktails, Rex Pebble bore his sixty years along an uneven brick wall that led to a walled garden at the back of the house. And the moment he entered this quiet place the summer twilight claimed him. It was a spacious garden with fine turf pierced by the trunks of trees, and it sloped gently to the brow of a hill which lay without the walls, thus giving the spot a fair, broad view of the valley below and the villages nestling in it.

A long green pool, now glowing in the sunset, dreamed tranquilly within the garden and all day long reflected the changing moods of the sky. In the middle of the pool the statue of a naiad stood lightly poised on the surface of the water. A border of flagstones circled the pool, converging at the steps of a little white pavilion which stood partly hidden among the trees. This small but luxuriously appointed structure had been built essentially for privacy, which was just as well, for it had been the scene of full many a revel in those days when sixty years were an inconceivable distance off to Rex Pebble.

He gazed at the pavilion now, then certain memories forced him politely to avert his eyes. They rested on the statue of the naiad, and Mr. Pebble seated himself on a bench beside the pool the better to contemplate this wild nude figure.

For many years Rex Pebble had been contemplating this naiad, and for many years the naiad had been contemplating him with the same provocative smile

on her half-parted lips. He had given her the name of Baggage because he was fully convinced she was both saucy and promiscuous. And he liked her the better for it, although in his heart he chided her gently for her folly.

Baggage was a lush figure of a wench, the creation of vanished hands that either had known women too well or else had been deprived of them entirely. Certainly the stone had been caressed with desire and fashioned with a hungry ruthlessness that had left it a brazen challenge to the eyes of man. Yet there was something refreshingly honest and direct in Baggage's lack of modesty. Her seeming depravity sprang not so much from weakness or viciousness as from an ordered philosophy of existence – a desire to share with others the good things of life of which she herself was one of the best. If endowed with life Baggage would never be one of those women who tearfully proclaim, "I didn't mean to do it." Not Baggage. She would say instead, "Sure I did it, and if you don't watch out I'll go and do it again." Also, one would always know where to find Baggage. One would only have to look for the nearest man, and if there were two men, no doubt the other one would be waiting for her as patiently as possible.

These unedifying reflections upon the probable character of Baggage passed through Mr. Pebble's mind as his eyes dwelt on the lithe lovely lines of the full-blown figure.

He had found Baggage in a storage warehouse. She had been sold in default of payment for her keep. Yet even the dusty mantle gathered from her long incarceration had failed to rob her body of its wild pagan grace. Mr. Pebble

had an eye that automatically discounted the outer draperies of women in favor of what lay beneath. He had bought her on the spot.

“Wouldn't you like a sheet about her?" the man had asked when Baggage had been deposited in the back of the open motor.

"I might." Mr. Pebble had told the man. "In fact, I'm sure I would, but I doubt if the lady would like it."

Leaving the man a little shocked, Mr. Pebble had driven off with Baggage. Later he had presented her to his mistress. Since then she had become a part of the establishment, like Nockashima and the bloodhound. Mr. Henry.

With a slight start Mr. Pebble raised his snow white head, then shrugged his shoulders as if remonstrating with himself. Had those cocktails made him drowsy, and had his thoughts gone straying into the realms of pure fancy? Surely he had imagined he had seen the tawny, voluptuous form of Baggage step down from her little pedestal and come gliding towards him across the path of the slanting sun now flickering on the still waters of the pool. Surely he had imagined this, and yet- Mr. Pebble half rose from the bench and looked at the spot where the statue had been but where it was no more.

"My God!" he muttered. "Did the poor girl fall in? This is indeed a night of catastrophe."

"Sit down, old man," said a low voice beside him. "I didn't fall in the pool. I have come to pay you a long deferred visit."

Mr. Pebble resumed his seat. Quite calmly he accepted the situation.
"Hello. Baggage," he said. "I'm afraid you've come too late. I'm an old man now, as you have just reminded me."

He glanced at the beautiful figure beside him, then savored as if on the tip of his tongue the full bitterness of his years. There was something so imperatively urgent in the sleek young body of the girl sitting so close to him on the bench, Mr. Pebble felt that a just God should do a little something about it. Either the cocktails or the animal magnetism of his companion was making him a bit dizzy. His old, tired heart was thumping dangerously against his vest. That was it the doctor had told him about that heart-no excitement? That was it, no excitement. How absurd. If the doctor himself were here he would be fit to be tied. In fact, he would have to be tied if only for the sake of propriety.

The low voice was speaking again. "You were too busy when you were young to pay any attention to me," said Baggage. '"What were you always doing in that little pavilion down there?"

"You know all the answers." Mr. Pebble told her. "Hadn't you better let me get you some clothes?"

"And you know me better than that," said the girl, with a mocking laugh. "I never wore a stitch of clothes in my life. Why should I begin now?"

"Well, times are not what they were, my child," Mr. Pebble answered feebly. "Women wear clothes nowadays -not much of them, I'll admit, but still they wear a few."

"I wish you were young again," said the girl, fixing Mr. Pebble with a pair of wickedly disturbing eyes.

"Oh, how I do," muttered Mr. Pebble. "Don't look at me like that. It won't do you a bit of good, and it's upsetting me terribly. After all, I did you a good turn once. What's the idea now? Why are you trying to torment me?"

"I'm jealous," replied Baggage, "jealous of the youth you've lost. I want you back again."

"Listen, Baggage," Rex Pebble said earnestly. "Nobody wants to get back more passionately than I do, but you can see for yourself, my child, it just can't be done. There's no going back for me. I'm an old man now, with a heart too weak to hold its memories."

"Your memories would overtax the strongest heart," she told him; then asked curiously, “Has all desire vanished from your body?"

"Yes, my dear," responded Mr. Pebble a little sadly, "but not from my brain. That's what makes it so difficult to look upon you as you deserve-to estimate you dispassionately for what you are."

"And what am I?" asked the girl.

"A saucy, impertinent young wanton with a single track mind," he told her; then added reflectively, “Not that the track doesn't run through diverting pastures."

"You've said it, old man," replied Baggage commonly. “I need a spot of diversion."

"I'm afraid you won't find any here," said Rex Pebble, "unless you'd like to have me try to improve your morals."

"How can one improve what never existed?" Baggage wanted to know. "I never had any morals. That's why I've always remained an essentially honest girl."

"Perhaps you're right at that," observed Mr. Pebble. "Human beings are cluttered up with morals altogether too early in life. A wise providence should wait until our bodies are too old and weak to resent them – to get our backs up, so to speak,"

"How do you mean, get our backs up?" Baggage asked in a puzzled voice. She paused, then smiled delightedly. "Ah," she said, "I think I see. What an odd way to put it."

"You don't see at all," declared Mr. Pebble, "but you're quite right about having no morals. You remind me of my mistress."

"What!" exclaimed the girl. "That old ..."

"If you please," Mr. Pebble hastily interrupted.

"Oh, all right," said Baggage impatiently. "I'd remind you of all women if you only really knew them. At heart we're not nearly so refined as you men try to make us, and we know a lot of words. too."

“Don't I know!" replied Mr' Pebble. "Not only do you know a lot of words, but you also love to use them. My life has not been overburdened by too many refined women."

"Then you should know a lot of bad words I've missed," the girl said hopefully. "Tell me some."

Mr. Pebble looked really affronted.

"You'd better talk with my mistress," he replied a little coldly, "or better still, with my wife."

"I won't have any dealings with either of those hags," Baggage retorted. "They had all the youth of you. What have I got? Nothing but an old horrid."

"Why don't you join the army?" Mr. Pebble ungallantly suggested. "You should be able to get plenty of action there."

"I've had my heart set on you for years," said Baggage. "I hate to let you escape me."

She cuddled up closer to him on the bench and put a cool arm round his neck. "Heaven protect me," muttered Mr. Pebble. "If that woman of mine called Spray finds us together like this there'll be no escaping her."

"I hope she does," said Baggage. "I'd love to annoy her."

"I feared as much," said Mr. Pebble. “She is annoyed enough already."

"Are you?" asked the girl, burrowing her small nose into his neck just behind his ear. "You smell awfully clean. Why don't you take your clothes off?"

With a startled ejaculation Mr. Pebble broke the girl's strangle hold and slid along the bench to momentary safety.

"You can think of the damnedest things," he complained. "Let me point out this to you: I am a clean old man, and you are a vile young woman. We have nothing at all in common."

"I want to bite your ear," said the girl. "That is always a good way to start."

“Keep your teeth to yourself," Mr. Pebble retorted. “What are you thinking of starting, anyway?"

"Something in the nature of a seduction," sa.id Baggage. “That is, if you'll stop flitting about like some nervous old bird."

"I am a nervous old bird," replied Rex Pebble. "A very nervous old bird, indeed. Why can't you talk and be reasonable instead of mauling me about? You have even less consideration for a body than a professional wrestler."

"Then consider my body for a moment," said Baggage. “What am I going to do with it?"

"'Why don't you take it back to your pedestal, where it belongs?" asked Mr. Pebble.

"My body belongs with yours." replied the girl.

"Then it virtually belongs in the grave," said Mr. Pebble. "I'm going to fall down dead if this keeps up."

"Let's fall down together," Baggage suggested.

“BBy God!" cried Rex Pebble. "If I were twenty years younger. or even ten ...”

"Yes?" broke in the girl. "Go on. What would you do?"

"None of your damn business," said Mr. Pebble. "I'd teach you a lesson."

"How do you know you could?" Baggage challenged.

"By all that's holy." exclaimed Rex Pebble, now thoroughly aroused, "I will teach you a lesson if it's my last act in life."

He rose quickly from the bench, and ripping off his coat and vest in one ruthless movement tossed them to the flags.

"Hurry!" cried the undismayed Baggage encouragingly. "Stick out your legs and I'll drag your pants off'"

The hard-boiled ardor of the girl was too much for Rex Pebble. With a sudden revulsion of feeling he sank back on the bench.

"What a suggestion!" he muttered. "What a picture! Me with my legs stuck out and you dragging off my trousers. What do you think this is, a game?"

"Sure," replied Baggage. "You can keep your shoes on. I don't mind."

"I'd look crisp with my shoes on," observed Mr. Pebble. "Not to mention my socks and supporters."

"Who's going to worry about your feet?" demanded Baggage. "Snap off those pants."

“Snap them off?" repeated Mr. Pebble. "Oh, my word. Everything is all off. I am definitely beyond seduction."

"You're no such thing," cried the girl, flinging herself upon him and dragging out his shirt tails.

Once more the famous Pebble courage asserted itself. No woman was going to drag out his shirt tails. That was going too far. He rose from the bench and seized the girl by the shoulders. Mistaking his intentions she abandoned his shirt tails to the light summer breeze, and threw her arms round his neck. For a moment they struggled perilously on the edge of the pool, then Baggage with a low laugh wriggled from his grasp and sprang lightly away.

"Pist!" she uttered in a piercing whisper. "Look behind you!"

The water of the pool parted smoothly as the even smoother body split its surface. Like a flash of silver Baggage streaked through the green depths,

then dwindled and disappeared. Where had she gone? Rex Pebble wondered. Had the whole episode been a figment of his disordered imagination? Or had Nockashima mixed some curious Oriental dream-stuff in the cocktails? From cocktails to shirt tails was not a wide leap in thought.

Mr. Pebble took the leap. His shirt tails were out. They were playing havoc with the Pebble poise. That was not a question of imagination. It was grim reality. And equally real was the fact that Baggage, in the flesh, had dragged those same shirt tails from their tender concealment. An impulsive wench.

Mr. Pebble realized with a pang of regret that he could not stand there forever gazing into the pool for a last glimpse of that swift silver body. Baggage had withdrawn from life as remarkably as she had appeared. He hated to turn about and face his mistress. Nevertheless, it would have to be done, or she would do it herself by force. He sighed, and without any unnecessary ostentation, collected his shirt tails and tucked them out of sight. It was not a neat job, but at least he felt less like a flag.

Then slowly he turned his back on the pool and faced about to meet Spray Summers who, in spite of her feet, was bearing down upon him like a ship under full sail. Mr. Pebble noted with relief that the good lady appeared to be far more astonished than angry.

"A pretty way to be carrying on at your time of life," she announced. a trifle winded from the unaccustomed speed of her progress. "Tell me without even

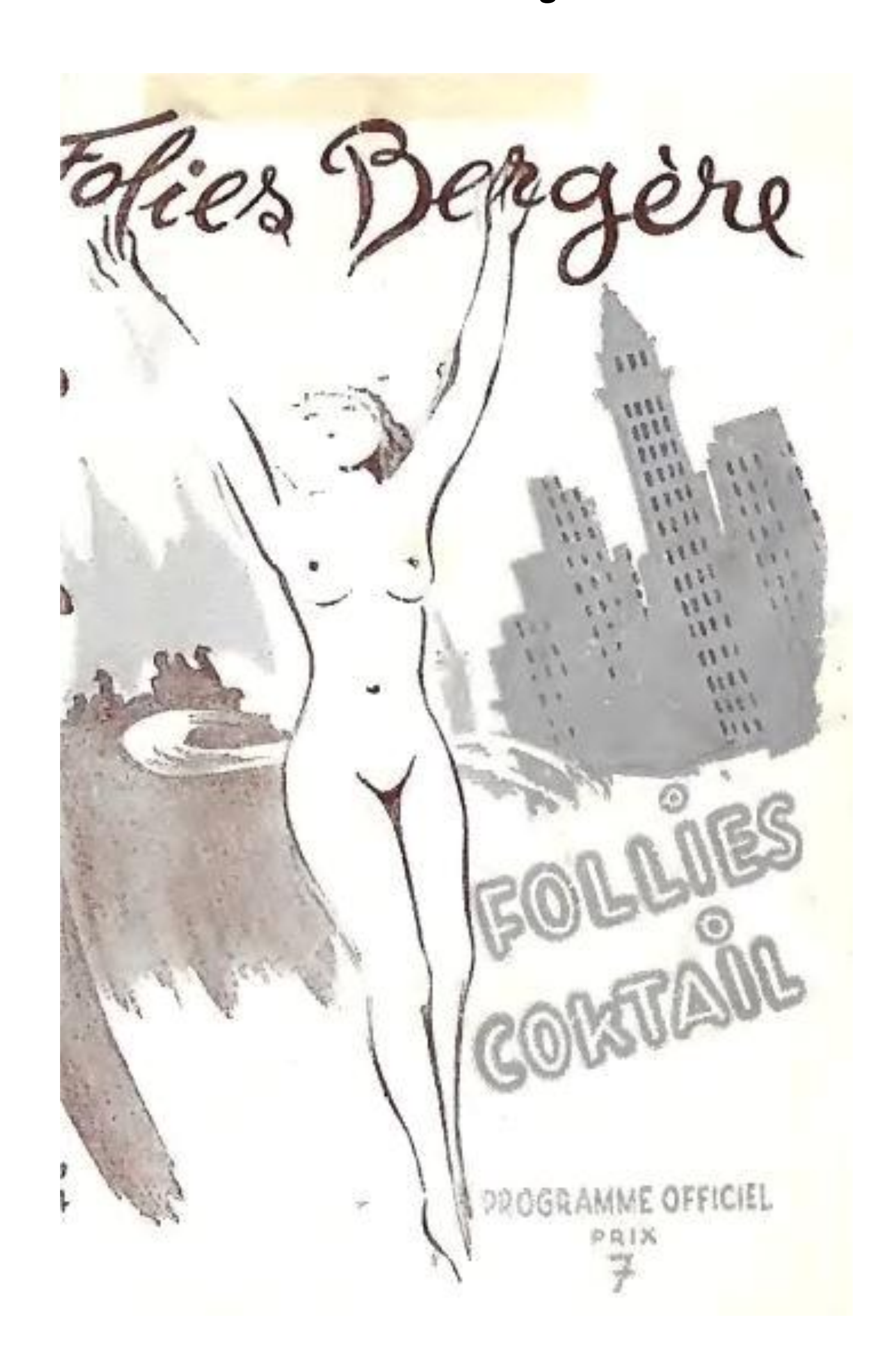
attempting to lie, you senile atrocity, just who was that naked trollop you were trying to assault before you chucked her into the pool."

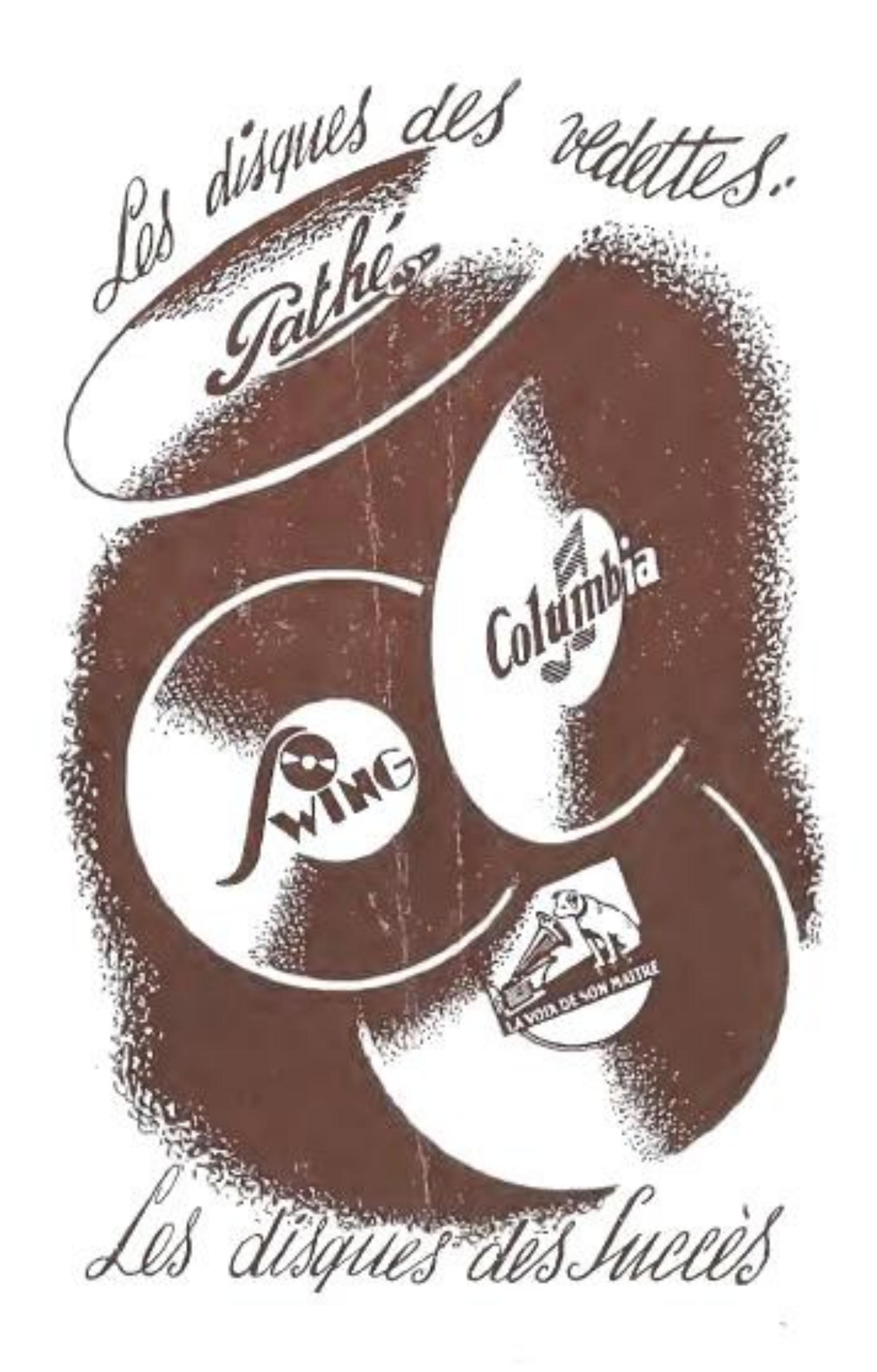
"You've got your facts in reverse," said Mr. Pebble. "In the first place, the trollop was trying to assault me, and in the second place, she chucked herself in the pool the moment she saw you."

"Then why doesn't she come up," demanded Spray, "so I could give her a piece of my mind? Perhaps she's drowning. I hope so."

"It was Baggage," said Mr. Pebble. "But she's gone now. Look, Spray. The pedestal is vacant!"

Les Folies Bergere




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LA VOIX DE SON MAITRE
Les disques des Succès

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REVUE EN **2** ACTES ET **30** TABLEAUX

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Tous les costumes de la Revue ont été executés dans les ateliers des Folies-Bergères, dirigés par **Mme Paul DERVAL.**

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PREMIER ACTE

(First Act)

RÉOUVERTURE

(The re-opening)

A — EN MANIÈRE DE PROLOGUE *(As a prologue)*

B — AU BAR DES FOLIES-BERGÈRE *(At the " Folies-Bergère " Bar)*

C — LE FOLLIES-COCKTAIL *(The " Folly " Cocktail)*

Le compère de la revue. . . . . . M. Marcel LEBAS
La commère de la revue. . . . . Mlles Lyne de SOUZA
La danse . . . . MICHELINE
La chanson swing. . . . . Ginette WANDER
Le nu . . . . Mlle Nicole ROY

et les Swing FOLIES GIRLS

L'HOMME AUX YEUX BLANCS

(The man with the white eyes)

Andy SILVIO

A LA KASBAH D'ALGER

(In the " Kasbah " of Algiers)

Ahmed . . . . MM. PIROSKA
Pépé le Moko. . . . . AMBERTI
Maya . . . . Mlle Nicole ROY
Le marin au foulard . . . . M. Marcel LEBAS

ÇA C'EST PASSE UN DIMANCHE

This happened on a Sunday)

A — DANS LE LIT CONJUGAL *(In the conjugal bed)*

B — LA PHOTO DU PÉCHÉ *(The photo of the sin)*

DÉCORS DESHAYS

La femme . . . . Mlle Ginette WANDER
Le mari. . . . . M. Marcel LEBAS

SOURIEZ, MADEMOISELLE

(Smile, my Girls)

M. Lino CARENZIO et les Swing FOLIES GIRLS

UN PARFUM EN VOGUE

○ ○ ○

Fleurs de Tabac

DE

CHÉRIGAN

PARIS

LES BIÈRES

AU BAR

"LA COMÈTE"

BIER

LE FOUET DU DIABLE

(The Devil's whip)

La princesse Yolande . . . . . Mlle Gizy VARGA
Le chevalier Armory. . . . . . MM. Gérald CASTRIX
Le bouffon . . . . Gaston BRUYERE
Le diable . . . . Lino CARENZIO
La gipsy. . . . . Mlles ILONKA
La chambrière. . . . . Simone IDY

et les Swing FOLIES GIRLS

TOUTE UNE NUIT A NOUS!

(A whole night to ourselves)

Le mari . . . . M. DANDY
La femme . . . . Mlle Ginette WANDER
L'amant. . . . . MM. Marcel LEBAS
Le fakir . . . . AMBERTI
La concierge . . . . Mlle Simone IDY
L'agent . . . . M. Andy SILVIO
La bonne . . . . Mlle LUCKY

UNE BELLE PORTÉE

(A fine litter)

Les Swing FOLIES GIRLS

LE COCKTAIL POUR LES AMIS

(A friendly cocktail)

La commère de la Revue . . . . . Mlle Lyne de SOUZA

A — LE BALLET RUSSE : IDYLLE UKRAINIENNE

(The Russian Ballet - Ukrainian Idyl)

Le berger . . . . M. PIROSKA
Ludmilla. . . . . Mlle ILONKA
Le fermier . . . . M. Paul JOVY
La fermière. . . . . Mlle Nicole ROY
Le gendarme . . . . M. MATHIEU

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B — LA PANTOMINE ANGLAISE : SUR LA PLAGE DE BRIGHTON
(English Pantomine - On the sands at Brighton)

La jolie fille de Perth. . . . . Mlle Ginette WANDER
Le horse-guard . . . . MM. Gaston BRUYERE
Le marin . . . . Andy SILVIO
Le highlander . . . . Marcel LEBAS

C — LE FILM AMÉRICAIN : BROADWAY'S PANOPLY
(American film - Broadway's Panoply)

La star d'Hollywood . . . . Mlle Gizy VARGA
et les Swing FOLIES GIRLS

DEUXIÈME ACTE
(Second Act)

LA FORÊT VIVANTE
(The Living Forest)

A — LA SOURCE AUX BICHES *(The spring of the deer.)*

B — LA CLAIRIÈRE BLANCHE *(The white clearing)*

La biche aux bois. . . . . Mlle Gizy VARGA
Le chasseur. . . . . M. Lino CARENZIO
et les Swing FOLIES GIRLS

NUITS DE PARIS
(Nights of Paris)

A — RUE PIGALLE *(Pigalle Street)*

L'entraîneuse de boîte de nuit . . . . Mlle Ginette WANDER
Le clubman . . . . M. Gérald CASTRIX
La fille . . . . Mlle Nicole ROY
Le marlou . . . . M. AMBERTI

B — UN HOTEL PARTICULIER AU BOIS
(A Private mansion in the " Bois " - Boulogne Park)

Le mari. . . . . M. Marcel LEBAS
La femme . . . . Mlle Gizy VARGA
L'inconnu . . . . MM. Lino CARENZIO
Le valet de chambre . . . . . . Paul JOVY

UNE GARDEN-PARTY CHEZ LA PAÏVA

(Paiva's garden-party)

La Païva . . . . Mlles Lyne de SOUZA
Rigolboche. . . . . ILONKA
Le capitaine des grenadiers de bois . PIROSKA
et les Swings FOLIES GIRLS

LA CAGE D'AMOUR

(The love cage)

La petite fille de Shéhérazade . . Mlles Simone IDY
L'oiseau des îles . . . . Nicole ROY
Le prince persan. . . . . REGINA

QUELLE MODE PRÉFÉREZ-VOUS?

(Which fashion do you prefer ?)

A - CELLE-CI ? *(This) ?* — B - OU CELLE-LA ? *(or That) ?*

Le couturier . . . . MM. Gerald CASTRIX
Le caïd. . . . . Gaston BRUYÈRE
1re cliente . . . . Mlles Lyne de SOUZA
2e cliente . . . . Simone IDY
Le groom . . . . M. Paul JOVY
et les Swing FOLIES GIRLS

DANDY CHEZ SON TAILLEUR

(Dandy at his tailor's)

Bonasse. . . . . MM. DANDY
Le tailleur . . . . AMBERTI
Le garçon de magasin . . . . . . Paul JOVY

LE BAISER DE PARIS

(The kiss of Paris)

Le Parisien. . . . . M. Gérald CASTRIX
Le sourire de Paris . . . . Mlle Lyne de SOUZA
et les Swing FOLIES GIRLS

SIPNOR — Paris

New Poems by Contemporary Poets

The Book of Self Love by Salome

Positives …

Meditation …

Affirmation …

I am living in a beautiful world,

manifesting with life force and energy

Am I important?

Am I part of the limitless

and vigorous universe?

The stars, the sun, the planets, the moon

The air, the water …the Earth

The plants and animals

That nature within

I am in Harmony with all this …

I smell

I see

I hear

I feel

Breath In and out

Smoothly

Safely

As I relax

And enjoy … the book of self-love.

How Lucky They Are by Caitlyn Gosh

The koi fish are lucky to live in their little pond
Glistening golden scales
Slide across each other
They bask in the peace
Floating in tranquility
Until age sinks them
to rest in the depths
They play and slink and slide across each other
Gaping their mouths for air,
Bouncing the bubbles in and out like balls
no fear.
If they flinch as I sit next to them
They return to the secluded swimming school in seconds
I wonder if they can see me looking up through the water
or if it casts a reflexion in the realm of innocence
I know they can’t see me as I see them
I see their ignorance to how lucky they are
For the police would never arrest
A koi fish

Fragrant Harbor by Marta Gramatyka

The most glorious of harbors of the Earth
Shares with me its lights, every single night
With a million neon eyes soaring upright
It took me years to see how much it is worth.
It mesmerized; the streets made for wandering
Filled with the masses hidden behind masks
Feeling your pain was the hardest of tasks
It forced me to start chaotic pondering.
Cantonese melody overflowing the stars
With the song of my life long after my rebirth
The longest amount of days spent on pure mirth
Was with you, when painting thrilling memoirs.
For better and for worse, in sickness and health
I may care for you a little too tenderly
I lost my native voice for this land by the sea
I love you; you are all my wealth.

Hong Kong,
February 9th, 2020

Four Happy Poems by Aki Kurosawa

I Had a Pink Bike

When I was a little girl
I had a pink bike …
the tires would spin and whirl.
I rode it everywhere I like –

I rode it very fast!
The boys would race me,
but almost always I'd be last
and I would watch them flee.

gaily laughing all the time at me …
but I would just smile, thinking
how it must hurt to be a boy
bouncing on his bike …

but a girl can whirl along on her's
and not mind it at all …

Pumpkin the Cat

Pumpkin … my chisana Neiko,
she use to wander across
the top of our fence.
Our chisai inu would bark, bark
bark at it – but my Pumpkin

she just ignored him. She knew
he had nothing important to say
to her as she went on her way.

The boy cats would try to
follow her across the fence –
but would get unnerved and topple off
and our dog would chase them away.
They would never come back again.

If you could not keep up with Pumpkin
… what use were you to her?

But Not Always!

At school we all wore
plain blue uniforms …
every day, the same way –
but not always!

And underneath,
they were supposed to be all white,
but sometimes they were red,
or pink, or blue,
or yellow or black,
or no color at all …

which was the best …
don’t you think?

If you had to sit every day,
The same way –
but not always!

They Make a Rasp of it!

You see, I have these dreams …
of being held down ….
against my will …
and being tickled, here and there
and everywhere …

But when I tell my
boyfriends what I dream about

… they just don’t understand.

They make a rasp of it,
and turn my dream
into a nightmare.

Boys don’t understand girls
… they just don’t want to.

I Waited There at the Gates of Her Heart … by William Webster

Quietly and calmly,
I waited there
at the gates
of her heart …
for a very long time.
For how long?
She did not care
to notice.
I watched as other men
came and went, happily.
As the nights grew cold,
and the seasons grew long too –
what else could I do?
but stand and go
sit quietly at another
gate … and wait.

He Knew the Pleasures of my Heart by Anon

He knew the pleasures of my heart
    I watched him as he undressed,
Taking in the measure of all his parts
    last admiring that of him that made me happiest …
During the day his was a master's air …
    his portent of stoicism and stone
But at night here without a care,
    he well knew we were all alone
So I lay back and let myself be loved
    by him, buried within my softness, as if
With every caress and kisses he pushed
    me closer towards myself and into my abyss.
He lapped my loins and my thighs …
    he ate me up like a ripe sweet pome.
With every one of his kisses, I sighed
    and resigned myself to his hungry lips.
Then I'd tell him to slow and pause …
    to stop being such an eager boy!
My belly, my breasts, my lips call
    to share the measure of my joy.

Poems by Patrick Bruskiewich

Love is Like a Tender Flower

Love is like a tender flower
that sits quietly as it
awaits the morning sun.

It is something majestic
like a tower that beckons
us to climb up to heaven
to leave behind our
mortal sins, and think
of angels and godly things.

It is a flower, soft and pink
Sometimes fragrant,
sometimes sullen –
but always waiting for warmth.

Love are words, spoke soft
To someone dear that
Echo deep within their
Soul, and speak of
Timeless truths …

About happiness and longing,
about beauty and the sublime …
about strawberries and champagne.

It is dark chocolate smothered
In vanilla, covered in
Crushed hazelnuts and
Cinnamon pixie dust.

And when the flowers are warm to touch
… true love has arrived.

Her Heavy Metal Casket

I met her only once. It was real heavy
metal music … and the party
it was loud, crowded, dark.

I was half-stoned, my angel
was too … tall … peroxide, she
had sparkling green eyes. Couldn't be
more that eighteen at that. Crazy
with lust and life. It was knarly
her narcissism. She hardly
wore anything. Psychodel …
is us … it was! … but she popped pills,
blue ones, green ones, red ones too!

… And she pouted at me for not joining her.
but I was high enough with life.

I grabbed her breast, and made my move,
but she pushed me away … she was too high for love!
What could I do but keep my feet on the earth.
The loudness wore me out, so did her mad mirth
until in the early hours of the morn
she came crashing down … her …
and her bag of blues, and greens and reds …

I held her close… but gone was her warmth and sparkle.

I did see her breasts … while they tried to resuscitate her.
beautiful they were ...

… now only touched by the mortician
as he laid her into her heavy metal casket.

The End of My Innocence

Everything seems so crisp and clear
as I sit and watch the sea grass sway
in the afternoon breeze. Above I hear
the passage of birds made of steel – away
they fly! The beach sand glistens in the sun –
it sparkles in fact, bringing clarity to my
thoughts. Every grain represents an idea, some
bright and better than other thoughts … by
now I should be able to decide, bottom or top?
– submit to the light or let it dominate you.
The wind will whistle – the other shoe will drop,
the matter will seem less clear – what to do?
Does free will exist, or are matters preordained? Then
the grass begins to sway a new, and here I am
in the here and now. The tingle returns, it throbs, can
I say no to her? She sits pretty. Min is the end
of my innocence. The tree above me is covered in moss.
The clouds drift by as if to mock is their reason …
a ship passes leaving the port behind … loss
is not what I fear. It is the unknown. It's the treason
to my long held view, that I am a truly free man.

A Floating City in the Sky

The happy Empress Min,
she watches the setting sun,
her hair blowing in the wind.
The fall of dusk had begun.

The western sky is pink,
and purple, and orange too,
as the sun begins to sink
behind the mountain tops. Soon

her sky will fill with stars,
but not before the clouds
float above her earth, bars
of pillowed softness, proud

reminders that this place is
set beneath the heavens, far
from the twinkling stars, this
oasis of earthly paradise.

A majestic cloud billows there,
a floating city in the sky.
She imagines then without a care,
that in her dreams, bye the bye …

She soon will too be sitting
way up there looking down
from her floating city
at us set fast on the ground.

We will be looking up at her
and see her beautiful breasts,
the nape of her lovely neck, soft fur
sa source de vie, and all the rest.

And say of her that no
Empress is better bound
to heaven then Min, who
in her softness is found

the feminine, the silk folds,
the pink petals, the ecstasy
of love and of life … behold
all that draws her beauty.

Then the sun sets, the sky
darkens, the stars appear, she
smiles. She knows why
it is that she is so happy ...

Walking Primates

Oh, time marches on
I know we live but few years,
and fewer still young.

At length we all find
a way through our complex lives,
simple thoughts to live by.

We believe we grow up,
the silly philosophies we
choose keep us childlike,

we're just too smug
to see our self for what we
are – walking primates,

We should have stayed
up in the trees where we belong.
swinging happily!

Monkey see, monkey
do – small wonder we still like
Bananas … hah!

It Came And Silently Crept

While we quietly slept,
it came and silently crept
upon us. We did not hear
its arrival – its fall. I fear
my day has come to a stop,
and so back into bed I flop.

Were I a child, free to play
then I could enjoy this day,
throw snowballs, and snowmen make
or if a girl – snow angels. But I take
the bus to work – if it can
trudge up the hill ... damn.

Maybe I should call and say
with the snow and all, there is no way
for me to get down there,
and stay in bed, without a care
here on this white mountain top.

And hope the snow ...
it does not stop!

She Was Happy to Wait Awhile, Yet

She stood there, a blank canvas
In her simple blouse and black jeans
at the precipice of it all. She was unaware.
She had no care. Everything was simple.

But as I admired her
I could see the beauty of her
not so well hidden away
and soon to be seen. It was like
standing before a basket of
ripening fruit, of pears, figs and apricots
knowing that soon there will be a day
when the fruit would be sweet and
succulent – ready to be enjoyed.

Oh ... would I be the one
To draw, to paint, to sculpt her
To bite into that fruit and
Savour the taste of it, its touch,
Its feel and have its nectar
Run down my chin. Were I ...

To kiss its softness and watch
The blush of it all, and know

That she too enjoyed the orchard
Of life, the basket and the fruit ...
Its love and happiness ...

She stood there, a blank canvas
and smiled. She was happy
to wait awhile, yet ...

Waiting to Live.

I sit ...
Late at night ...
On my balcony ...
Looking up at the moon ...
And the planets, and stars ...
Waiting to die ...

I am ...
all alone ...
just me ...
in this empty universe
And my broken heart ...
skipping a beat ...
or two – or three ...

Then it stops ...
for a sec ...
and I wait ...
to see ...
if it ...
will –
beat –
again?

I sit ...
late at night ...
all alone ...
on my balcony ...
waiting to live ...

Saying to God ...
if you want me ...
then just take me ...
this suspense ...
is killing me!

But God ...
does not ...
want me ...
not just ...
yet!

Then it stops again ...
for a second longer ...
perhaps it is not good
to temper faith
but I am still here!

I hear the flutter ...
of angel wings ...

or perhaps it is ...

just the wind ...

or maybe it is Gabriel

standing watch over me?

I Need Something More in Life

It is just that way –
I have nothing to do today.
So I stay in bed to remind
myself how tired I am of life!

The many people I know
are not friends – they are
just people I know. Soon
I forget them, and their names too.

Later I may drift into town
and walk aimlessly around
hoping that I am not invisible –
but I am invisible, you see!

Being kind to others means
you get taken for granted.
They expect to take from you,
and take ,,, and tire you out.

Maybe it is best I get a pet
– a parakeet or a goldfish
to talk to. A dog to walk,
or a cat to pet that purrs ...

At least they will not run
off – the first chance they get.
Well maybe not a pussy, they
like being stroked and spoiled.

If I get a pet then I have
to stay too close to home.
I need something more in life.
Is it just that way?

When I go to town I
become just one of them ...
drifting aimlessly around. No
one wants me as a pet or play thing!

Just like me, alone and invisible
Maybe I should stay in bed
because I am tired of life,
close my eyes to dream of something else!

And I Am There In Mind

The paint brush touched the horizon
with its aqua, its marine, its pinks and blues,
as the sun sank behind the imagined
end of the day. Night crept up
into the sky in wisps of cloud and wind
that drew us to the west and Venus
beckoning our dreams of the night
to come. Soon the light in the
sky will be extinguished – the whirl
of life wound down. Soon we will
be alone in our thoughts, and
what of it? Jupiter ... it peers down
at us, then a million speckles
of flickering night reminds us of
our insignificance. The heavens laugh
at us, mocks our own mortality.
Each speck hosts a world at least,
each world with molecules like our own.
And somewhere in the sky someone is
looking up at us and is thinking about
their significance – the brushes that
paint their skies, amidst their night
with flickering reminders of what it
is to be born, to grow, to live,

to love, to procreate and to grow old.
Death is not thought about –
only life, and words to express
a moment, shared across the
expanses of space and of time.

Each speckle hosts a world
and I am here in mind.

In a Mirror of Conscious Choice

We are all faced
with the infinite
possibilities of
perception – both
outside and within.
Of representing
and interpreting the
universe that
surrounds us
and that's inside
us too – to paint
our own reality –
to reflect
everything in a
mirror of
conscious choice

Works From the Past

Wonders of an Underground World

TECHNICAL WORLD MAGAZINE 1909



Well known to European tourists but passed by most globe trotters —who in their hurried journey across seas and continents, have no time to bestow on anything outside of the beaten tracks—are the salt mines of Wieliczka, Galicia, whose origin is lost in the darkness of the times, while their history is traced to about 1000 A. D. After being temporarily abandoned as a consequence of Tartar incursions and the resulting depopulation and impoverishment of the country, they were restored during the reign of Boleslas by immigrating Hungarian miners. The Wieliczka mines, the history of which is closely bound up with that of Poland, during the invasion of the federated troops, were the scene of many combats until 1772, when after the annexation of the country by the Austrians, they were turned over

to the new government in whose control they have remained to the present day.

The vicissitudes of history throughout this long period have been accompanied by many changes in the aspect and management of the mines and the once primitive methods have been gradually replaced by the most up-to-date processes, including an extensive use of electricity for the operation of wire-rope railways, and other improvements.

Apart from their interest to engineers, those mines, however, contain a number of attractions that appeal to the mind of ordinary tourists as keenly as to that of the expert. In fact, they are in themselves some kind of underground world with its roads, streets, houses and monuments, hewn in the rock salt that commemorate the art and industry of bygone ages.

In the light of electric lamps and Bengal fires, those underground halls, comprising churches as well as profane buildings, in their weird splendor, remind visitors of the marvels of the *Thousand-and-One-Night* palaces.

Before being permitted to inspect the mines, tourists are equipped with the miners' shirts and hoods and are introduced in parties of five each into the upper and lower compartments respectively of the hauling cage, which will carry them down to the first story of the mine, that is, to a depth of about 200 feet. This downward journey occupies but thirty seconds.

At the “eye” of the Rudolph pit, tourists are awaited by a party of miners, each of whom will act as guide to three tourists and light their way with his lantern.

The first station on the round tour through the mines is the St. Anthony Chapel, which during the first decade of the eighteenth century had been hewn by some unknown miner from a single piece of rock salt. The altar of this underground chapel is adorned with twisted columns, to the right and left of which are placed statues of St. Clemence and St. Stanislaus. Two praying monks are kneeling on its steps and in a nook behind it is seen a crucifix with a statue of the Holy Virgin in front of it. Two smaller altars situated to the left and right respectively of the entrance are likewise adorned with figures of saints. The pulpit with the apostles St. Peter and Paul and a statue of King August II, carved from pure salt spar, in front of the main entrance, is a real masterpiece.

This hall was formerly used for the religious service of the miners, which is now held in the more modern chapel of St. Cunegund.

After visiting this first compartment— a reproduction of which excited much admiration at the Paris Exhibition in 1900 — the Lentow Hall is reached through a pit 210 feet in length. This hall, which had been produced in 1750 by the working of a rock salt wall, was converted into a dancing hall in 1808 during the Russian occupation by General Suvaroff, its floor being lined with planks. The portal and six lustres hewn from crystal salt were made in 1814, in honor of the Russian emperor, Alexander I, who in that

year visited the mine. Further decorations of this hall comprise a large transparency in the foreground, symbolizing Knowledge and Work; two statues of Neptune and Vulcan hewn into the rock, and finally a gallery running alongside the hall, the walls of which are lined with salt slabs and planks.

As visitors are generally received here by a merry orchestra, they sometimes indulge in some dancing before proceeding on their way to the Chapel of St. Cunegund, which is their next station, reached through a pit 450 feet in length. This belongs to the most remarkable curiosities of the mines, and having been opened in 1896, is of relatively recent date.

Across forty-six steps hewn out of the salt blocks, visitors climb down to the chapel which forms an amphitheater beside the lower platform destined for the orchestra. On the right hand wall is to i be found a holy water font artistically shaped from salt with a Christ statue— one of the oldest relics— above it. In fact, this underground church, which is 150 feet in length, forty-five feet in width and thirty feet in height, contains a number of religious statues. The pulpit, which is hewn from a single piece of salt, is a real masterpiece due to a local miner. In the foreground will be noted in a nook walled up with salt slabs, the main altar hewn from rock salt with a picture of St. Cunegund, the patron of the mine. The hall is lighted by three chandeliers made from crystal salt, and several candelabra.

The next hall to be inspected is the Michalowice Hall, situated at 327 feet depth on the second main floor of the mine. Being 84 feet in length, 54 feet

in width, and 108 feet in height, this hall astounds its visitors by its huge dimensions and especially its enormous height. It is timbered with numberless round trunks arranged so as to form an architecturally pleasant reinforcement of the hall, which during forty-four consecutive years—from 1717 to 1761—was used for working the salt.

In the center of the hall is suspended a colossal chandelier of crystal salt nearly seven feet in diameter and eighteen feet in height, with 200 candles.
When lighted with variegated Bengal fires and lustre candles this hall produces an impression of overwhelming majesty, which is enhanced by the sweet strains of the mining orchestra, installed 011 an elevated platform.

After then traversing the Emperor Francis Hall, which contains two commemorative salt pyramids, the Drozdowice Hall is reached. Work was begun here in 1743 and it is at present eighty-four feet in height. It was considerably higher some years ago, but was partly buried, so that its floor now coincides with the second main floor of the mine. The beautiful wooden galleries * running alongside its walls are used in supervising the latter and impart to the hall a most artistic appearance.

The station next reached on the tourist’s round is the Archduke Frederick Grotto, ninety feet in height, the floor of which lies at a level with the third main floor of the mine. During the descent over serpentine paths, once more is enjoyed the merry strains of the mining orchestra, installed at the lowest point of the hall, in which numberless red flames burning at a distance conjure up the most fantastic regions.

Beside a rock salt lustre and a monument of the Archduke Rainer hewn from pure salt spar in a nook of the hall, one passes on to the third main floor or horizon—situated at 410 feet depth, where a beautifully preserved artistic statue of the Archangel Michael, dating from 1691, can be admired. Thence the way leads to the Count Goluchowski Hall, 153 feet in length and 48 feet in height, which was worked during 1652 to 1656. In 1864, this hall, in honor of the Galician governor, Count A. Goluchowski, was named after him and converted into a mining railway station on account of the number of mining ways terminating there.

Its beautiful platform decorated with a number of colored lanterns and provided with many benches, readily accommodates 400 persons, and tourists generally avail themselves of their stay in this part of the mine for taking a short rest, after which they may watch leisurely the Bengal fires lighted on a pyramid of loose salt blocks. They then visit the last two sights of this underground world, viz.: the Crown Prince Rudolph and Crown Prince Stephany grottoes, connected by a tunnel 31 feet in length. Each of these is 112 feet in length, 45 feet in height and" about 15 feet in width. Numberless lights illuminate the beautiful outlines of an underground lake, from whose salt waters emerges a statue of St. John of Nepomuk, which is surrounded by fir trees and beautiful stalactites.

On the way through those mines one has ample opportunity of observing the miners while at their work, and the photographs represent some typical scenes, as seen wherever there is some mining activity.

On a comfortable and spacious- ferry accommodating twenty-five persons, the opposite shore of the lake is reached, where the strains of music after first sounding quite lustily grow weaker by degrees, finally dying out completely in those underground spaces.

After then traversing a short gallery, 195 feet in length, the return to the Rudolph pit is made, the elevator of which takes the traveler back again to daylight, after an underground journey of nearly two miles, which has left an everlasting impression on the mind.

The salt mines comprise eight main pits, some of which are upwards of 900 feet in depth, in addition to as many as sixty shafts of upwards of two miles aggregate depth. In connection with some of the main pits are installed rock-salt mills and electrical lighting plants, and with the “Elizabeth” pit, a smithy and a finishing shop. In connection with the “Rudolph” pit will be found a steam engine especially intended for operating the elevator conveying the visitors to the mine.

The mines form a lengthy oval figure below the town of considerable dimensions, being twenty-two miles in length and one half mile in central width. The aggregate length of the galleries at present accessible, is upwards of sixty-five miles and that of mining railways twenty-two miles.

Enormous cavities amounting to 106,000,000 cubic feet have been produced during the last century below the town of Wieliczka by working the rock-

salt, and as these cavities—kept up artificially by timbering—are continually increasing, the inhabitants of Wieliczka some time ago were fearing lest their town be exposed to the risk of collapsing, and the local building activity was, therefore, temporarily confined to the erection of wooden structures. However, present regulations, according to which those cavities have to be filled in, in due course, gradually removed that apprehension.

From the center of production, the salt is conveyed by horse tramways to the pit, in order thence to be taken to the railway station on a standard-gauge mining railway. The horses which are located in spacious stables are said to thrive relatively well in their underground dwellings.

The shafts of the Wieliczka mines are equipped with all up-to-date arrangements comprising fine steam engines of modern design and are lighted by electricity. Special pumping plants installed in each of them are worked periodically in order to remove any slight amount of brine, part of which is utilized for the improving of fodder. The average supply of brine amounts from 455,000 to 525,000 cubic feet per year.

The mines also contain some plants installed above ground, viz., an electrical station, a smithy, locksmith and carpenter's shops, a wire-rope railway, three steam mills and a locomotive shed. The central electric station supplies current for the lighting of the mines as well as for part of the town and for operating the wire-rope railway and the wood- working machinery installed in the carpenter's shop.

The salt mines in each of the shafts are worked independently of one another. The process of working the mines is as follows: The head of the gallery having been limited by two vertical and two horizontal cuts, the block, thus marked, is loosened by inserting iron wedges or blasting by means of powder mines. This loosening is made possible by the natural cleavage of the salt due to its structure. Each block is severed by means of wedges or chisels into fragments about 88 pounds in weight, in which shape it is put on the market.

The relatively primitive process based on the use of wedges is generally preferred to blasting because of the greater stability of cavities secured thereby. The salt obtained by blasting is sold either in the shape of fragments to a local soda factory or ground as kitchen or factory salt. Factory salt is either pure or denatured by means of seventy per cent calcinated soda. The last product marketed is fodder salt which is sold in the ground condition denatured with various substances.

The mines are employing upwards of. 1,000 permanent and a number of temporary workmen. The working time is fixed at eight hours in the mines and twelve hours above ground per diem. The yearly production of the Wieliczka salt mines amounts to about 2,420,000 pounds. The aeration of the mines is mainly natural, artificial ventilation being used only in connection with some remote working sites.

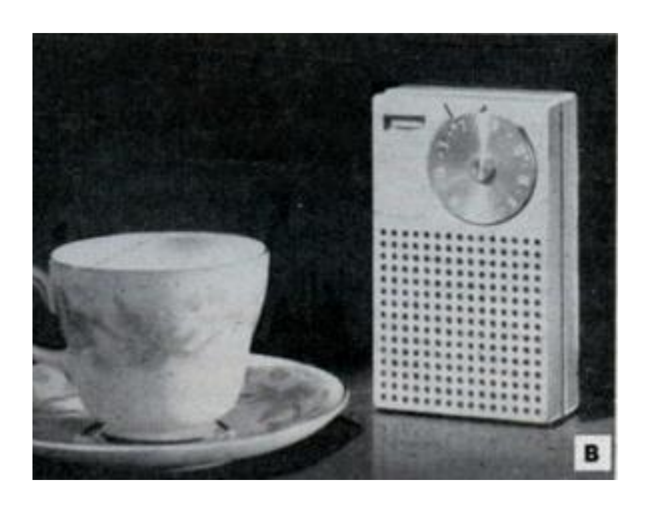
The Transistor Pocket Radio

There are no vacuum tubes employed in this transistor pocket radio recently introduced by Regency of Indianapolis, Ind. It is claimed to be several years ahead of the time set by many stereatronics experts for the development of such a unit for consumer use.

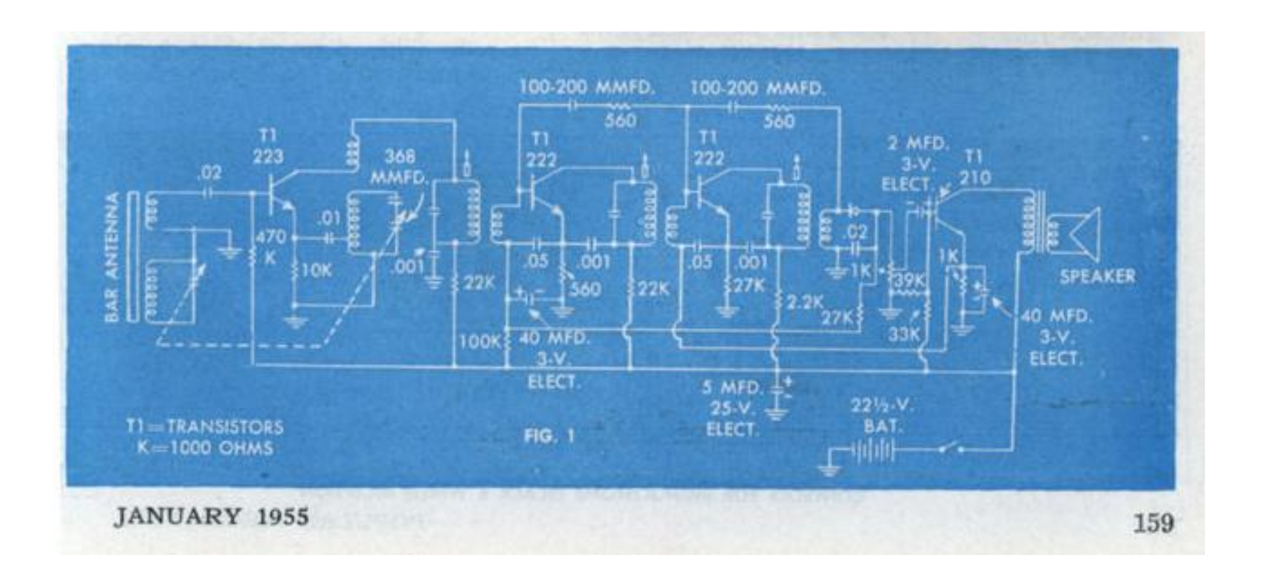
This model, TR-l, is priced at $49.95 and comes in four colors: Black, bone white, cloud white and mandarin red. It measures 3 by 5 by 1.25 inches and weighs less than 12 ounces. Its size is, of course, made possible by the use of tiny high-performance transistors. A miniature 22.5-volt battery supplies the power for the radio.



Photos A and B illustrate the diminutive size of this ultra compact pocket set. The transistor used is known as a grown junction n-p-n type and only four are used in the entire set. This circuit, Fig. 1, uses one transistor as a combination mixer-oscillator, two as intermediate-frequency amplifiers and one as an audio amplifier. A germanium diode is used as a detector.



One of the features of this truly pocket radio is the advantage of long battery life as the power consumption is only a fraction of that required for a comparable vacuum tube unit. This results in a considerable saving in weight and battery-replacement cost. Service problems of tube replacement are eliminated; transistors operate in a different manner from vacuum tubes. The hot filament or cathode in a vacuum tube is continually being consumed as it is operated. No similar life-shortening action takes place in transistors.



(from Radio Television Electronics Magazine, Jan. 1955)

[***Editor's note:*** This is the transistor radio that was reversed engineered and copied by the Japanese electronics industry. It was then exported to the United States and within a few years had pushed out US manufacturers of pocket transistor radios.

It was perhaps naïve to publish the schematics for the pocket transistor radio in the advertisement, don't you think? …]


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